

What Do the Liberated Nuns Want? by Garry Wills
Travel Clubs: How Not to Get Gypped
Psyching Out the Republicans, by Gloria Steinem

50 CENTS

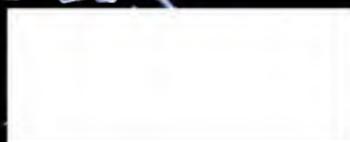
AUGUST 28, 1972

NEW YORK,

58

KILLINGS IN ONE WEEK

A Case-by-Case Report of This Summer's
Seven Bloodiest Days



A painting of three cowboys on horseback in a vast, open landscape. One cowboy in the foreground wears a red vest over a brown shirt and holds a lasso. Another cowboy in the middle ground wears a tan vest over a dark shirt and has a cigarette in his mouth. A third cowboy is partially visible behind him. The scene is set in a field of tall grass under a cloudy sky.

Come to where the flavor is.
Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red
or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

Kings: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine—
100's: 20 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 72

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

CAN YOU FIND THE \$2300 DIFFERENCE?

Considering the sizable difference in price, you'd expect to find a sizable difference in lots of other things.

But will you?

Start with size. The Mercedes 250 isn't even the bigger car. The Volvo 164 is roomier inside. And it has a bigger trunk.

In the comfort area, Mercedes and Volvo have fully reclining bucket seats. But only Volvo comes with an adjustable lumbar support to make the seat backs firmer or softer. And when you sit in a Volvo 164, you sit on leather. In the Mercedes, you're enveloped in vinyl.

When it comes to handling, Volvo and Mercedes are pretty close. Both cars have a shorter turning radius than VW. Power steering. And power disc brakes on all four wheels.

Unlike Volvo, Mercedes does come with a fully independent suspension. One for Mercedes. But unlike Mercedes, Volvo comes with radial tires. One for us.

When it comes to performance, the Volvo 164 not only stays with the Mercedes 250, but leaves it behind. A fuel injected three-liter engine makes our car faster than the Mercedes and its carburetors. As Road & Track magazine found out when they timed the two.

One thing Mercedes gives you that Volvo doesn't is that three-pointed star on the hood.

But for \$2300 you can buy a lot of stars. And the moon, too.

VOLVO

*Based on \$7218 manufacturers suggested retail price POE for Mercedes-Benz 250 Sedan and \$4850 for Volvo 164 Sedan, exclusive of dealer delivery, dealer preparation and state and local taxes.



Volvo 164—\$4850*



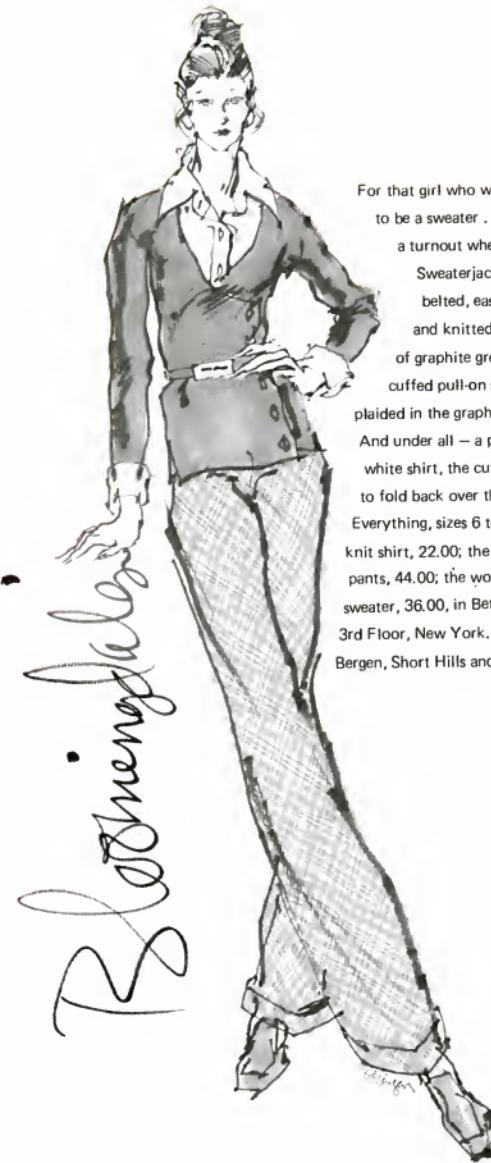
Mercedes-Benz 250—\$7218*

This One



4J0N-N9H-ZS64

© 1977 VOLVO, INC. OVERSEAS DELIVERY AVAILABLE.



For that girl who wants everything
to be a sweater . . .
a turnout where everything is.
Sweaterjacket that's long,
belted, easy without being big
and knitted in a steely shade
of graphite grey. Soft,
cuffed pull-on sweaterpants
plaided in the graphite with camel.
And under all — a proper little
white shirt, the cuffs especially deep
to fold back over the sweater.
Everything, sizes 6 to 12. The nylon
knit shirt, 22.00; the wool knit
pants, 44.00; the wool knit
sweater, 36.00, in Better Sportswear,
3rd Floor, New York. Also at
Bergen, Short Hills and Stamford.

Bloomingdale's, Lexington Avenue at 59th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. EL 5-5900

Page 24**Seven Days of Killing***By Peter Hellman*

During one week this summer 58 people were slain in New York City—a horrifying statistic in any case, and a record-breaker for the city. Reporter Hellman recounts these cases, focusing on the day when the greatest number of victims were killed. He creates a picture of the incredible banality of murder as opposed to the melodramatic public image.



page 24

Page 8**The City Politic: Convention Tip-Sheet***By Gloria Steinem*

With clues from Republican informants and lessons learned at last month's events, Ms. Steinem tells what to watch for at this week's convention.

Page 11**In and Around Town****Page 44****Best Bets****Page 30****How to Redeem Next Year's Jazz Festival and, Thereby, the Whole City***By Albert Goldman*

This summer's Jazz Festival proved, for once and for all, that jazz isn't dead. The festival itself could have been a bit more lively, though. Mr. Goldman's modest proposal is that, next year, the whole city, not just a few concert halls, should participate in the occasion and restore jazz (and our sense of community) to its proper height.



page 34

Page 34**McGovern's Youth Vote—The Numbers Don't Add Up***By Michael Kramer*

The youth-vote percentages McGovern will need to offset Nixon are so high that the Senator might find it easier to decrease Wallace defections to Nixon than to increase his share of the youth vote.



page 37

Page 56**The Passionate Shopper: Higher Fashion***By Anthony Wolff*

A guide to tall men's clothing, or how to use the bean to stop looking like a beanpole.

Page 62**Restaurants: Faring Well on the Island***By Linda Wolfe*

Two of the Hamptons' restaurants offer something more than the usual resort-area food.



page 44

Page 63**New York Magazine Classified****Page 66****New York Magazine Competition***By Mary Ann Madden***Page 68****World's Most Challenging Crossword***From The Sunday Times of London***THE LIVELY ARTS****Page 46****Truly Gritty***By Sally Beauman*

Susan Sontag's new movie, despite its abrasive technique, tells a haunting story with great mastery.



page 64

Page 48**All Is Well in Marlboro Country***By Alan Rich*

New England's music festivals turn up the next great composer at one, and a fabulous singer at another.



page 60

Page 50**More About the Care and Feeding of Artists***By Barbara Rose*

A new project hopes to get low-cost studio and exhibition space for struggling artists in the city.

MISCELLANY**Page 6****Letters****New York Advertising Information Service**

If there's something advertised in our pages and you want to know about it—from where to buy it to what's on the menu of a restaurant and how much it'll cost, or the rates of a hotel you can read about in *New York*—just call 684-5544 or 684-5545.

Foxy Lady Chér

A new album
from the great
lady featuring
her hit single
"Living In
A House
Divided"
plus nine
others.
Produced by
Sonny Bono &
Snuff Garrett for
Garrett Music
Enterprises



Label 354

NEW YORK

Editor and Publisher

Clay S. Falter

Design Director

Milton Glaser

Associate Editor and Publisher

Sheldon Zelnick

Executive Editor

Byron Dobell

Managing Editors

Judith Denier, Art Neasel (on leave)

Art Director

Walter Bernard

Senior Editors

Aaron Latham, Nancy Newhouse, Thomas Plate

Assistant to the Editor

Jane Maxwell

Copy Editor

Deborah Harkins

Contributing Editors

Julie Baumgardner, Chip Berman

Peter Blake, Judith Crist

Edwin Diamond, Linda France

Burt Glim, Richard Goldstein

George J. W. Goodman, Geil Greene

Pete Hamill, Peter Hellman

Paul Kiell, Michael Kramer

David Levine, Mary Ann Madden

Jane O'Reilly, Nicholas Meglioli

Fred Pellan, Michael Ravera

Alan Rich, Barbara Rose

Erik Sandberg-Diment, Dick Schaap

Gail Sheehy, John Simon

Jerome Snyder, Gloria Steinem

Linda Weller, Tom Wolfe

Around Town Editor

Ruth Gilbert, Ruth Eskin

Elizabeth Smith, Ellen Stock

Special Projects

Elisabeth Lohman Scharlatt, Rochelle Udell

Editorial Assistant

Charles Denson, Leslie Glass, Dale Holtzman

Lon Johnson, Laurie Jones,

Lyne Milnes, Sheila Okun, Susan Parker

Staff

Peerless Powers, Pepe Potente

Assistant Art Director

Tom Bentkowski

Art Staff

Joan Dworkin, Carol March, Paul Richer

Production Director

William J. Gallagher

Production Assistant

Ralph W. Vizcone

Associate Publisher, Circulation & Promotion

Ruth A. Bower

Circulation Promotion Manager

Richard J. Monica

Circulation Fulfillment Manager

Marc Liu

Publicity Manager

Marie Salerno

Staff

Ariene Alzer, Rene Bulkin, Diana Costanza

Marion Donnelly, Martha Glass

New York Information Services

Herb Alpert, David Kuller

Circulation Consultant

Abner Sideman

Associate Publisher, Finance

Anthony M. Carvette

Controller

William J. Ryan

Business Manager

Vincent J. Kellen

Staff

Duckett Bell, Elizabeth Koroloff

Flordeliza Lopez, Betty Redwood

Carmine Tiro, Ruben Torres

Advertising Manager

Peter Van Leight

Assistant to Advertising Manager

Jill Reu

Sales Representatives

Vicky Bede, Harvey Bandermer, Sis Preston Barnes

Jean Brett, Terry Gwynn, David Henneus,

P. Ben Howard, J. Kevin Madden,

Donald Melanson, Abby Smith, David Thomas

Classified

Ellen Aronoff

Style

Kim Barrington, Ellen Baumriller

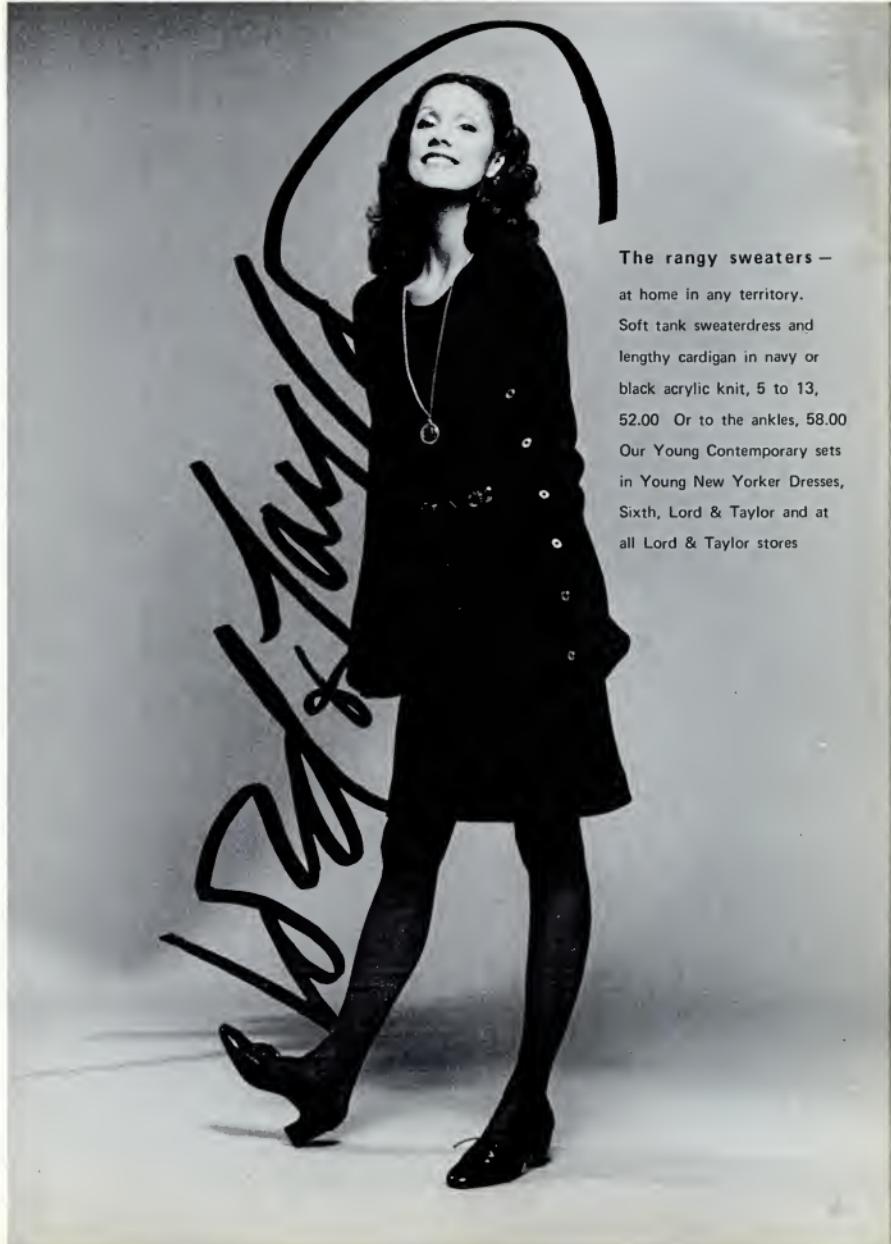
Mary Margaret Goodrich, Sandi Grossweild

Sandra Lahner, Kathy Rhodes

Annold Equities, Inc.

Chairman Armand G. Erpf (1897-1971)

President Alan J. Patricof



The rangy sweaters —
at home in any territory.
Soft tank sweaterdress and
lengthy cardigan in navy or
black acrylic knit, 5 to 13,
52.00 Or to the ankles, 58.00
Our Young Contemporary sets
in Young New Yorker Dresses,
Sixth, Lord & Taylor and at
all Lord & Taylor stores

LETTERS

Doctors for Women

Thank you for the excellent and much-needed article by Barbara Seaman, ["Do Gynecologists Exploit Their Patients?", August 14.]

Among other important illuminations, the article raises an obvious question: among all the medically unnecessary hysterectomies, how many were really "tacit agreements to sterilize"—a way for many women to purchase "legitimate," "socially and religiously acceptable" birth control, with no fear of offense to either "Pop or Pope?"

The doctors have merely cashed in on this social hypocrisy. Better education and liberalized abortion laws will bring down this disgraceful and expensive unnecessary hysterectomy rate.

D. M. Roth
Morristown, New Jersey

Please spare us from more feminists carrying on about their big bad male gynecologists. The alternative is so easy to consider: a woman. For five years now, I have been going to a kind, gentle, sympathetic, intelligent and inexpensive woman gynecologist who knows from personal experience what it's like Down There. Why, in these days of alleged liberation, have so many intelligent women clung to the old notion that the only competent medical care comes from father-figure doctors?

Judy Klemesrud
Manhattan

The Latin Issue

Having just read the August 7 issue of *New York* on the Latin culture in New York City, I feel that much has been left out of the picture. Somewhere between the stereotype of the Puerto Rican living in the "culture of poverty" and the image of Puerto Rican superstars, there are many Puerto Ricans who lead lives very different from the popularized image. Perhaps the ones in between don't make such interesting copy; nonetheless they exist. The popularizing of the extremes has confirmed the negative image held by many Americans.

Grace Albañez Friedman
Bronx, New York

In "Geraldo the Proud" [August 7], Julie Baumgold quotes fiction writer Kurt Vonnegut Jr. as calling Geraldo Rivera the "most innocent person I have ever met." That's perfect.

Roger Grimsby
Manhattan

No one will ever be the same after having read Edward Rivera's fine story, "La Situación." He has answered his own questions as to why his parents came to New York.

joyce Osterweil
River Vale, New Jersey

As much as I enjoyed Micho Fernandez's article on "El Barrio Diccionario: Spanglish Made Easy" [August 7], her research and conclusions leave much to be desired. She mentions, for instance, that *estufa* is derived from stove. *Estufa* is an acceptable Spanish word, used in Spanish-speaking countries along with *jogón*. There are also some errors in gender, i.e., roof is *el rúfo*, not *la rúfa*, a word which may be a variant spelling; mop is *el mapo*, not *mapa*; truck is usually pronounced as *el troc* or *el tros*, not *el troque*. The verb to lunch is *lonchar*, just as lunch is *el lonche*. And finally, the verb *danzar* is not really Spanglish, except in its use as a cognate for the English verb. My remarks are based on my own experience as a transplanted Puerto Rican.

René Concepcion
Lecturer in Spanish and Portuguese
Queens, New York

Ms. Fernandez replies: Ms. Concepcion raises some excellent points. Research in Spanglish is very difficult because few studies have been made of it and because the language is dynamic. Spanglish is Spanish, and so in my opinion, words like *estufa*, which are archaic, have been dug out by Spanish New Yorkers because of the phonetic resemblance to English. In Latin-American circles beyond the influence of English, I have found it to be a dead term. Many old Spanish words have been brought back to life and given modified or new meanings.

As to the gender and spelling of Spanglish terms, it is impossible to determine what is linguistically correct. Spanglish is spoken Spanish and I think more and more dictionaries will have to come to accept as correct the terms that are being constantly shaped in the streets of the city.

For the Record
Since the length of my own hair has occasioned some discussion around NBC, there is a certain irony to Richard Reeves's suggestion that I vetoed the request of *Rolling Stone*'s Tim Crouse to visit the NBC control room on the

ground that "he is a little shaggy." ["That's the Way It Is Tonight," said Walter Cronkite . . . and George McGovern Laughed," July 31.] If my credentials with the shaggy set need validating, check with Michael Shamberg (author of *Guerrilla Television* and shaggier than Mr. Crouse), who sat with me in NBC's control room during the McGovern vote count while his even-shaggier cameraman from *Raindance* taped footage for an underground documentary.

What I told Mr. Crouse—who wore out his welcome in the NBC Press trailer by rummaging through papers on various desks—was that we were not going to cooperate with *Rolling Stone*, not that we had "no interest in helping publications like yours," whatever that may mean. There were a half-dozen witnesses, none of whom heard any comment about NBC wanting to work only "with big, respectable publications like *The Miami Herald*," because no such comment was made. The record should show that Mr. Reeves was not there at the time, and his use of quotation marks around what I supposedly said might be regarded as poetic license, New Journalism, Newspeak, or fantasy—depending, as they say, on where you're at.

Mr. Reeves suggests that had we known who Mr. Crouse's father was our muddled perceptions (and possibly our complexions) might have cleared up. Well, hard as it may be to believe, we were aware that it was Russell Crouse's son we were 86ing from our trailer.

M. S. Rukeyser, Jr.
Corporate Information
NBC
Manhattan

Mr. Reeves replies: Far be it from me to dispute an NBC claim to be counterculture. However, I will dispute the business about quotation marks: I quoted Mr. Rukeyser directly on only sixteen words and he said those words about two feet from my notebook when he, Mr. Crouse and I happened to meet behind Convention Hall late Wednesday night. Those words were: "I thought I made it clear that NBC has no interest in helping publications like yours." I also added, not in quotation marks, that Mr. Rukeyser had at another time made a comparison between *Rolling Stone* and *The Miami Herald*—that was a mistake, Mr. Crouse has subsequently informed me.

We could have put out a Scotch after the Second World War, too.

But we couldn't have put out William Lawson's.

William Lawson's could have put out a quite decent Scotch. Just like a lot of others did.

But whisky men make the decisions at William Lawson's. Not eager businessmen.

So we didn't do what everyone else did.

Sure, there were some good whiskies available for blending then, but the Scotch that resulted wouldn't have been the same William Lawson's that had built such an enviable reputation in England and Scotland since 1849.

Because the malt whiskies we needed for our Scotch just weren't available in quantity.

(There are 107 different malt whisky distilleries in Scotland. We're interested in only 15 of them.)

So we waited.

Patiently. Waited until William Lawson's could be bottled right. The only way we wanted. (With the malts

of those exceptional 15.)

It wasn't until 1959, 14 years later, that there was enough of a supply of those particular whiskies to make Lawson's Lawson's again.

First for Scotland.



Later for England. Some for France. And a limited supply for America. (Just enough to send a small initial shipment.)

And with that modest shipment to America, a modest price to go along. (Lower than we get at home, in fact.)

Why such a modest

price for such a superior Scotch?

Well, remember, we were 14 years late. And there were over 250 of the other brands on shelves here already.

And money always gets peoples' attention.

We wanted to make it easy for America to try this pleasing Scotch.

But now it's 1972. And we've stockpiled enough of those 15 great blending malt whiskies to send considerably more Lawson's to America.

More, but still not a lot.

More, still with the modest price.

The same light, yet full-bodied Lawson's that didn't compromise.

And never will. Ask for it soon. Today. How long can you expect us to be so modest about a Scotch like ours? William Lawson's.

If we can't make it right, we just don't make it.

g b lawson



86.8 PROOF Bottled in Scotland

86.8 PROOF • 100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES • WILLIAM LAWSON'S IMPORTED BY PALMER & LORD LTD., SYOSSET, N.Y.

THE CITY POLITIC

BY GLORIA STEINEM

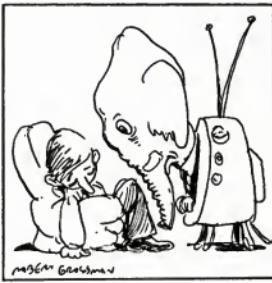
CONVENTION TIP-SHEET

Most people working on the floor of the Democratic Convention emerged with some favorite example of the television commentators' ineptitude. Here in New York, where there was less backstage knowledge but more time to watch the commentators, complaints centered on the general boredom and condescension of such big-timers as Walter Cronkite, Eric Sevareid and Theodore White, all of CBS. They managed somehow to make the most innovative convention in memory seem cut-and-dried. Of course, NBC's John Chancellor was an exception, appearing both serious and well-informed. So was that network's newcomer, Cassie Mackin. Perhaps this is part of the reason CBS lost many of the late-night convention watchers, the ones who cared enough to stay up and therefore really wanted to know what was going on.

News executives at CBS are worried about the same thing happening during this Republican week in Miami, but they still have the carefully-nurtured egos of Cronkite and Sevareid to deal with. It's tough to discipline stars, even if they're yours. Besides, if they treated the Democrats as boring, to what meaningfulness can they reduce the Republican Convention, which is already being billed as "a coronation"?

The truth is that there probably will be some backstage excitement in Miami; not as much as last month, of course, and definitely not affecting the Big Prize—but still some. Based on clues from Republican informants and on last month's events, here are some things to watch for on our television screens.

Platform, Rules and Credentials: All the elaborate and crucial issues contained under these headings that took the Democrats several 24-hour days to vote on are supposed to be condensed, indeed jammed, into Tuesday, August 22, between the hours of 1 and 4:30 p.m. The admitted intent is to minimize dissent and to keep out of prime time such limited objections as there may be. Furthermore, there is, at this writing, no clear way for minority reports to come to the convention floor, though individual delegates are supposed to be able to amend the various planks as they come up. If delegates do this, bear in mind that (1) they have to be recognized by a rather autocratic chair first, and (2) they are bucking the psychological impact of the 100 printed copies of Committee "recommendations" that each delegate will have been given on



the convention's first day. Thus, anyone who actually stands up to object is likely to be either acceptable to the chair for some political reason or very much braver than his or her Democratic counterpart had to be.

However, some internal struggles from Committee hearings could surface. For instance, there may be two credentials fights: one from Virginia, where an all-white delegation is being challenged for not fulfilling the "positive action" requirement theoretically made of state parties in seeking potential delegates; and one from New Mexico, where rebel Congressman Pete McCloskey won one delegate vote. That delegate slot, however, was given to an individual who doesn't agree with McCloskey's antiwar views and therefore is unlikely to place the Congressman's name in nomination for the Presidency. The first challenge is just a symbol of the racial imbalance that exists on a grand scale, with only 53 black delegates out of a total of 1,348. The second is important largely because a nomination for the Presidency would entitle McCloskey to 25 minutes of television time for a speech that would air many anti-Nixon points.

Rumbles from the left against Nixon's policies on busing, marijuana, amnesty, taxation, the disclosure of campaign contributions and Vietnam policy seem much less likely to make it to the floor than the disagreement from the right, focusing on Nixon's relaxation of a hard-line policy toward China. As was often true at the Democratic Convention, the New York and California delegations are likely to be the centers of unrest from the left. (McCloskey and Javits, in that order, are already the most prominent pariahs in Miami.) But pressure from the right is obviously much more desirable as a tele-

vision event, from Nixon's point of view, if he is to position himself as moderate enough to attract some Democratic votes in November.

Of course, the best-publicized fight so far is the struggle to change party rules with an eye to opening up and liberalizing the convention in 1976. Two men from Illinois, Congressman Tom Railsback and Senator Charles Percy, are heading that one, rightly predicting that there won't be much future for Republicans like them if conservatives continue to hold party reins. As for the conservatives themselves (some of whom already see Agnew as their candidate in 1976), they are adamantly opposed to opening their party to "out" groups, branding as "undemocratic quotas" any suggestion that women, minorities and youth should be represented in fair proportion to their population.

During pre-convention hearings, however, those conservative forces seemed to consider women more controllable and less of a threat than minorities or youth. In a divide-and-conquer effort, a Mississippi member of the Rules Committee moved to accept a clause that the party shall "endeavor to have equal representation of men and women," while skipping over a reference to the youth and minority categories. So far, representatives of the National Women's Political Caucus and other reformers have remained firm against any compromise that appears to favor women only. "Not only is it not true reform," explained Bobbie Kilberg, a young lawyer representing both the Women's Caucus and the Riron Society, "but the Southerners seem to forget some women are young and some women are black."

Thanks to long efforts on the part of Barbara Franklin, a White House assistant, there is a moderately good Women's Plank in the platform, as given by Nixon's representatives to the Platform Committee, including support for the Equal Rights Amendment and other pledges of increased economic opportunity. But it doesn't include such Women's Caucus issues as cease-and-desist powers for the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, welfare reform, reproductive freedom, or an adequate statement on child care.

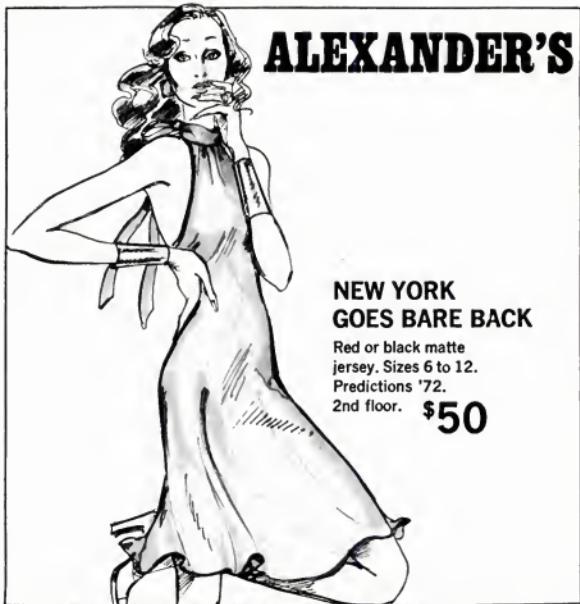
With the Democratic floor fight fresh in their minds, reporters interested in the Women's Plank have been zeroing in only on what they refer to as the "abortion issue." (In fact, the phrase

used by the Republican women is the individual's right to control "reproductive and sexual" life. That covers not only birth control, sterilization and abortion, but sexual orientation and practices as well—an especially interesting inclusion, since "sexual" was the word hurriedly deleted from the Democratic Women's Plank by Shirley MacLaine and other women who were afraid even to suggest that McGovern support anything so radical.) Even if the reproductive-freedom issue never gets to the floor, there has already been quite a lot of bravery in the hearings. Representatives of the Women's Political Caucus, Planned Parenthood and other organizations faced Friends of the Fetus who had brought along forceful religious arguments, plus bloody embryos in jars. "It's too bad," one of the women trying to make the freedom-of-choice argument said later, "that we can't get a jar big enough to hold a five-foot-six-inch female who died on a kitchen table."

Media Motives: To make up for the visual problem of having twice as many delegates over 60 as there are under 30, the Republican National Committee has employed several hundred young and clean-cut pages to help out on the convention floor; 3,000 under-25-year-old spectators have also been subsidized by various Republican party groups and will be seated in the galleries.

Improbabilities: Of course, there is already a Rumor Factory in Miami. One product is that someone, possibly McCloskey, will disclose the major companies that have (1) given vast sums to the Republican coffers, and (2) not been made to conform to the President's wage-price guidelines. Another is that Tom Pappas, the Greek-American millionaire who is a major contributor to the Nixon campaign (and whose interests in Greece include chemicals, steel and refineries, as well as the Pappas Foundation, which has been named as a CIA-backed group transferring money to Greece), is responsible for insisting that Agnew stay on as Vice President. A third rumor is that Agnew will be nominated by acclamation, then decline, and be replaced by some younger, liberal Republican more likely to help Nixon compete with McGovern in the new-broom department.

In any case, there will obviously be something more than a coronation going on, if only the activists, to the right and left of the Administration, can be shown and interviewed on camera. A television commentator's job is not an easy one, but these conventions are too important to be condescended to. We need to know what's going on. —



ALEXANDER'S

NEW YORK GOES BARE BACK

Red or black matte
jersey. Sizes 6 to 12.
Predictions '72.
2nd floor.

\$50

AT OUR LEXINGTON AVENUE & 58TH ST. STORE EXCLUSIVELY

There's always something going on around the house.

Nikon House. It's a home for people who love fine cameras and fine photography.

There's always an exhibition of photographs in our gallery. Sometimes fascinating pictures from around the world. Sometimes soft, subtle painting-like photographs. But always something of interest to both serious photographers and people who appreciate



fine photographs.

Oftentimes, we also have interesting programs going on. Movies, slide shows, or informative seminars. And there's always a complete array of Nikon cameras and accessories, and a staff of experts to answer your questions. Visit us any time, 10AM to 6PM, Monday through Friday.

What's Going On Around Nikon House in September.

Photo Gallery — The work of Peggy Pine and Mark Feldstein

Seminars — For Beginning and Advanced Photographers



Nikon House

437 MADISON AVENUE at 50th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

This is Japanese symbol for "house." Please think of it as your invitation to visit ours.

IF YOU HAVE A HARD TIME TELLING ONE WINE FROM ANOTHER, READ THIS.

First of all, don't feel alone.

Probably 99% of the population can't tell a Pinot Noir from a Zinfandel. Or a great Cabernet Sauvignon from a so-so one.

But where do you go to find out? You read what the wine experts have to say and they all disagree. You read all the wine advertising and everybody's trying to sell his own product.

Nobody has really taken the time to sit down and explain even the most basic things about wine. Until now.

We at Inglenook Vineyards are doing it because it's in our best interest to have you know a great wine when you taste one. After all, that's what we have to sell.

HEIGHTENING YOUR SENSES.

First get yourself a wine glass that exposes the wine to plenty of air. The more air you can expose wine to, the better you can taste it.

And be sure you can get your nose in the glass. That's important because in wine tasting, the nose does 75% of the work. A glass with a 3-inch brim is best for most wines. But if you have a larger than average nose, you'll need a larger than average glass.

NEVER TASTE WINE OVER A CHECKERED TABLECLOTH.



Fill the glass about a third full and set it down on a white tablecloth. That's so you can see the wine's true color.

Now really look at the wine. Check its color. That's the first clue to a wine's taste. Usually, the darker the color, the fuller the wine. This applies to whites too, which can go from a pale straw to golden. With rosé, look for a crystal clear light pink, with no muddiness.

Now swirl the wine in the glass. A full bodied wine will come down the glass in "sheets". A lighter wine will break into "legs". A good rosé should come down in thin "legs", which indicates delicate body.



Cyrano could have used a larger glass.
Ora smaller nose.

Take a good sniff.

This is hard to explain but your nose should confirm everything you've seen with your eyes. A rose that looks brilliantly clear and is of delicate body should smell that way too.

WHISTLING AT THE TABLE.

Now take a sip of wine, hold it in your mouth, and whistle. Whistle in, not out. Try to get a nice gurgle going.

This technique also allows you to taste the wine for a longer period of time. For it extends that single instant when wine, air, tongue, gums and nose come together for the first time. Thus, it enables you to have more time to make an initial judgment. Keep in mind everything you've experienced with your eyes and nose, should be confirmed with your mouth by this technique.

BUILD A WINE CELLAR IN YOUR BRAIN.

When you actually start your wine tasting education, be sure to follow the chart below. The order is important because you'll be going from light to full bodied in the white wine spectrum. The red wines are listed in a similar fashion. You should work your way through them after you've mastered the whites.

INGLENOK'S SUGGESTED WINE PROGRESSION CHART

White	Red
White Pinot	Gamay Rosé
Pinot Chardonnay	Gamay Beaujolais
Grey Riesling	Pinot Noir
Sylvaner Riesling	Zinfandel
Johannisberg Riesling	Cabernet
Chenin Blanc	Chablis
Dry Semillon	Chablis
	Cabernet Sauvignon

A WORD OF WARNING.

If you're going to put this much time and effort into learning something about wine tasting, then go for the most expensive wine you can afford. High priced wine is high priced for a reason. Namely, better grapes, and more care goes into the making of the wine.

That said, Inglenook Estate Bottled Wine is the most expensive wine made in America. It all comes from the Napa Valley, which wine authorities agree is one of the finest wine producing regions in America, if not the whole world. And it all bears a vintage date, which is a rarity in American wines today.

Estate bottling means we make it from varietal grapes grown in vineyards under our constant supervision.

So if you can swing it financially, get your wine education from Inglenook.

Any good education costs money.



INGLENOK

We make the most expensive wine in America.

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

August 24 thru August 31

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

OPENINGS

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25

Blaucus—William Marshall stars as an African prince who rises from the grave to spring his people from their tyrannical torment through the Watusi area of Los Angeles. Kathy Lester and Elisha Cook, Criterion, Bowery at 45th (562-1753); Juliet II, 3rd Ave at 83rd (249-1806).

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27

Limejones—Charles Chaplin stars as an ex-music hall comedian who cares for an ailing ballerina (Clare Bloom) in the film that Chaplin wrote, composed for and choreographed in 1952. Andie MacDowell and Melissa Hayden perform ballet sequences. Lincoln Art, 225 W 57th (TUE 2-2333).

THE MOVIES

A Clockwork Orange—Writer-producer director Stanley Kubrick's mastery of his art is displayed in bravura style in his multi-level adaptation of Anthony Burgess' futuristic novel. It is a harrowing vision of tomorrow, a deceptively joyful and uncompromising entertainment. St. Marks Playhouse, 52 W 8th (7-7674); U.S. East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100); Cinema Studio, Boway at 66th (877-4040); Embassy, 7th Ave at 46th (757-2408); Riviera, Boway at 97th (TUE 8-0464).

All 'n' Family—This British blueprint for *All in the Family* testifies to the fondness of English social comedians like Archie Burrow without the codes and restrictions, the common man whom none of us can deny. Or resist. Enjoy. Juliet I, 3rd Ave at 83rd (249-1806).

And Now for Something Completely Different—An English comedy team based on the very successful BBC TV series, *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, a zany series of sketches, some satirical, some absurd, all very funny, linked by the miraculously bleak and disturbing animated graphics of Terry Gilliam. The show became a cult in England, and the film might start something similar here. 68th St Playhouse, at 3rd (RE 4-9302). (S.B.)

Arruza—Anthony Quinn narrates a documentary based on the life and career of the late matador Carlos Arruza; directed by Budd Boetticher. From 8/23,浙8th, 58th St E of Madison (EL 5-3326).

Bad and Beard—François Truffaut's warm, witty and glowing sequel to *Stolen Kisses*—with Jean Pierre Leaud and Claude Jene continuing their roles—brings his alter ego of 400 Blows to marriage and parenthood. 8/25 only, Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 5-4210).

Ben—This exploitative sequel to *Willie nillie*, that successful horror story of a boy who meddles himself king of the rats, is simply abominable, cheaply made and squeakily directed. Four thousand rats terrorize Los Angeles—and out-cuts the proclamations on hand. From 8/23, Charles, Ave B at 2th (GR 5-4210).

Bluebeard—Richard Burton in the title role; his wives—Raquel Welch, Virna Lisi, Nathalie Delon, Joey Heatherton, Marilou Tolo, Karin Schubert, Sybille Danning, Agostine Beliz (and each finds death in an especially macabre way). Director is Edward Dmytryk. Cinemas, Boway at 47th (265-5711); RKO 59th St II, betw 2nd & 3rd (568-0700); RKO 66th St II, at Lexington (AT 8-9900).

Butterflies Are Free—Despite good performances by Eileen Heckart and Edward Albert, the contrivances of the late Broadway hit about a blind momma's boy come clear, courtesy of Goldie Hawn. Hollywood slickery and stagebound writing and direction. 2nd St Playhouse, nr 1st Ave (BL 8-9304); Kips Bay, 2nd Ave at 31st (LE 5-2233).

Cabaret—Liza Minnelli and Michael York are in their full radiance and Joel Grey's the superb

M.C. in a dazzling musical film that brings the best of the Broadway show to the latest incarnation of Christopher Isherwood's Berlin stories. Olympia, Boway at 107th (865-8128).

Carinal Knowledge—A very funny and very sad film, directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson and Arthur Garfunkel as the eternal roommates 20 years later who've never lost their adolescent hang-ups and attitudes toward women end see. 8/23-29, St. Marks Cinema, 133 2nd Ave at St Marks Pl (475-5510).

Catch-22—Though a lot of Joseph Heller's black comedy is lost in the film still he's wonderful for the bits and pieces and for Alan Aldan's fine performance in a film that ranges from the very good to the pretentiously mediocre. 8/23-29, St. Marks Cinema, 133 2nd Ave at St Marks (475-5510).

Claire's Knee—Eric Rohmer's film matches his *My Night at Maud's* in wit and intelligence and surpasses it in the luscious vacation setting wherein Godfrey Cambridge and Raymond St Jacques, as the dedicated Harlem detectives, have degenerated into Amos and Andy amid merely frenetic incoherence. DeMille, 7th Ave at 47th (266-9430).

Come Back, Charleston Blue—A disastrous sequel to the Oscar-winning *Charleston*, wherein Godfrey Cambridge and Raymond St Jacques, as the dedicated Harlem detectives, have degenerated into Amos and Andy amid merely frenetic incoherence. DeMille, 7th Ave at 47th (266-9430).

Conquest of the Planet of the Apes—No 4 in the series; it's 1991 and apes are humans' slaves obviously waiting to be set free. Enter Caesar (Roddy McDowall), articulate ape son of the late Cornelius and Zira. It's all time-tun—monkey business. 8/23-29, Essex, Essex at Grand (VU 2-4455); Beacon, Boway nr 74th (TR 4-1717).

Dalivrance—Jamesickey's acclaimed novel about four men who challenge the status quo in a back-to-basics adventure story, a devastating comment on man's attempt to return to the primitive. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty and Ronny Cox bring a tang of truth to an excellent movie. Löwe's Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 72nd (TR 9-1313).

Everything You've Always Wanted To Know About Sex—"But we're afraid to ask"—The best of Woody Allen's superb brewings and the funniest sex comedy we've encountered. Woody's rollicking version of the Rubin book springs to pure hilarity on the screen with Tony Randall, Gene Wilder, Louis Prima, Carol Burnett, Jack Palance and other wonderful actors to match Allen's unique experiences. Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663); First Carnegie, 67th St (266-5213).

Fat City—John Huston's engrossing, hard-eyed and deep-hearted study of the underside of the American dream. Stacy Keach is a down-but-not-out-cut prizefighter turning boxer, Jeff Bridges an upcoming young fighter and Susan Tyrrell sheer brilliance as an unforgettable alcoholic refugee from her own nothingness. Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670); 125th St, 2nd Ave at 64th St at Greenwich (WA 9-3350).

Fiddler on the Roof—The milkman has survived the Yiddish transition from stage to feature to screen reality, courtesy of Israeli actor Topol's fine performance, and, thanks to a first-rate cast and restrained direction by Norman Jewison, the virtues and appeal of the Broadway musical shine through. Rivoli, Boway at 49th (247-1633).

Four Flies on Grey Velvet—A titillating Italian whodunit, directed by Dario Argento, starring the self-indulgent Mimsy Farren and the lumbering Michael Brandon, about his extremely kinky enemies of a particular kind. Bedeviled, grotesquely discolored, with a plot that doesn't begin to end. Miss It, Thru 8/24, Criterion, Boway at 45th (582-1795). (S.B.)

Grassier's Palace—Robert Downey's beautiful film is worth viewing, albeit below his best. A sort of showbiz parable about Jesus—or vice versa—distinguished by Downey's genius for the off-beat look at life, his remarkable sense of social satire, his talent for utterly zany sight or sound gags. Festival, 57th St & 8th (561-2233).

Jenny—Merle Thomas is the pregnant, unmarried square; Alan Alda is the anti-war chap who marries her in hopes of avoiding the draft, and both are splendid in this warm and funny film. From 8/23, Olympia, Boway at 107th (865-8128).

La Salamandre—The second film of Swiss director Alain Tanner has received much acclaim in France. A grey, tedious and overlong film, imitative of early Truffaut and Godard, about the efforts of two writers to investigate the life of an offbeat working girl. Paris, 5th Ave & 58th (MU 8-2013). (S.B.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Alain Arkin in the screen debut of the man who will be a hit, if by Gena Saks. A maudlin, smug piece, glorifying the middleclass values it pretends to mock. Not even Alain Arkin, and good playing from Sally Kellerman as the first of his potential mistresses can salvage it. Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave at 50th (PL 7-3100). (S.B.)

Le Boucher—Claude Chabrol's exquisite intellectual thriller about the small-town love affair between a sophisticated schoolteacher and the trouble thick-headed butcher whose butchery may extend beyond his shop. 8/26 only, Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622).

Macbeth—Director Roman Polanski's film, co-written with Kenneth Tynan, is worth seeing but ultimately disappointing. Because it is so well made, cinematically the anticipated unexpected turns up and the force of the drama remains in the speeches. 8/20-31, St. Marks Cinema, 133 Second Ave at St Marks (475-5510).

Man in the Wilderness—Richard Harris is mangled and shredded by a bear and left for dead by a group of trappers in the Northwest Territory. In this history-based man-against-man-and-nature survival story, the movie, alas, seems to have been mangled and shredded before release. From 8/23, RKO 59th St, nr 8th Ave (AL 5-7050); RKO Colliseum, Boway at 49th (247-1633).

Mayors—This fascinating documentary about a young evangelist, the Jesus revival, and the business aspects thereof, is a striking example of intelligent, beautifully edited cinema verite, giving us insights into revivalists and evangelism never before achieved. Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774).

Maintain—Story of a soul disk jockey who becomes involved in a woman's murder. With Calvin Lockhart, Roslyn Cash, Venetia McGee. Directed by Helmut Kautner. Trans-Lux 85th St at Madison (BU 8-2280); Trans-Lux Lux, Boway at 49th (265-1355).

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's film is a delicate—literally, perceptive and witty piece of plotting of four lives that intertwine and, with an ironic twist, untangle. 8/30 only, Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622); 9/1 only, Thalia, 95th & Broadway (AC 2-3370).

Our Latin Thing—Film about the Spanish-speaking community of New York, its music, its mores, its lifestyles, and the everyday life of the barrio. Directed by Leon Gast. Agee Cine II, 7th Ave at 2nd St (265-2647); Orpheum, 126 Second Ave (926-6410).

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen's delightful Broadway farce, to Bogey and Cary Grant, charges the screen with satisfying suspense and tension. It's hilarious, funny and funny-asid, with Woody, Diane Keaton, Tony Roberts and Jerry Lacy recreating their stage roles. 34th St East, at 2nd Ave (683-0255).

Pope Joan—A massively boring and relentlessly inaccurate account of a woman evangelist (Ulf Ultmann) who identifies with Joan, a ninth-century nun who became Pope. Ultmann is tragically wasted on a preposterous script—which also squanders such various talents as Maximilian Schell and Franco Nero. 8/26 only, Boway at 49th (247-1633); and Olivia de Havilland. Shot in an entirely incongruous recreation of the medieval world, it has the worst extra scenes on him outside of low-budget Italian quickies. Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). (S.B.)

Porfirio's Complaint—Philip Roth's witty novel has been reduced to the level of sleazy obscenity, a series of infantile stories centering around dair-

rhea, constipation, masturbation, vomiting, a variety of sexual activity and guitar talk. Hardly the theme of entertainment. From 8/23, *Symphony*, Bdwy or 95th (AC 2-6600).

Slugs—Jim Brown, Stella Stevens and Rip Torn in a film about an ex-Green Beret captain who seeks to avenge his parents' murders and embarks on a U.S. Treasury hunt for a syndicate's computer "brain" somewhere in South America. Directed by Jack Starrett, *Penthouse*, Bdwy at 47th (TR 7-5240); RKO 59th St 1, betw 2nd & 3rd (6/26-7/5); RKO 86th St 1, at Lexington (AT 9-8900).

Such Good Friends—There isn't a decent character or anyone one could care about in Otto Preminger's sick, offensive mixture of slapsack sex-comedy and murder-by-acceptable-medical-malpractice. 8/26 only, Thalia, 95th & Bdwy (AC 2-3370).

The Candidate—Topicality, authenticity and Robert Redford's portrait of a "new politics." Senatorial candidates are the film's virtues, but it serves better as a teaching tool than book of revelations. Sutton, 57th nr 3rd (PL 1411).

The Godfather—Mario Puzo's novel, about a nice Italian family whose chief interests are corrupt unions, gambling and ultra-violence, has been given a first-class treatment with Marlon Brando as the aging Don and topnotch performances by Al Pacino, James Caan, Richard Castellano and others. But the moral aftertaste malingers. *Penthouse*, Bdwy (247-2500); RKO 3rd Ave & 50th (EL 5-1664) and 50th & 5th (EL 5-2000 p.m.); Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7299); from 8/30, *Loew's Delacany*, at Suffolk (OR 4-2994) and Loew's 83rd, Bdwy or 83rd St (TR 7-3190).

The Hot Rock—A pleasant sophisticated crime-caper about a quartet of crooks, chisel among them George Segal and Robert Redford, whose pursuit of a priceless gem turns into a dazzling series of frustrations and foul-ups, with zero Moest to mark the difference. 8/23-29, Essex, Essex and Grand (YU 2-4455).

The Naw Centurians—George C. Scott is wasted and Siegfried Casel is wooden in this banal version of Joseph Wambaugh's bestseller about the L.A. police. When it is not being patronizing about women, or sentimental about man, the film spouts Agnewesque theories few end reader, and seems like a PR film for the police force. *Loew's State I*, *Broadway* & 45th (JU 2-5070); *Loew's Orpheum*, 86th St or 3rd (YU 9-4660).

The Omega Man—Non-controversial sci-fi with Charlton Heston as (almost) the last man in the world (Los Angeles) after a germ warfare holocaust. There are also some mutants and Rosalind Cash as—what else?—the last girl. 8/23-29, *Loew's Delaney*, at Suffolk (OR 4-2994) and *Loew's* 83rd, Bdwy or 83rd (TR 7-3190).

The Other—If you haven't read the book, don't, before you see this better-than-most film about identical twins. It's a good one, even with plenty of game of identity-change, good-looking heroines, and deadly degree. Uta Hagen, in her screen debut, heads an excellent cast. Thru 8/29, *Embassy*, 6th and Broadway (SC 4-6745); from 8/23, *Art*, 8th St nr 5th (GR 3-7014).

The Borrow and the Fly—Marcel Ophuls's extraordinary 4-hour-20-minute documentary about Nazi occupation. *François Truffaut's* film of the past and present of occupying countries and deadsey degree. Uta Hagen, in her screen debut, heads an excellent cast. Thru 8/29, *Embassy*, 6th and Broadway (SC 4-6745); from 8/23, *Art*, 8th St nr 5th (GR 3-7014).

The Borrow and the Fly—Marcel Ophuls's extraordinaire 4-hour-20-minute documentary about Nazi occupation. *François Truffaut's* film of the past and present of occupying countries and deadsey degree. Uta Hagen, in her screen debut, heads an excellent cast. Thru 8/29, *Embassy*, 6th and Broadway (SC 4-6745); from 8/23, *Art*, 8th St nr 5th (GR 3-7014).

The Wild Child (L'Enfant Sauvage)—Its simple narrative style and lack of romanticizing are the refreshment of François Truffaut's film of the true story of a doctor's attempt to "train" a wolf boy to society. Should prove fascinating to the young. 9/7-26, *Essex*, 2nd Ave nr 85th (RE 7-2622).

What's Happening?—One of the best films (*The Last Picture Show*) involves Barbra Streisand, Ryan O'Neal and some first-timers character in a masterful comedy-cum-chase that doesn't leave an gag untried and unrefreshed. A completely enjoyable piece of fluff. From 8/23, RKO 23rd, at 8th Ave (255-7070); RKO Coliseum, 181st (WA 7-7200); *Gramercy*, 23rd St nr Lexington (WA 7-7200); 8/23-29, *Loew's Delaney*, at Suffolk (OR 4-2994) and *Loew's* 83rd, Bdwy or 83rd (TR 7-3190).

Woodstock—This film of 1969's biggest happening is technically stunning; but beyond the camera work and the top rock talent, the crowd control shots and interviews pall early on and we're left with smuggery instead of a clue as to what made things so special. *Ziegfeld*, 6th Ave at 54th (755-7800).

Excerpted from Judith Crist's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change at drop of a hat; phone ahead.

Agee *Cine II*, 7th Ave at 49th (265-9497). *Our Latin Thing*.

Art, E 8th nr 5th Ave (GR 3-7014). From 8/23, *7th Other*.

Baronet, 3rd Ave and 59th (EL 5-1664). *7th Godfather*.

Beacon, Bdwy nr 74th (TR 4-1717). From 8/23, *Conquest of the Planet of the Apes*.

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). 8/24.

One Potato, Two Potato; *The Two of Us* 8/25, *Bed and Board*; *Cleere's Nine* 8/26; *The Graduate* 8/27, *Elvira Madigan*; *A Taste of Honey* 8/28; *Boomerang!* 8/29; *How to Die in the Family* 8/30; *La Guerra Eis Fine*, 8/30, *Facts*; *My Night at Maudie's* 8/31; *Dear John; Last Year at Marienbad*, 9/1; *The Bride Wore Black*; *The Wild Child*, 9/2; *Midnight Cowboy*, Tom Jones.

Charles, *Wall* at 12th (GR 5-4210). From 8/23, *Ban Krakatoa, East of Java*.

Cinemas, 1, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *The Riviers*.

Cinemas II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Marjoe*.

Cinema Studio, Bdwy at 66th (877-4040). *A Clockwork Orange*.

Cinemax, Bdwy at 47th (265-5711). *Bluebeard*.

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (562-1670). *Pope Joan*.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (852-1670). *Fat City*.

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Everything You've Always Wanted to Know About Sex* ("but we're afraid to ask").

Criterion, Bdwy at 45th (562-1795). Thru 8/24, *Four Eyes on Grey Velvet*. From 8/25, *Bracula*.

Di Milo, 7th Ave at 47th (266-9430). *Come Back Charleston Blue*.

5th St Playhouse, 52 W 8th (GR 7-7874). *A Clockwork Orange*.

5th St St, 3rd Ave (249-1144). From 8/30, *The Saiburg Connection*.

Elgin, Eighth Ave & 19th (675-0935). 8/24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, *Wild Strawberries*; *art*; *The Magician* 8/27, 28, *Ingraham's The Seventh Seal* and *Through a Glass Darkly*, 8/29, 30, *Bergman's The Virgin Spring and Smiles of a Summer Night*, 8/31, 9/1, *Akira Kurosawa's Rashomon; Satyajit Ray's Two Daughters*.

Embassy, Bdwy nr 72nd (SC 4-8745). Thru 8/29, *The Other*. From 8/30, *A Clockwork Orange*.

Embassy, 46th St and 7th Ave (757-2408). *A Clockwork Orange*.

Essex, *At Ease* at Grand (YU 2-4455). 8/23-29, *Conquest of the Planet of the Apes; The Hot Rock*.

Festival, 57th St & 5th (561-2323). *Greaser's Palace*.

Fifth Ave Cinema, at 12th (WA 4-8339). *7th Sorrow and the Piety*.

Font, Bdwy at 47th (757-5320). *Sigmar*.

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *What's Up Doc?*

Graswich, 12th St at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). From 8/23, *Fat City*.

Gull, 33 W 50th (PL 7-2406). *Now You See Him, Now You Don't; Nilki, Wild Dog of the North*.

Juliet I, 3rd Ave at 83rd (249-1808). *All 'n' Family*.

Juliet II, 3rd Ave at 83rd (249-1806). Thru 8/24, *Now You See Him, Now You Don't*. From 8/25, *Bracula*.

Kings, 2nd Ave at 31st (LE 2-6668). From 8/23, *Butterflies Are Free*.

Lincoln, 225 W 57th St (JU 2-2333). *The Great Dictator*. From 8/27, *Limeight*.

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Everything You've Always Wanted to Know About Sex* ("but we're afraid to ask").

Loew's Cine, 3rd Ave nr 36th (427-1332). *Super Fly*.

Loew's Delaney, at Suffolk (OR 4-2994). 8/23-29, *What's Up Doc?; The Omega Man*. From 8/30, *The Godfather*.

Loew's 83rd, Bdwy nr 83rd (TR 7-3190). 8/23-29, *What's Up Doc?; The Omega Man*. From 8/30, *The Godfather*.

Loew's Orpheum, 86th St nr 3rd (AT 9-4607). *The New Centurions*.

Loew's State I, Bdwy & 45th (JU 2-5070). *The New Centurions*.

Loew's State II, Bdwy at 45th (JU 2-5070). *Super Fly*.

Loew's Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 72nd (TR 9-1313). *Deliverance*.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53 (956-7299). 8/24, 2 p.m. *Woman of the World* '25 (Malcolm St.

Craig); 5:30, *You Never Know Women* '28 (William Wallman); 8 p.m. *The Letter* '29 (Van Di Limur).

8/25, *Young and Innocent* '29 (John Barrymore); 9 p.m. *Biograph* films of D. W. Griffith: 8/26, noon, D. W. Griffith's *Biograph* films: 3 p.m. *The Letter*;

5:30, *The Ten Commandments* '23 (Cecil B. DeMille); 8/27, 12:30, *Naked Prey* ('66 (Cornel Wilde)); 3 p.m. *Horsefeathers* '32 (Norman Z. McLeod); 5:30, *The Story of Temple Drake* '33 (Stephen Roberts); 8/28, 12:30, *East of Eden* '37 (James Dean); 3 p.m. *Reckless* '35 (John Wayne); 5:30, *The Ten Commandments* '23 (Cecil B. DeMille); 8/29, 2 p.m. *The Story of Temple Drake*; 5:30, *A Farewell to Arms* '32 (Frank Borzage); 8/30, noon, Paramount Pictures shorts; 2 p.m. *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* '36 (Henry Hathaway); 5:30, *Four Frightened People* '34 (Cecil B. DeMille); 8/31, 2 p.m. *A Farewell to Arms*; 6:30, *The Godfather* '72.

New Yorkar, Bdwy & 88th (TR 1-9189). *Charles De Gaulle* or Alva.

Olympia, Bdwy at 107th (865-8128). From 8/23, Cabaret; Jenny.

Orpheum, 126 Second Ave (982-6410). 8/23-29, *Our Little Thing*.

Paramount, 61st & Bdwy (247-5070). *The Godfather*.

Paris, 5th Ave & 58th (MU 8-2013). *La Salamandre* (French).

Panhurst, Bdwy at 47th (757-5450). *Slaughter*.

Playboy, 110 W 57th (JU 6-4448). From 8/23, *Wer's Good for the Goose*.

Plaza, 55th St, E of Madison (355-3320). *Arruza*.

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave at 50th (PL 7-3100). *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*.

Riverside, Bdwy nr 96th (MO 3-4530). From 8/23, *The Other*.

Riviera, Bdwy nr 97th (RI 9-8046). *A Clockwork Orange*.

Rivoli, Bdwy at 47th (247-1633). *Fiddler on the Roof*.

RKO 23rd St, St or 8th Ave (AL 5-7050). From 8/23, *What's Up Doc?; Men in the Wilderness*.

RKO 86th St Twin I, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). *Slaughter*.

RKO 86th St Twin II, batw 2nd & 3rd (688-8670). *Bluebeard*.

RKO Coliseum, Bdwy at 181st (WA 7-7200). From 8/23, *What's Up Doc?; Men in the Wilderness*.

RKO 59th St II, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-8670). *Slaughter*.

RKO 59th St II, batw 2nd & 3rd (688-8670). *Bluebeard*.

St Marks Cinema, 133 2nd Ave, at St Marks Pl (475-5510). 8/23-29, *Carnival Knowledge; Trash; Catch-22*; 8/30-9/5, *Polanski's Macbeth*; *Rosemary's Baby*; *Reputation*.

72nd St Playhouse, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). *Butterflies Are Free*.

8th St Playhouse, at 3rd (RE 4-0302). *And Now for Something Completely Different*.

Button, 57th or 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *The Candidate*.

Symphony, Bdwy nr 95th (AC 2-6600). From 8/23, *Portnoy's Complaint*.

Thalia, 95th & Bdwy (AC 2-3370). *What's Up Doc?; The White Stripes* (SA 2-54, *Sammy Ray's Father Panchali; Fallini's The White Stripes*); *Sammy Ray's* (SA 2-55, *Battle of Algiers; The Sky Above The Mud Below*; 8/26, Otto Preminger's *Such Good Friends; Goodbye Columbus*, 8/27, Robben Mamoulian's *The Love Parade* '29; *Lover Me Tonight*; 8/28, Luis Bunuel's *Young and Innocent* and *Los Olvidados*; This Same Sunday; 8/29, *Elia Kazan's East of Eden; Rebel Without a Cause*; 8/30, Claude Lelouch's *Life for Life: The Two of Us*; 8/31, Sergei Eisenstein's *Ten Days That Shook the World; Portrait of Lenin*; 9/1, Eric Rohmer's *My Night at Maudie's; La Collectionneuse*; 9/2, Federico Fellini's *The Clowns; Philippe De Broca's King of Hearts*.

Times, 5th & Madison, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 8/23-26, *Murder at the Vanities; The Cimex*. From 8/27, *The Fleet's In; Anything Goes*.

34th St East, at 2nd Ave (683-0255). *Prey It Again, Sam*.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave nr 58th (PL 9-2262). *Me-Indo*.

Trans-Lux West, 8th Ave at 9th (B-3180). *Melinda*.

Trans-Lux West, Bdwy at 9th (265-1355). *Melinda*.

Trinity Church, 74 Trinity Pl (269-6640), Wednesdays et 5:15 & 8. Free. 8/30, Francois Truffaut's *Les Misérables*; Jean-Luc Godard's *All Boys Are Called Patrick*; Jean Renoir's *A Day in the Country*.

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *A Clockwork Orange*.

Ziegfeld, 8th Ave at 54th (765-7600). *Woodstock*.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

Broadway shows start at 7:30, unless otherwise noted; many Broadway theaters now accept American Express credit cards.

CURRENT

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—Musical entertainment by Micki Grant, directed by Vinetta Carroll; with Alex Bradford, Hope Clarke, Bobby Hill, Arnold Wikerson and Micki Grant. Won 1972 Outer Circle Critics Award; 1972 Obie Awards for music and lyrics and for performance of Alex Bradford. Mats Wed, Sat & Sun. Edison, 240 W 47th (T 7-7164).

Don't Play Us Cheap—A comedy musical with book, music, lyrics and direction by Tom Moore; with Linda Krentler. *Avon Long Story* is of two imps, who are sent up to Earth to break up a Harriet party. Dame Joan, Mats. Wed, Sat & Sun. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (C 6-0390).

Grass—An amusing, ridiculous 50's rock 'n' roll musical exploring the myth created by the mass media of what teen-age life was like in the 50s. Excellent choreography by Patricia Birch. Book, music & lyrics: Jim Jacobs & Warren Casey. Directed by Tom Moore. Wed & Sat mat. Broadhurst Theater, Bdwy at 44th St (C 6-6699).

Jesus Christ Superstar—A so-so musical based on a bestselling record album, depicting the last seven days in the life of Christ. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber; lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. Mats. Wed & Sat. Matt Hellmig, 51st & Broadway (PL 7-7064).

Man of La Mancha—It's back again with its original stars, Richard Kiley, John Dieran, Irving Jacobson and Robert Rousenville, thru 10/21. Written by Dale Wasserman; music by Mitch Leigh; lyrics by Joe Darion; choreography by George Abbott. Dark Monday. Mats. Wed, Sat & Sun. Vivien Beaumont, 150 W 65th (EN 2-7616).

No, No, Nanette—Revival of Vincent Youmans' classic, with Ruby Keeler, Patsy Kelly, Bobby Van, Benny Baker and Helen Gallagher. Decay by Reoul Pepe du Bois. Mats. Wed & Sat. 48th St Theater, 228 W 46th (C 6-4724).

Stalhouse—A Tony Award-winning mystery thriller by Arthur Hailey, with stars starring Patrick (The Avenger) Macnee and Brian Murray. Mats Wed & Sat. Music Box, 239 W 45th (C 246-4636).

Stick and Bones—Molded here from off-Broadway, where it was one of the most popular plays of the year. David Rebb (Perry Hull) is another of his achievements (wrote it); Jeff Blecker directed it and Drew Snyder, Tom Aldredge, Alan Caulfield, Hector Eiles, Tom Rosquell and Rua McClennan are in it. Won Tony Award for best play. Mats Wed & Sat. John Golden Theater, 252 W 45th (C 6-6740).

Sugar—Robert Morse, Tony Roberts and Cyril Ritchard had a run in a new musical based on the funny film *Some Like It Hot*. Book: Peter Stone. Music: Julie Styne. Lyrics: Bob Merrill. Dir.-Choreo: Gower Champion. With Enelle Joyce, Sheila Smith, Althea Koss. Mats. Wed & Sat. Performances start at 8. Free parking. Majestic, 237 W 44th (C 6-0730).

The Prisoner of Zenda Avenue—Another crowd-pleaser by Neil Simon with Art Carney, Barbara Barrie, Jack Smack, Florence Stanley, Ruth Manning, Jean Barker, taking place in a high-rise apartment on, of course, 2nd Avenue, directed by, of course, Mike Nichols. Mats. Wed & Sat. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 49th (C 6-0220).

Two Gentlemen of Verona—The New York Shakespeare Festival's musical production, which was seen in Central Park, adapted by John Guare and Mel Shapiro, with music by Galt MacDermot and directed by Mel Shapiro, with Jonelle Allen, Clifton Davis, Diane Deville, Reul Julie, Mats. Wed, Sat. St. James, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

OFF AND OFF-OFF BROADWAY

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25

Double Bill—*The Story Teller* and *The Summer's Breeze*, by Irving Glasser. 8/25, 26, 9/1, 2, 8, 9, 11, 15, 16, 22. Performed by the New York Theater Ensemble. NYTE Inc., 2 E 2nd St, off Bowery (228-0900).

CURRENT

Aesop's Fables—A rock opera production featuring the Performing Ensemble of the Chicago Free Theater. Score by William Russo; text by Jon Swen. Tues thru Sun. Matinees Wed, Sat & Sun 3 p.m. \$3. Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St (673-3937).

And They Put Handcuffs on His Flowers—Mecebra play written and directed by Fernando Arrebol about his experiences in a French prison. Translated by Charles Merowitz. Mercer-O'Cese, 240 Mercer St (673-3937).

BACA Twilight Theater—8/26, 27, Bed-Stuy Street Academy in *Nigger-Gene*. 9/2, 3, An Evening with the Brownslee Laboratory Theater, works in progress. Free. 5:30 p.m. Wollman Rink, Prospect Park, Bklyn (783-4469).

Bracht on Bracht—A musical improvisation by George Tabor, directed by Allen R. Belknap. 8/22, 23, 24, at 8 p.m. \$2.50. Hunter Repertory Theater, 695 Park Ave (988-1743).

Change/Love Together/Organizas: A Revival—A company of 35 Liberators/musicians perform Charlie L. Russell's experimentation with the basic elements of African folklore and black lifestyles, produced by Berbara Ann Tear. Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; Saturdays at 8; Sundays at 8 & 8:30. National Black Theater, 9 E 125th St, Herlin Children's Theater's *Lend of the Egyptians*. 8/29, 2:30 p.m. The Street Theater's *All Jokes end in the Park*; 5:30, Bridgton Homestead Players' *Little Alice*. 8/30, 2:30. Irish Group of New York City; 5:30, *Blackout*, 2:30. Theater of the Oppressed, 8/31, 2:30. Black Chants, original material; 5:30. Evolution Company's *The Bind Junke* 9/1, 2:30. La Rocque Bey African Dancers—*Black, Cultured and Beautiful*; 5:30. Brothers and Sisters United of Staten Island—*Being Black*. Lincoln Center, Bdwy & 65th St (765-5100).

and performed by Carol Beven and David Timpidis. Saturday evenings at 8:30, thru 9/9. New Village Theater, 433 E 6th (beiw 1st Ave & Ave A 519-9556 or 228-0900).

Landscape and Silence—Harold Pinter's two plays, directed by Rod Nash, with Betsy Cohen, James Hummer, Ryan Listman, Merce Le Merrill, Peg Osborne, William Pritz, Merine Stefan. 8/24 & 9/3 at 8 p.m. 8/27 at 3 p.m. Circle Theater, 2307 Bowery & 84th St (674-9006, after 6 p.m.).

Lincoln Center Plaza—Street Theater Festival productions (free) thru 9/3. 8/23, 2:30, Bed-Stuy Street Academy's *An Experience in Reality*; 5:30, People's Performing Company's *Choices*. 8/24, 2:30, Puerto Rico Traveling Theater; 5:30, House of Nijole 8/25, 2:30. The Street Theater's *Scenes of Life*; 5:30. Lansing, Mich. perfor. *The Woman Planner*. 9/3, 2:30. The Freehouse Players of Madison, Wis.—*The Throw-Away Kids*. 8/26, 1 p.m. Artists Collective of Hartford, Conn., offer *The Many Moods of the Black Experience*; 2:30, Workshop for Careers in the Art, Washington, D.C. to their thing; 5:30. Theater West, Dayton, Ohio—*The System*. 8/27, 1 p.m. Theater West, Dayton, Ohio—*The System*; 2:30, Mt. Morris Evergreen Theater Company's *Evergreen and Roach*; 5:30. Theater Black, Ltd.'s *Black Magic*. 8/28, 2:30, Club 22's *Kidnappers*; 5:30, Herlin Children's Theater's *Lend of the Egyptians*. 8/29, 2:30 p.m. The Street Theater's *All Jokes end in the Park*; 5:30, Bridgton Homestead Players' *Little Alice*. 8/30, 2:30. Irish Group of New York City; 5:30, *Blackout*, 2:30. Theater of the Oppressed, 8/31, 2:30. Black Chants, original material; 5:30. Evolution Company's *The Bind Junke* 9/1, 2:30. La Rocque Bey African Dancers—*Black, Cultured and Beautiful*; 5:30. Brothers and Sisters United of Staten Island—*Being Black*. Lincoln Center, Bdwy & 65th St (765-5100).

Little Mary Sunshine—Rick Besoyan's spoof of the stage conventions of period musicals. 8/30, 31; 9/2, at 8 p.m. 9/2 & 2:30. S. Wollman Auditorium Ferries Booth Hall, Bdwy and 15th (280-2417).

Much Ado About Nothing—Shakespeare-in-the-Park production, with Sean Connery, Katharine Hepburn, Douglas Watson, April Straker, Gillian Anderson, Bernard Hughes, Will McKenzie, Lou Gilbert, Jeanne Huppel and Beate Henning. Choreography by Donald Saddler. Music by Peter Link. Directed by A. J. Antoon. Free Reserved-seat tickets at Delacorte from 6 on. Performances at 8. Dark Monday, Delacorte Theater, Central Park nr 81st (535-5630).

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—David Wasserman's adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel about inmates in a straingyl asylum with Lane Smith, Jane Cronin, Don Whyte, and Arthur Berwick. Mats Sun at 3. Mercer-Hensberry Theater, 240 Mercer St (673-3937).

Proposition—Six attractive youngsters from up Boston way improvise (to audience suggestions) some of the wittiest and most charming material in town. Thurs at 7:30, Fri & Sat at 8:30 & 10:30. Sun at 3 p.m. Mercer-Wilda Cabaret, 240 Mercer St (673-3937).

Reflections—Variations on a tragic theme of Oscar Wilde, by David Morgan, directed by Michael Lesse. 8/25, 27; 9/2, 3 at 2 p.m. 8/28 at 8 p.m. \$1. Hunter Summer Theater, 695 Park Ave (988-1743).

Safari 300—Musical based on 300 years of black song, dance and culture, with Ted Truesdale, Latrice Burrell and Roberto Poola. Tues, Wed and Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri and Sat at 7:30 and 10:30. Metinee Wed, Sat, Sun at 2 p.m. \$4, Mayfair, 235 W 46th (765-3880).

Sid-Arthur and His Psyche Dahlia-Nice—Sheldon Choi's play, directed by Mark Jessurun-Lobo. 8/25, 26, 9/1, 2, at 10 p.m. 8/28 at 8 p.m. \$6. NY. Theater Ensemble, 2 E 2nd St (228-0900).

Small Craft Warnings—Tennessee Williams' new play, set in a bar, with Halena Carroll as a beautician who travels from city to city as her trailer.

Topanganian, dancing waiters, and assorted ethnic vintuals. Closed Mondays (683-9409).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Barclay, 48th St nr Madison (PL 5-5900). **Gold Room**—Music by a Lester Lanin combin, starting at 9 mighty except Sat and Sun.

Blackstone, 58th betw Park & Madison. **Degwood Room**—Pianist Karen Graan, from 8 to 1, Mon thru Fri (EL 5-4200).

Carlton, Madison Ave & 61st (838-3000). **Carlton Bar**—No music Sat or Sun but the rest of the time it's Rey Herley at the piano from 5:30 to 11:30, and dinner when you want it.

Delmonico's, Park Ave at 59th (EL 5-2500). Restaurant and lounge; guitarist Carlo plays Mon-Fri, 5:30 to 7:30, again at 9, Saturday, from 7:30 on.

Drake, Park Ave at 56th (HA 1-0900). **Drake Room**—Smart, conservatively appointed, luxuriant, and Dick Hankinson's at the piano. **Shepherd's**—The decor's Egyptian, but nothing else is. Dancing to records. Also, thru 9/2, Bourbon 'n' Spice do anything nice at 9:30, 11:30 and 1:15 a.m. nightly. Closed on Sun.

Hilton, 1335 Sixth Ave (586-7000). **Roman Pub**—Pappi Moretta Trio, Tues thru Sat dancing from 7:30 p.m. Mon thru Fri, Zigi Biror and Enme Kemp at the Phil Wayne Trio.

Pierre, 61st at 5th (838-8000). **Cafe Pierre**—French cuisine, and dancing every evening from 7:30 p.m. Tues thru Sat. The Herb Wimmer Trio; Sun and Mon the Phil Wayne Trio.

Plaza, 5th Ave & 59th (PL 9-3000). **Cineca Lounge**—Continuous showing of silent movie classics and newstrals with piano accompanist. Sandwiches and drinks available. No admission charge, no tipping. Tues thru Sun, 10 a.m. to 1 a.m. **Green Tulip**—Dancing and dining; guitarist-singer Robert Miano struts thru dinner, and from 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. nightly. It's an attractive discotheque.

Plaza 9 Music Hall—Curley McDimpole, musical comedy, Tues thru Sat at 8 and 11, Sun at 5 and 8. Sandwiches and drinks available. **Palm Court**—pleasant music by violinists Ernest Schoen and Sandu Marcu, and pianist Jules Kult; 4:30 thru 7:30 except Sundays. **The Persian Room**—Opens Sept 1 with a new name, talent and price policy (will tell you in on it later).

Sherry-Netherland, 5th at 59th St (EL 5-2800). **The Bar**—pianist Tony Gorody from 5:30 to 2 a.m. Tuesdays thru Saturdays.

Stanhope, Fifth Ave at 81st (288-5800). **Rembrandt Room**—George Feyer at the piano. Tuesdays thru Saturdays, 8:30 to 1:30 a.m.

St. Regis, 5th Ave & 55th St. (PL 3-4500). **St. Regis Room**—Dinner, dancing, and a piano player. Tues thru 8/30, it's Woody Herman for listening and dancing. Monday thru Thursday at 9 and 11:30; Friday and Saturday at 9:30 and midnight. **The Penthouse**—Tuesday thru Saturday, from 8 p.m. It's pianist Hazel Scott and her fro.

JAZZ-ROCK-GUITAR

Jazz Line 421-3592

Dial for last-minute information as to when and where they're playing.

Apollo—253 W 125th. The vaudeville scene upown. 8/23-29, Singer Jerry Butler (The Ica Man), with The Main Ingredient, the O'Jays and Chakachas. 8/30-9/6, Wilson Pickatt with comedian Wildman Steve Gallon and The Tropics (749-1802).

Arthur's Tavern—57 Grove St. The Grove Street Stompers play Dixieland jazz, 9-12:30 on Mondays. Mabel Godwin is at the piano Tuesdays thru Saturdays. Sundays dark (CH 2-9468).

Bitter End—147 Bleeker St. The folk scene in a down-town collagehouse. From 8/23, singer Jim Dawson, and the Jubal, Shows at 9 and 11; Fr & Sat 8:30, 10:30, 12:30; Tuesdays are for visiting talent (475-7804).

Blue Room Cabaret—Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer (betw W 3rd & Bleeker). Various combos, Wed thru Sun at 10 p.m. and midnight; midnight and 2 a.m. Fr and Sat. Drinks and food available (673-3937).

Boomer's—340 Blascker St. Live jazz nightly from 9:30 to 3 a.m. 8/24-27, the Cedar Walton trio. Mondays are for jam sessions from 8 to midnight. Soul food specialties and a village-y comfortable atmosphere (243-8245).

Bradley's—70 University Pl. Village hang-out with a thoughtful atmosphere and music by pianist Chuck Fowler and bassist Duke Ciamone, thru 8/26. Closed Sundays, and Mondays there are pianist Patti Wicks with Perry Lind on bass. Music starts at 9:30. Dark Sundays (228-6440).

Brandy's II—1584 York, nr 83rd. Lively room opens at 4 p.m. 7 nights a week. No minimum or cover. Sundays, there's a singing group called Harry Hepcat and the Boogla Woogla Band; for jazz there is the Red Hook Bend, and always on Monday nights the singer Jerome. 8/24, guests are Sam and Dave. 8/29's guests are the Moonglows. 8/31, it's Jay and the Americans (861-3902).

Concorde Cafe—349 Lax, at 40th. The Don Doar Trio Mon thru Fri from 8 to 2 a.m. Sun from 7 to 2 a.m. Bullet mixed with jazz (MU 4-2425).

Cookery—University Pl at 8th St. Mary Lou Williams, the great jazz pianist, has returned and appears Mon thru Sat, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m., accompanied by e bass, thru 9/13. Pianist Dick Katz with a bass are the Sunday entertainers (OR 4-4450).

Danny's Brown Jug—61st & 1st. Get It All Together, Fri and Sat nights with Kathy McAlpine. Sun thru Wed nights guest performers, showcases and jam sessions. Incredibl edibles (TE 8-2230).

Duncan's—303 E 53rd. The lovely piano and bass of Bill Heisey and Leonard Gaskins, plus hearty steaks if music makes you hungry (838-6154).

Folks City—130 W 3rd. Entertainment in a big boisterous way. Thru 8/26, singer Irwin Finger, guitarist David Spinazzo and assorted comedians (254-8449).

Garrison—275 First Ave, at 16th. Rustic old place with fun on the ceiling and brick walls and things. Friday nights, Art Miller-Gene Best Swing Band (a la Benny Goodman). On Thursdays Graham Stewart's Gashouse Gang plays Dixieland Jazz 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. No over, no minimum (674-5429).

Gastlight au Go Go—152 Bleeker St. Good groups here Thursdays thru Sundays. Thia Brownia's Revange, a 29-piece jazzrock odyssey, plays 8/26, at 9:30 and 11 p.m. (674-2580).

Gregory's—149 First at 63rd St. Pianist Ellis Larkey's jazz duo is packing them in here, and rightly so; with Al Hall on bass, Mon thru Sat from 9:30, Mon thru Fri, at cocktail hours, 5:30 to 8, it's pianist Ted Bruce (371-2220).

Guitar—573 10th Ave, at 51st. Best guitar listening in the city from Tues thru Sat. Now it's Howard Collins on guitar and Buckey Pizzarilli on bass alternating with classical guitarist Bill Matthews. 9:30 to 2:30. Dark Sundays. Soul food on hand (265-9334).

Jimmy Syme's—79th St & 2nd Ave. Thru Labor Day, he's the innup; Mon & Tues, the Bill Lawlor ir duo and singer Randy O'Brien. Wed, Tha Second Tri (guitar, bass and drum), and Pic and Stic. Thus, the Lynch Boys (two guitars and bass), end the Second Tri. Fri, it's the Lynch Boys and tha Bill Lawlor (sr.) duo. Sun, the Second Tri. From 9 p.m. to closing (268-3369).

Jimmy Ryan's—154 W 54 at 7th. Dixieland music, 9:30 to 3, by Chuck Folds, Joe Murany, Roy Elbridge, Bobby Pratt and Eddie Locka. Closed Sundays (CO 5-9505).

Joe's Pier 82—Showboat Bar, 144 W 52nd. Billy Hawkins and his Don Ray Mi trio, instrumentalists and vocalists. Plus a lot of nice fishy things to eat (245-6652).

La Peña—3 Melinton Pl, nr 136th & Bdway. Northermost outpost for lime ibarian cuisines. Flamenco rhythms by guitarist Emilio Prado, Tues thru Sun, 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. (690-1300).

Mrs. Kansas City—213 Park Ave South. Restaurant downstairs; live music upstairs. 8/23-27, at 9:30 and 11:30 mighty Tom Rapp/Pearls Balora Swina, a man group, and Sinal Street, a 3-piece acoustic outfit (777-7870).

Michael's Pub—55th St, betw 2nd & 3rd. Tues thru Sat, 1st, jazz pianist Barbara Carroll with an unlimited repertoire. Mondays, It's the Woody (Pic If Again Sam) Allen Jazz Septet. Music starts at 8. Closed Sun (758-2272).



PARIS DESIGNED . . . THE BOLD ONES BY LANVIN

Fall's jewelery makes a glorious golden impact day in, night out. Artfully interpreted by D.M.A. Maltese Cross pendant, ivory or tortoise on gold-plated snake chain. **15.00**

Geometric cuff-bracelet, in bright and Florentine-finish gilt. **15.00**

Costume Jewelry, street fлоor,
Gimbels East and **Gimbels Broadway**; also all suburban stores.

Mugga—1134 First Ave. Restaurant end sidewalk cafe, with jazz pianist Mal Dancy along with Skipper at the bass, playing Tue thru Sun from 8 p.m. (\$38-7050).

Musart—149 Spring St, batw Wooster & West Bayway in SoHo. Coffee shop serving organic food, a center for avant garde music. George Braith and his group are always here. Chinese food on the weekend (226-9865).

Music Box—121 W 3rd St. Tha Graham Stewart Dixielanders play Tua, 9 & 11, in this nice little Village lounge. The rest of the week it's a go go. No cover, no minimum (677-9705).

My House—1160 1st Ave nr 63rd, jazz pianist-composer Nail Wolfe, with Richard Youngstein on bass, Tues-Sat, 9 p.m.-2 a.m., Sun brunch trio, 3-7 p.m. (832-9410).

Nestus's Eye—7 Ninth Ave (Gansevoort St and Little West 12th). Open noon to 4 a.m. 8/26, 26, 27, the Harold Mabern Duo. 8/28, Rita Da Costa and Trio (243-9297).

Nirvana—30 Central Park South. Indian rhythms on tabla drum and sitar by Bedal Ray and Aroor Lazewal. Tue thru Sat, 7:30 to 11. Bangladesh-Indian cuisine. All this in a panthouse (288-9097).

Panchito's—38th St at 3rd Ave. Hot Mexican restaurant with lovely decor and the best Merach strollers in town (628-7270).

Play Street—242 E 79th. Formerly Harlow's, this Invainy room has dancing, and entertainment nightly from 9. Thu 8/28, The High-Leds (TR 9-7780).

Proof of the Pudding—64th St at First Ave. Plenty of dark atmosphere, substantial cuisine and Dimitri, the guitarist (421-5440).

Sixish—86th at First. Jimmy Damitnick with a guitar Tue thru Fri. Guest pianist weekends. Good food till 12:30 a.m. (722-6161 or 348-8954).

Skylarks—103 W 86th. This pub has a well-spoken of weak-end jazz policy. Phone for current names (574-8754).

The Cellar—70 W 95th. Attractive upturn dining and listening spot, with the Al Foster trio present from 10 to 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays (666-1200).

The Griffin—313 E 46th, nr 2nd. Lovely room with French cuisine and the talented Cemil Aritist (with the appropriate name) at the piano from 7:30 to 11:30. Dark Sundays (571-4542).

The Sundowner—309 E 60th, E of 2nd. Dancing nightly. Guitar soloist Joe Seint on weekends; hootenannies, and contemporary rock groups. Wed, up-and-coming comics. No cover, no minimum. Food from 8 p.m. (632-9094).

Top of the Gate—Bleeker at Thompson. Tuesday thru Sundays, assorted jazz groups. Bill Rubenstein plays the piano between sets. Monday is for auditing (GR 5-5120).

Villa Vanguard—178 7th Ave S at 11th from 8/22, the Ustet Lutelet Overtet, nightly from 9:30. Mondays, it's, the friendly, heroic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band (969-9011).

West Boondock—114 Tenth Ave, cor 17th, Mon, Tues, Wed, Nat Jones on piano, Little Atkinson on bass, Thurs, Fri, Sat, Sun, Joanne Brackeen and Carl Pruitt. Soft atmosphere, sawdust floors, amber lights, "boss" soul food (929-9645).

Your Father's Mustache—7th Ave S at 10th, 77 bananas in an informal setting 8/27, guest Bobby Hackett, on corner (ORN 5-4630).

Your Place—1683 First, nr 87th St. Jazz pianist Jill McMenus and bassist Skip Crumby-Bey Fri and Sat evenings. Italian food (289-9856).

DISCOTHEQUES

Adam's Apple—1117 First Ave. For the singles trade. Dancing nightly, seven days a week and special champagne brunches on weekends. There's a Garden of Eden room for dancing (371-6881).

And Vinnis—227 E 67th, Dancing to the Jose Marquez trio, and pianist vocalist Terry Wheeler at the Piano Bar; food consists of vaguely Oriental snacks (C19-1250).

Dionysus—300 E 48th, betw 1st & 2nd Aves. Spanking white rug-covered walls and Greek food. Lively dance scene to Andras Orfanga's rock band. Thu 8/31, Mon-Sat Ben Vereen (with Tom) nomination as Judas in J. C. Superstar. Also singers Tony Pinelli and Nico Antoniou (756-8240).

Headstart—24 E 22nd. A new one with mirrors, ice-cream parlor, game room, fireplace, dancing and driving every night (260-6330).

Hippopotamus—154 E 54 at Third. Extremely good food served from 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. Discotheque 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. Cous-cous on Sunday. And the dcor is English Club. Better make reservations (466-1566).

L'Orubilla—2 W 55th. Come and forget your troubles in this soul French discotheque. Dancing from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. Cous-cous on Sunday. And the dcor is medieval, the music nostalgic (265-1595).

Nickel Bar—127 W 72nd St. A beaded canopy and nickel peanut, gum and candy machines sat the atmosphere at this casual discotheque, (874-9858).

The Dom—19 St Marks Pl. A big friendly, groovy place, where people mix easily. It really gets moving around 10:30 and is open until 4. \$2 ed-mittance for men; women admitted free. Drinks available, but there's no pressure to buy anything (473-9716).

Thurday's—57 W 58th. A multi-leveled restaurant with discotheque dancing on e suspended dance floor end a varied menu. Sun thru Thur, 11 a.m. until 3 a.m. 24 hours a day Fri and Sat (371-7777).

Tusaudya's—190 Third Ave. A twentieth atmosphere with plenty of food and dancing in the "speak-easy." Open 7 days a week, 11:30 a.m. to 3 a.m. (533-7900).

Ramayana—123 W 52nd. The only Indonesian restaurant in the city, and a good one; floor show nightly; also a trio for dancing (581-1170).

The Salty Dog—82nd St & 2nd Ave. Neatual atmosphere, dancing and dinner nightly from 5:30 (879-3777).

NEW YORK FAIR AND FESTIVAL SERVICE

For information concerning domestic and foreign festivals and fairs—description, dates, locations, transportation, accommodations, call 684-5544, 5 Monday to Friday, 10 a.m. until 8 p.m., New York Magazine will be happy to answer your questions.

Children

American Museum of Natural History—CPW at 79th St. The Natural Science Center for Young People is good for pre-schoolers on up to their parents, with live specimens on view in every area, and pull-out boards for the children to examine. Dinosaur Hall is a perpetual favorite (673-1300, phone for date and time information).

Midsummer's Night Dream—Off-Center Theater production at Central Park, 79th St and 5th Ave on Sunday afternoons, Saturdays at 6 p.m. at the South Seaport, Front St, East River. For children and adults (421-3000).

Brooklyn Circus—The Last Half Hour, a play production 8/27, 2 p.m. and 3:30. Free. Prospect Park, or the Golden Age Center, Nearast park entrance at 5th St and Prospect Park W, 834-8332 or 965-3177.

Children's Playhouse—601 Long Branch Rd, Ocean-side, L.I. Free shows every Sat and Sun at 1 p.m. 8/26. The Craig Haagensen Puppets with *Tia Dancing Pig*, 8/27, Jerry Herriant's Marionette Musicale. (516-RD-0245).

Children's Theater Workshop—*The Cowgirl and the Tiger*, a musical with audience participation. 8/23, 26, 30; 9/2, 9 at 2 p.m. Children St; Adults \$2. 13th St Threater, 50 W 13th (741-2796).

Disney on Parade—Song and dance fest featuring Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Pluto, Goofy, The Love Bug, Snow White, etc. in colorful fantasy settings and costumes, Madison Square Garden thru Sun, 8/27, evenings Wed-Fri at 7:30; matinees Tue-Fri and Sun at 2 p.m. and 3 p.m. (500-1030; 3 p.m. (594-6600).

Films for Children—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd, 8/27, 12:30 p.m. *Nakid* Picc '66, 3 p.m. *Horse* and *Others* 3D adults \$1.75; children 75¢ (506-2648).

Friends of Central Park Zoo—Volunteers offer free sketch-n-scores, story hours, games, discovery tours, tail-trails and other zoo-animal related activities. Admission to Children's Zoo, 10¢. From 10 a.m. to noon, Mon thru Fri (TR 3-5050).

Gilbert & Sullivan Operettes—8/23-27, H.M.S. Pinafore, for 8/30-9/3, *The Pirates of Penzance*. Family matinaes at 4 on Sat & Sun. Children half price. Adults \$4 and \$5. Jan Hus, 351 E 74th (LE 5-6310). "Adult entertainment that seems to attract a family crowd. For good reasons."

Little Red Riding Hood—Every Saturday and Sunday at 3 p.m. \$1.50, reservations are a must. Courtyard Playhouse, 137A W 17th (765-9540). "An small gam for the mini-theater-goer, aged 3-7. Rollingick, fast-paced performance loosely based on the original story."

Moofy Puppet—E. Manh School Blvd, 233 E 18. Audiences may play-act, play instruments and help design a Moofy. Ages 5 to 9. Sun 2 p.m. \$1.50. Reservations a must. A Moofy kit to each child (677-6218 or GR 5-8671).

Musa—1500 Bedford Ave, Brooklyn. An exhibition of monkeys, primates, their animal programs, sea and touch, science program planetarium. Monday thru Saturday, Summer walk-in workshoppe (4 to 12 years), no registration necessary, no fee. Whare Jazz Comes From, an exhibit tracing the development of music from its African origins to the present day, thru 10/27 (774-2900).

N.Y. Botanical Garden—Every day, 11 a.m. to 3 p.m., free. A tropical rain forest, with exotic treas. A conservatory and many beautiful things to look and wonder at. And a brand-new rose garden. Southbank Blvd at 200th St, Bronx (933-9400).

Off Center Theater—Cinderella, 8/26, at 2 & 3:30 p.m., at South St Seaport, Front St; 8/27, at 2 & 3:30 at Central Park, 79th St & 5th Ave; 8/30 & 31 at noon and 1 p.m., at Central Park, Free (929-8299).

Peggy Bridge Marionettes—346 E 9th, Jack and the Beanstalk, Leroy the Magician, \$1. Every Wed, Sat and Sun at 2 p.m. (AC 2-3831).

Precious Park Zoo—Flatbush Ave and Empire Blvd, Brooklyn. Seals and lions and elephants, barrels of monkeys and loads of bears, all sizes and colors.

Provincetown Theater—Hansel and Gretel, musical for young people. Saturdays at 1 and 3 p.m. \$2.50 and \$2. Provincetown, 113 Macdougal St (226-0090).

Quindo's Window—Pantomime and dance for elementary age children, 8/23 at 11 a.m. free. Children's Aid Society, 130 E 101st (348-2343).

Reflections—Oscar Wilde's *Birthday of the Infanta*. Every Saturday and Sunday at noon and 2 p.m. thru 9/3, \$1. Hunter Summer Theater, 695 Park Ave (968-1743).

Statan Island Zoo—614 Bowery betw Forest Ave & Clove Road, West Brighton (in case you want to ask directions when you come off the ferry). Small, always delightful, intelligently laid out with a great rap tide collection (GI 2-3100).

Story-Telling Program—Around the Hans Christian Andersen statue in Central Park, on the East shore of Conservatory Lake (enter at 72nd St & 5th Ave). Every Sat morning at 11 a.m. (472-1003). 8/26, Laura Sims and Gordon Rosenblum, flutist. *The Song of the City Rider*, My River and Andersen's *The Shepherdess and The Sweep*, 9/2. Diane Volkstein tells of *Bed*, a Puerto Rican tale.

Stuff and Nonsense—A musical revue for children, Sundays at 2, \$1.50. Downstairs at Alton's Restaurant, 1271 3rd Ave, at 73rd (879-1514).

The Proposition Circus—Off-Broadway's improvisational musical revue in a children's edition, Sunday, 1 p.m. \$1.50. Sat for children \$2 for adults. Maccus-Wilson Circus, Macca's (679-7777). "Talented ensemble of improvisational players in skits, stories and songs that, in large part, come off extremely well. Six or 7 is a suitable minimum age for enjoying the show; maximum is 21-plus."

Winnie Wilson Puppets—BACA Children's Hour, 8/26, 2 p.m. Free. Wolfman Rink, Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

(Quotations by Claire Barman)

What's Free?—Everything's free at N.Y. Convention and Visitors Bureau, 90 E 42nd St, t0017. Visit or write for literature, maps, guides. TV 2000, 2000 Suburbia, 2000-Suburbia.com. *"20 Free Things To Do In N.Y.C."* and *"13 New Off-Beat Sightings."* Multilingual staff available. Open 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily and the telephone number is 687-1300.

Thu, 8/31 at 8. *Mefistofele* with Chapman Novak, Fitch, Nebblett, Evans, Romaguera. Conductor: Rudel; directors: Hicks, Mitchell.

FRIDAY-SUNDAY, AUGUST 25-27

Light Opera of Manhattan, H.M.S. Pinafore, 8/25 at 8:30, 8/26 at 4 and 8:30; 8/27 at 4.

FRIDAY-THURSDAY, AUGUST 25-31

Rock Opera, The Blind Junkie, Fri, 8/25 at 7:15, 12th St et Sixth Ave, Bklyn; Sat, 8/26 at 7:15, 93rd St et Fourth Ave, Bklyn; Sun, 8/27 at 3, Wollman Rink, Prospect Park at 8th, Owls Head Park, Colonial Rd et 88th St, Bklyn; Mon, 8/28, at 7:15 Douglass et Smith St, Bklyn; Thur, 8/31 at 5, Lincoln Center Plaza. (free).

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28

Queens Opera Association, Juniper Valley Park, 80th and Juniper Valley Blvd. (472-1003) et 8 (free). Cermex.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27

Interstate Opera, Prospect Park Bandshell, 11th et Prospect Park W (472-1003) et 7:30 (free). The Friend, Pagliacci.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30

La Puma Opera, Central Park Mall et 7:30 (free). II Travatore.

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY, AUGUST 30-31

Light Opera of Manhattan, The Pirates of Penzance et 8:30.

Dance

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25

Square Dancing, South Street Pier at 7:30. Berlin Klap will call the squares.

FRIDAY-SATURDAY, AUGUST 25-26

Kinetic Art Theater Dance Program, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-6100) et 8 (free).

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28

Edith Stephen Dance Weapons, The Fountain, 155 Bank St (YU-2250) at 8. Lubo Ash, Sandy Rosenberg, Fern Susan Orsay, Sandy Seiders, Nancy Spansky, Linda Tamm, Edith Stephen, Dorothy Weiss, Gail Conrad, Karen Ahik, Ellen Compton, Debbie White, Alvin C. Davis, Stephen Josephs.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30

International Folk Dancing, South Street Pier et 7:30. Steve Zelph and Natalie Ladin are the leaders.

Art

AUGUST 25 THROUGH AUGUST 31

OPENING SOLOS

Mario Velasco-Bacareza—International Center in New York, 745 Seventh Ave (245-4131). Engravings and oils, 8/26-9/5.

CONTINUING SOLOS

Jane Armstrong—World of Birds building, Bronx Zoo (935-7589). Animals in Marble, thru 9/1. Gimble East Gallery, Lexington Ave at 86th (248-2300), thru 8/25.

Myriam Bedolla-Meterco, 957 Madison (429-9811). Abstract enameles by the Chilean artist, thru 9/4.

Michele Berkshire—Scarsdale National Bank, 860 Central Ave, Scarsdale (914-723-1300). Paintings, thru 8/31.

Walter Cade—Studio One, 60 W 125th (831-9366). Paintings and collages, thru 8/31.

John Cross—Bklyn's Borough Hall Plaza (643-2088). Weathered timber sculpture, thru 10/31.

José A. Fernandez, Jr.—Chesca National Bank, Seventh Ave at 53rd (245-8800). Paintings of athletes and sporting events, thru 8/31.

Wancharoen Japakang-Thai, 127 Greenwich Ave, (900-7191). Traditional and mystical sand paintings, thru 9/4.

Paul Klee—Sabersky, 987 Madison Ave (628-6281). Oils, watercolors, gauches and drawings, thru 9/30.

Philip Ratner—House of Living Judaism, 838 Fifth Ave (249-0100). Sculpture, thru 9/15.

Techiko Yamada—Pan-Hellenic Club, 119 W 57th (765-2300). Works in marble dust, thru 8/25.

OPENING GROUP SHOWS

Benson—Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton (516-537-0598). Sculpture by Sara Abramson and Tom Ladousz; paintings by Helen Hole, Cleus Hole and Manoucher Yekta; drawings by Sydney Butches, jewelry by Stan Plotner, 8/26-9/26.

CONTINUING GROUP SHOWS

AIGA—1059 Third Ave (PL 2-0819). Unique bindings by Richard Minsky, thru 8/25.

American Art—133 Wooster St Prince (254-4770). Contemporary paintings and sculpture by American Indian artists, thru 9/16.

American Bank & Trust, 562 Fifth Ave (757-3030). Paintings by Picasso, Chagall, Odilon, Toulouse-Lautrec, Renoir, Vuillard, thru 9/1.

American Craft Council—44 W 53rd (CI 6-5840). Southwest U.S.A.: crafts by 35 artists from the Southwest working in ceramic, glass, wood, textile, jewelry, metal and enamel, thru 9/6.

Arras—779 Third Ave (HA 1-1177). Graphics, tapestries, multiples by Miro, Vasarely, Garo-Gerriga, Dequin, Brisson and others, thru 9/15.

Art Wagon—463 W 26st (549-7800). Posters by Picasso, Calder, Miro; graphics and oils by Kipnis, Genis, Dogeancy, Moti, and others, thru 9/4.

Associated American Artists—663 Fifth Ave (PL 5-4211). Humorous prints by Rembrandt, Daumer, Goya, Sloan, Bacon, Picasso, Barbet and others, thru 9/16.

Berry-Hill—743 Fifth Ave (753-8130). 19th-century genre and landscape paintings, thru 9/1.

Febian—741 Madison Ave (288-6070). Primitive Haitian art, thru 9/30.

Fairfaxes—924 Madison Ave (861-4942). Mixed media group exhibition, thru 9/9.

Felden—51 E 10th (OR 7-5330). Watercolors, drawings and graphics by Bellows, Dobkin, Evergood, Gross, Sheehan and Soyer, thru 9/9.

Feigen—27 E 70th (628-0700). 18th-19th century paintings and drawings by old masters, thru 9/5.

French—989 Madison Ave (LE 5-3330). Paintings by Brueghel, Bosch, Cuyp, Bachweld, Cole, El Greco, Frans, Hendrickson, Hofmann, Lang, Mirelles, Parrish, Ramos, Schonzeil, tumSuden, Tworkow and Wilson, thru 9/15.

Fulton—799 Lexington Ave (TE 2-6854). Drawings by Matsumi Kenemitsu, Phyllis Agne and Robert Dunn, thru 8/31.

Golden Lion—1310 Madison Ave (831-4737). Signed lithographs by Buffet, Cerzu, Reuther, Jansem, Dali and others, thru 8/30.

Grand Central—40 Vanderbilt Ave (TN 7-3344). Sporting Art: oils and watercolors by Abbott, Carr, Crosby, Johnson, Schelling, Shepard, Samoff and Weiler, thru 8/31.

Images—737-9655, by appt only. Signed and numbered graphic by Stelle, Kelly, Christensen, Albers, and others, thru 9/4.

Lehman College Gallery—2 Ven Cortland Ave E, Bronx (960-8211). Graphic paintings and etchings by Debbie Giacello and Agnes Goldmintz, thru 9/8.

Iles and Bill Neals—41 Hampton Bay Dr, Hampton Bays (516-286-1559). Arts and Crafts, thru 9/15.

Lerner-Heller—789 Madison Ave (861-0910). Rotating group exhibition of works by Lerman, Rabinovitch, Nolan, Ettinger, Sacks, Wissner, Wickiser, Hart, Greenberg, Greenberg, Amarel, Heller, Palley, Frankel and others, thru 9/2.

Lever House—Perk Ave et 53rd (MU 8-4037). Oils, watercolors, graphics, and sculpture by members of the N.Y. Society of Women Artists, thru 8/30.

Leverett—Hastings University, Hempstead, L.I. (518-550-3275). Eats: works in various media using food as subject matter, thru 8/31.

Mainström—133 Main, Westhampton Beach, L.I. (516-286-4233). Handcrafts, photographs and graphics by Nancy Grey, Axel Grosser, Barbara Sexton, Louis Mendez, Allan Bryan, S. Abn Krupp, Gail Hunt and Linda Ether, thru 9/1.

Mann—1222 Third Ave (737-1195). Prints by Toyokuni, Kuniyoshi, Kuniyoshi, Sadahisa, Giacomatti, Moore, Miro, Picasso, Merini, Dell, Hundertwasser and others, thru 8/31.

Mead—200 Park Ave S (972-2347). Knoll graphics, thru 8/25.

Great ideas in dining—No. 1

**天麥夫羅
(TEMPURA)**



If it's tempura you want, visit Kegon (Keh-gohn), the authentic Japanese restaurant. Instead of just fish and vegetables, we also use prime beef. And it's well, some say fantastic. So is our light, low-cholesterol vegetable oil. Drop by. From tempura and teppanyaki to sushi and shabu-shabu, we've got some great ideas in dining at Kegon. ☐ Cocktail lounge. Tatami room. Tea room.

KEGON
The authentic one

DINE IN ROMANTIC VIENNA AT...

Jager House
Continental & Viennese Specialties
Excellent Party Facilities
Lexington Ave. at 85th Street N.Y.C.
Tel: RH 4-3820 . Open 7 Days

Ground Floor Cafe
Where the casual crowd goes for great food and ground floor prices.
Open after-theater, very late.
The Ground Floor Cafe
51 West 52nd Street, CBS Building
751-5152

Another Restaurant Associates Great Place

HUMOR

Sick, Black and Blue. Lenny Bruce and the Whole Shick. Instructor: Albert Goldman, "pop" Music Critic for Life; the official biographer of Lenny Bruce; contributing editor to New York Magazine. Evening Session, School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23 St., N.Y.C. 10010, 212-679-7350.

IS "THINNING HAIR" YOUR PROBLEM?

Problem A, B, or C?

B IF SO, YOU DO HAVE A PROBLEM—BUT WE HAVE THE REMEDY
• We have perfected a unique technique in hairweaving called Interlink™.
• A full head of hair that will last through every activity.
C CALL US FOR A FREE CONSULTATION 333-0472

DiAnes
THE ORIGINATORS OF THE HAIRWEAVING METHOD
45 WEST 57th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

Midtown—11 E 57th (PL B-1900). Works by Bettis, Binford, Bishop, Cadmus, Etting, Freedman, Hale, Meyer, Nagler, Palmer, Schoener, Sivard, Thon, Varga, Vickary, Molter, Coover, Moyer, Ehniar, Mirev and Magdalas, thru 9/1.

N.Y.U. Leab Collection—Leabardis Pl (500-2028). Manuscripts—half-hour works by New York artists including Agnes Denes, Lowell Nesbitt, Anna Heimann, David Smythe, Alex Katz, Mario Yrras, Howardina Pindell and Michelle Stuart, thru 8/25.

Pace Gallery—32 E 57th (HA J-3292) (Larry Bell, Robert Irwin, Louis Navalison, Ernest Trova, and Jack Youngerman, thru 8/1).

Queens Collage—Paul Klapfer Library, 150-30 Kissena Blvd, Flushing (455-7088). Carl Hillar: drawings; Leonard Jamahl and Paul Marks: photographs; Albert Gottlieb: paintings, thru 8/31.

Rankow—10 E 78th (861-1615). Jewelry by R. F. Kilkelly, Stark, Copley, Sproula, De La Cuva, English, Barker-Mill, Chass-Riboud; paintings by Carmen Cicero, thru 9/4.

Solomon—859 Madison (737-8200). Contemporary American and Modern European prints by Adler, Calder, Dangercello, Gottlieb, Jenkins, Lindner, Nevelson, Rauschenberg, Stenberg, Arp, Dechirico, Legar, Lichtenstein, Zor, Williams, Braque, Klee, Delaunay, Marin, Miró, Picasso, Tinguely and others, thru 9/1.

Sonneborn—420 W 82nd (966-6160). 13 Artists Chosen for Documenta: Paolini, Calzolari, Merz, B. and H. Bachar, Gilbert & George, Baldassari, Wegman, Accanto, Graham, Bonchner, Oppenheim, Fischer, Boltensen, thru 9/4.

St. James Gallery—870 Madison Ave (535-4040). The Splendor of New York: pastels and oils by Kamil Kubik, thru 9/30.

Photography

Bible House—1865 Bdwy (581-7400). William Kaufman: *All God's Children*, thru 9/15.

Diane—21 W 48th (246-1770). Nicolas von dem Bussche, thru 8/31.

Exposure—214 E 10th (982-1190). Photographs by Vincen Melius, thru 9/3.

Image—565 Fifth Ave (7N-7477). Highlands in two worlds: Scotland and Appalachia by Michal Heron, thru 8/31.

Kodak—113 Sixth Ave (262-6170). Photographs of nature including the portfolio of 12 color pictures of U.S. National Parks that Richard Nixon gave to Chairman Mao on his state visit to China, thru 9/18.

Nakrus—224 E 68th (868-7741). Photo-sculptures by Tom Abbott, Larry Cravord, Jack Hunt, thru 8/30.

Nikone House—437 Madison Ave (488-1428). Peggy Pine, Mark Feldstein, thru 9/22.

Park West Camera Club—West Side YMCA, CPW #63 (767-4400). Group show, thru 8/27.

Portofoglio—Sixth Ave at 27th (682-8140). The Miami Scene, thru 9/1.

Schrader Building—1 State St (269-6500). The art and landscape of Thirtieth, thru 9/1.

Within—243 E 60th (355-1461). Photographs by Manuel A. Bravo, thru 8/27.

AT THE MUSEUMS

(See Museum Listings)

Erlich Lessing—The Jewish Museum, thru 9/29.

Eugene Atget—Museum of Modern Art, thru 9/5.

David Douglas Duncan—Whitney Museum, thru 9/4. **Neal Lieberman**—N.Y. Public Library, Inwood Regional Branch, thru 6/31.

Terry Smith—N.Y. Public Library, Fort Washington Branch, thru 8/31.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History—CPW at 70th (679-1300). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun & Sat 1-3. **Colonial Scallops**, Scampering Butterflies of the Sea: shells of 300 species of scallops, thru 9/30. **John James Audubon's "Birds of North America"**: life-size original engravings, Indel, **Whitney Memorial Hall of Pacific Bird Life**: permanent exhibit of birds of many species from the South Pacific. **Environmental Information Center**: open Sat from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. **Exploratorium**: interactive exhibits modern society's abuse of the natural environment—brochures, booklets and posters are available without charge. **Hall of Ocean Life and Biology of Fishes**: dioramas of polar bears and seals in the Arctic, pearl divers in the South Seas, a coral reef community, etc., Indef, **Graer Gulf** and

—A Natural Laboratory: exhibit depicting damage done to nesting birds by environmental pollution, thru 9/30. **And Then There Were None**: slide-showings accompanied by music, animal sounds and scenes depicting endangered animal species, Indef.

American Numismatic Society—Bdwy between 155th and 156th (AU 8-3030). Tue-Sat 9-5; Sun 1-4. Coins of the world from the inception of coinage to modern days.

Bronx Museum—South Grand Concourse at 161st (681-6000). Mon-Fri 10-4; **Nueva Cultura**: oil paintings, graphic, photographs and sculptures by Puerto Rican artists including Alfonzo, Bechara, Candales, Cottos, Dominguez, Espada, Fernandez, Figueroa, Franco and Torras, thru 8/31.

Brooklyn Museum—188 Eastern Parkway (NE B-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 11-5, Holidays 1-5, closed Mon and Tue. **John Singer Sargent and Winslow Homer**: watercolors, prints and drawings, thru 8/27. **New Costume Galleries**: outstanding fashions of the 19th century, thru 9/15. **Arts of the Americas**: Art: rugs, tiles, ceramics, textiles, costumes, indent, Six Painters: contemporary work by Dale Chisman, Vann Hilti, Kenneth Jordan, James Perigord, Justin Schorr and Jerry Zeniuk, thru 8/25.

The Cloisters—Fort Tryon Park (WA 3-3700). Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, closed Mon. **Stained Glass of the Middle Ages and Renaissance**, thru 10/15.

El Museo del Barrio—Community School, District Four, 208 E 116th (348-0777). Mon, Tue, Thur, 10-5, Wed 10-7, Fri 10-2.

Finch College Museum of Art—82-84 E 78th (BU 8-8450). Tue-Sun 1-5; closed Mon.

Frick Collection—1 E 70th (268-0700). Thur, Fri, Sat, 10-6, Sun, Wed, 1-6.

Guggenheim Museum—Fifth Ave at 89th (EN 9-5110). Wed-Sat 10-8, Tue 9 (open late to the public, Tue 8-9), Sun 12-6. **Vasily Kandinsky**: oils, watercolors and prints by the founder of Abstract Expressionism, from the Museum collection, thru 9/5. **Recent Acquisitions**: works by Osorio, Mastromonaco, Soto, Siqueiros, Soto, and others. **Keith, Samaras, Vassiliev, J. Ernst, Matos, Rauschenberg, Pepecho, Salammas, Kolar, McCracken, Holland**, thru 8/27. **Thannhauser Collection**: Impressionist paintings, drawings, watercolors, and sculptures dating from 1863-1980, **Indef**. **Classics in the Collection**: works by Bonnard, Matisse, Degas, Modigliani, Roussou, Seurat, Leger, Catane, Braque and others, thru 8/27.

Hispanic Society of America—Bdwy at 155th (926-2344). Tue-Sat 10-4, Sun 2-5, closed Mon. Paintings by El Greco, Velazquez, Sorolla, Spanish sculptors, furniture, ceramics, manuscripts, etc.

The Guggenheim—"86": portraits and manuscripts of and by Spanish writers.

Hudson River Museum—511 Warburton, Yonkers (914 YO 3-5550). Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Wed 10-7, closed Mon. Posters from WW I and II by Herriera Fisher, Norman Rockwell and others, thru 9/10.

Jewish Museum—Fifth Ave at 92nd (RI 3-9770). Mon-Thur 10-5, Fri 11-3, Sun 11-6, (closed Sat). **Look/Lust/Touch**: the Museum's Judaica collection is exhibited in a way which invites children to experience and learn about Jewish art, culture and ritual, thru 9/27.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—Fifth Ave at 82nd (TR 9-5200). Tue 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun & Holidays 11-5, closed Mon. **Spring Lite**: European and American clothing designed for engaging in active sports, thru 11/12. **Recent Acquisitions** in the American Paintings and Sculpture Department: works by Bradford, Chase, Haberle, Hassam, Stuard, and others, thru 9/5. **Jacques Lipchitz**: *His Life in Sculpture*, thru 9/12. **Bellini, Mantegna, and Carpaccio**: portraits and related furniture created between 1488 and 1520, thru 9/5. **Reveries in Early American Silver**, thru 9/5. **A King's Book of Kings**: Persian miniatures from Shah Tahmep's Shah-nemah of 1528, thru 10/31. **Sculpture of Oceanus**, thru 9/5. **Jeep Art**: 23 free-standing sculptures, reliefs, drawings and prints, thru 9/12. **French Drawings and Prints** of the 18th century, thru 10/15.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts—29 W 53rd (CI 6-6840). Mon-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. **Objects U.S.A.**: The Johnson Collection of Contemporary Crafts, thru 9/4.

Museum of Modern Art—11 W 53rd (965-7070). Mon, Tue, Wed, Fri, Sat 11-8, Thur 11-9, Sun 12-6. **Summergarden**: the Museum's Sculpture Garden will be open as a free public park every Fri, Sat and Sun evening from 6-11 p.m., thru 10/1, entrance at 8 W 54th. **Kurt Schwitters**: survey of the work of the German Dadaist and Inventor of

"Merz," with examples dating from 1918 through 1940s, including collages, prints, graphic design and advertisements, thru 9/10. **European Drawings From the Museum Collection**, thru 10/2. **Symbolic Systems**: the work of the artist group by Aman-Jean, Bonnard, Denis, Gauguin, Hodler, Redon, Seguin, Toulouse-Lautrec and others, thru 10/2. **Italy: The New Domestic Landscape**: current design developments in Italy including more than 160 objects for household use and 12 environments commissioned by the Museum by such designers as Colombo, Zanuso, Zapperi, Sesce, Sottsass, etc., thru 9/11. **Algeria Trees**: 40 photographs of trees in the Kabyle region of Algeria by Eugène Atget (1857-1927), thru 9/30. **Art Licensing Service**: prints for young collectors including works by Albers, Braque, Ernst, Feininger, Johns, Miró, Picasso, Rosquist, Ryman, Werholt and many others, thru 9/31.

Museum of Oriental Rug—Madison Ave at 62nd (371-1174). Mon-Fri 10:30-4, **Antique Oriental Rugs**, thru 9/31.

Museum of Primitive Art—15 W 54th (CI 6-9493). Wed-Fri 11-5, Sat 12-5, Sun 1-5, closed Mon. **Sculpture of Black Africa**: masks, headdresses, carved figures, etc. from Upper Volta, thru 9/30.

Museum of the City of New York—Fifth Ave at 103rd (LE 4-1672). Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, closed Mon. **New York in the Year 2000**: arts and crafts by PAL youngsters, thru 9/4. **New York Bridges**, 1772-1972: 210 bridges spanning the city, thru 9/1. **Memories**: portraits, costumes and scenes, art, artifacts, and personal memorabilia of Helen Hayes, Cole Porter, Mary Martin, George Gershwin, Emma Eames, and others, thru 9/30. **Cityrama**: multi-media, audiovisual exhibition utilizing authentic 3-dimensional objects to trace the history of New York from 1524 to the present, Indef. **Where Have All the Orphans Gone?**: rare photographs, letters, and documents from the 19th century, books and pamphlets, thru 9/4. **A Paredise of Dolls**: 200 dolls from the National Doll and Hobby Club, thru 9/4.

Museum of the Performing Arts—Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam (799-2200). Mon-Thur 10-9, Fri-Sat 10-6, closed Sun. **Verdi in New York**: costumes, scene and costume designs, manuscripts, thru 9/30. **Yasuhiko Kobashi: The Dance Similes and Metaphors**: prints, thru 8/31. **Italian Opera Posters**, 1822-1931, thru 9/15.

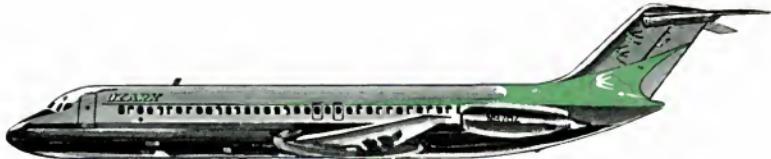
National Art Museum of Sport—Pennsylvania Plaza at 33rd (244-1217). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat-Sun 10-5. **Sports of the Olympics**: bronzes, oils, watercolors and drawings of Olympic sports, thru 10/15.

New York Cultural Center—2 Columbus Circle (581-2211). Tue-Sun, 11-8, closed Mon. **Chicago Imagist Art**: retrospective by works of members of The Chicago School, Baum, Barnes, Brown, Campoli, Cohen, Flood, Falconer, Golub, Hanson, Halikin, Ito, Lanyon, Leaf, Nilsson, Nutt, Paschka, Pettin, Pope, Remberg, Rocca, Rosofsky, Rossi, Schwader, Siegel, Stansbury, Ry, Westerman, Wirsund and Yoshida, thru 9/27. **Collage**: Andrei Four-Picture Collection—four collections featuring Symbolist art and some of the better sailor painters of the 1800s, thru 9/3; second collection favors Magic Realist and Surrealist American painting, thru 8/31; third the collection concentrates on 20th-century Romantic Realists, thru 8/27; fourth collection features French, Italian and English drawings from the Renaissance to the 19th century, thru 8/27.

New York Historical Society—170 CPW at 77th (787-5000). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 10-5, closed Sun. **Behave Yourself and Dance Correctly**: a literary and pictorial look at American fashions and mores from the early Colonial period through the 19th century, thru 9/4. **Glass Paperweights**: era examples from New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and France, thru 8/31. **John Rogers' Household Gods**: sculpture by the American artist, thru 8/31. **Road to the White House**: Panoramas of Presidential Campaigns—caricatures, political broadsides and memorabilia from Presidential election campaigns of the 19th century, thru 11/7.

New York Jazz Museum—125 W 55th (765-2150). Tue-Sun noon-5, closed Mon. **Louis Armstrong Memorabilia**: Satchmo's famous trumpet and handkerchief, photos, posters, stamps, coins and other commemorative items, thru 9/4.

New York Public Library—Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6161). Mon-Sat 10-6, closed Sun. **Frederick Law Olmsted**: Sylvan Artist—maps, manuscripts, photos and books depicting the work of this pioneer environmentalist and designer of Central Park, thru 9/30. **Colorado River Explorations**: photos, diaries,



As Orville said to Wilbur, “Ozark does things Wright.”



Now, now, Orville... mustn't point. But since you mentioned it, Ozark is going places in a big way these days. 1971 was an outstanding year for Ozark. We added new flights and improved some others... and we added to and improved existing service wherever and whenever we could.

We've set our sights even higher for '72... because, more than anything else, we want the passengers we do right by each year to think of Ozark as . . .

NICE GOING!

Direct jets daily to
Illinois, Iowa, South Dakota.
Leave LaGuardia at 8:00 AM, 1:05 PM, 6:10 PM.

Call Ozark Air Lines or your travel agent.

OZARK AIR LINES

Up there with the biggest

Robinson-Patman Act by mishandling food brokers, the industry's middlemen. Food brokers buy produce from growers on behalf of the food chains. These brokers allegedly received their commissions from the growers, rather than the chains they represent. The Robinson-Patman Act bars growers from giving rebates unless the same benefits are offered to all customers. Since the accused chain failed to follow this rule, FTC complained within the last year that period, the agency has issued cease and desist orders against them for illegal practice.

Pasta Asiatico alla Biasc—Ronzoni Macaroni Co., of 50-02 Northern Blvd., Long Island City, has agreed to stop selling its products to chain stores at cheaper prices than to competing independent stores. It was persuaded to do so by the Federal Trade Commission, although the pasta men do not admit that they violated the law.

Recycled Garbage—Apartment gardeners can save money on potting soil and also do their bit in recycling garbage by turning it into compost instead of trash. For soil not fortunate enough to have a terrace or garden, a window sill will do. First, buy a Fiberglas window box (about \$6 for a 2' box) with several holes in the bottom for good drainage (or build your own box with lumber scraps). Start with a layer of garbage—trimmings from vegetables, egg shells, fruit parings, old bouquets, whatever. Next a layer of old potting soil from one of your plants that didn't make it. Then a layer of agricultural lime (about \$5 for a 50-lb. bag; there is more than enough for compost purposes). Then begin again with a layer of garbage, soil, lime and so on until the box is filled. It's best to start your compost in September when the weather becomes brisk and windows remains shut (as the compost ripens, so does the air around it). Keep it moist and turn occasionally to mix the layers. By spring you will have beautifully rich soil and very grateful house plants.

Use Your Headache—What's best for headaches and other aches and pains? Bayer Aspirin? Bufferin? Aspirin? Excedrin? Midol? Vanquish? Cope? Does something "faster to your stomach" necessarily bring relief? Are you really nicer to your husband after popping two pills? The Federal Trade Commission, in its on-going battle with the makers of these over-the-counter, (non-prescription) drugs, accuses pain reliever manufacturers of advertising false claims about their products in an attempt to cash in on the \$1 billion-a-year headache market. If the FTC has its way, Glaxo-Merck would devote the next two years and 25 per cent of its Bufferin ad budget to new commercials saying, "It has not been proven that Bufferin is more effective than aspirin for the relief of minor pain, nor that it will cause less gastric discomfort, nor that it relieves nervous tension or irritability," etc. etc. As the FTC and the manufacturers go down for the third time in the sea of legal red tape on the subject, Consumers Federation has come up with its own version of its own. Which pain reliever is the best? Well, none of the above according to CR. Since there is little difference in all the drugs on the market today, save one ingredient here or another ingredient there, CR says you should "limit your consideration to the cheapest brand" around—plain aspirin. Discount N.Y. drug store prices of these pain relievers go something like this: aspirin (\$9 cent for 100 tablets), Acetaminophen (\$1.25) and Bufferin (\$1.25). The reason other products are more expensive than aspirin is that they contain more ingredients, such as combinations of aspirin, caffeine, salicylamide, acetaminophen, antacid and antihistamine. The more ingredients, the higher the cost as a rule. But the American Pharmaceutical Association's "Handbook of Non-Prescription Drugs" says that these added and unnecessary combinations analgesic products appear to have no clinical advantage over single component products. These combinations, for the most part, are of greater economic significance to the manufacturer than increased therapeutic benefit to the patient." Despite this, the public has swallowed the idea of "more ingredients, more relief." For every dollar spent on non-prescription pain relievers, more than 75 cents goes to buy a far more costly combination. Consumer Reports credits the winners with larger ad campaigns and misleading claims—not better products. If you are allergic to aspirin, CR recommends acetaminophen, which, it says, is roughly comparable to aspirin for temporary relief of aches and pains. Acetaminophen is available in drug stores without a prescription under its generic name or about 10 different trade names. Whatever you decide, use your head and "distrust all claims made for over-the-counter drug products, especially analgesics," urge the consumer experts.

**There are two
all-news
radio stations
in New York.
We're the one with
a traffic
helicopter.**

**WCBS
Newsradio 88**
NEWS ALL DAY ALL NIGHT

At our hotel everyone has a private guest house with its own private pool.

Unique hotel with absolute privacy. On St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands, where the weather is perfect year 'round. Each individual guest house has its own private swimming pool secluded in a walled garden. Living room, bedroom, dressing room, kitchen and luxurious bath. Air-conditioned. Maid Service. Sensible daily rates. Idyllic for two-spacious enough for four. Quiet bar. Send for brochure about the most private hotel on the liveliest Island in the Caribbean.



THE PAVILIONS & POOLS

At Sapphire Bay • St. Thomas • U.S. Virgin Islands

For brochure or reservations by the day or longer contact Dept. N, ROBERT F. WARNER, INC., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 100-4500. Also Boston/Wash./Chicago/Miami/Toronto. Or contact your travel agent. Or write Pavilions Hotel, Box 2208, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

Subscription Service

When writing about change of address, adjustments, complaints, renewal, etc., please attach mailing label to insure prompt, efficient service. Correspondence regarding your subscription to NEW YORK should be addressed to:

**NEW YORK
Subscription Dept.
Box 2979
Boulder, Colorado 80302**

For change of address

For uninterrupted delivery please give us four weeks' notice to process change.

Attach present label with old address and enter new address at left.

Subscription Information:
Call (212) 685-3270

ATTACH LABEL HERE

name (please print)

address _____ apt. # _____

city _____ state _____ zip code _____

NEW YORK

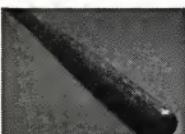
Seven Days of Killing

By Peter Hellman

FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1972



Time: 12:30 a.m.
Victim: Sydney (last name unknown)
Place: Northwest corner Flushing & Throop Aves., Bklyn.
Weapon: Knife



Time: 12:58 a.m.
Victim: Wilson Louis Rodriguez
Place: 514 Richmond Terrace, S.I.
Weapon: Wooden club



Time: 5:00 p.m.
Victim: Alice Marshall
Place: 165 Lenox Ave.
Weapon: Knife



Time: 7:30 p.m.
Victim: Clemon Pettway Sr.
Place: 430 West 125th St.
Weapon: Kitchen knife

“... It was a week when almost everybody hated to be in New York ...”

The first victim was a loner, a bum named Sydney who was found stabbed twice in the chest on a bad corner in Williamsburg. That was a few minutes into the morning of Friday, July 14. At the same moment, on Staten Island, Milagros Rodriguez awoke to find a man beating her husband on the head with a chair leg. The man took \$50 from her pocketbook on the dresser and fled. Wilson Rodriguez died a day later. The next killing wasn't until five in the afternoon. In the middle of an argument at 165 Lenox Avenue in Harlem, Josephine La-tailloa stabbed Alice Marshall fatally in the back and head. Two and a half hours later, twelve blocks away on 125th Street, Clemon Pettway Jr. picked up a kitchen knife during another argument and killed his father, Clemon Pettway Sr.

T

hat Friday began a week of a record 58 slayings in New York City. It came after two weeks of rainy, muggy days. As much rain fell in the first half of July as normally falls in an average whole month of July. On Thursday the 13th a record three inches fell. Then the heat set in. Heat and humidity. Each day the temperature hung in the high 80s or low 90s. At night the heat sometimes let up a little but the humidity kept the air dank. On Monday night at 10:10 Con Ed blacked out Bay Ridge, Sunset Park and other sections of Brooklyn. Later in the week, on Thursday, New Yorkers consumed an unprecedented 2.4 billion gallons of water, compared with 1.4 billion on a normal hot summer day. It was a week when almost everybody hated to be in New York.

Of course, the city gets horrible stretches of weather every summer, sometimes worse than this one. Yet this week's record 58 killings were not a surprise to the police. They know the city is experiencing a rising homicide rate: 1,466 homicides last year, up from 1,117 in 1970, 746 in 1967, 314 in 1957. For the first six months of this year the rate is up another 20 per cent. Peak summer weeks in the last few years have often run to 40 murders. It was only a question of when the right weather would shoot the total up over 50. In fact, for the ten-day period ending July 23, the Chief Medical Examiner recorded 74 homicides—three less than occurred all last year in London, a city of a size comparable to ours. “The sad fact is,” says Detective James Ray, who works in Harlem, “we have very little regard for human life here, and we seem to be getting less all the time.”

At 12:45 on Saturday morning, July 15, Charles Diaz walked into his room at the Franklin Arms Hotel in Brooklyn and found Elijah Jones robbing it. Jones came at Diaz swinging a pipe. Diaz replied by slitting open Jones's right side with a knife he says was on the night table. Jones ran out in the street and fell down dying. Five minutes later, at the Lincoln Houses project on upper Madison Avenue in Manhattan, Nathaniel Watkins tried to rob an off-duty state correction officer named Lawrence Brockington, who emptied his pistol into

NOTE: Although the weapons shown here are not the actual ones used in each homicide, they have been supplied by the Police Department as characteristic of such weapons.



Time: Unknown
Victim: Lawrence Brown
Place: Unknown
Weapon: Knife



Time: Unknown
Victim: Charles Samuel
Place: Unknown
Weapon: Knife



Time: Unknown
Victim: Roger Harrel
Place: Unknown
Weapon: Knife



Time: 12:45 a.m.
Victim: Elijah Jones Jr.
Place: Franklin Arms Hotel, Bklyn.
Weapon: Knife



Time: 12:50 a.m.
Victim: Nathaniel Watkins
Place: Lincoln Houses,
Madison Ave. at 132nd St.
Weapon: .38-calibre gun



Time: 2:20 a.m.
Victim: Julio Valle
Place: Bar & Grill at 3347
Broadway
Weapon: Gun



Time: 3:30 a.m.
Victim: Robert Mack
Place: 1552 Broadway, Bklyn.
Weapon: Gun



Time: 3:30 a.m.
Victim: Willie Parker
Place: 1552 Broadway, Bklyn.
Weapon: Gun



Time: 4:30 a.m.
Victim: Warren Jay
Place: Harlem Hospital
Weapon: Gun

Watkins's chest. At 2:20 a.m. at the Broadway Bar and Grill, Julio Valle got into a fight with the owner, Anthony Hisuvelos, and some customers. Valle was hit so hard he was literally knocked out of his shoes and thrown out of the bar. He went back for his shoes, holding an empty bottle. He was put away by Hisuvelos with two shots in the chest from a legally registered Smith & Wesson pistol.

At 3:30 a.m. Robert Mack and Willie Parker were shot in a donnybrook in a rugged section of Brooklyn. Jenrette Mallerson, who had a .38 revolver, and Joe Lee Williams, who had a .22, were charged with the homicides. Back in Manhattan at 4:30, a private car pulled up to Harlem Hospital, dropped off Warren Jay and sped off. Jay was already dead of a gunshot in the neck. Nobody knows where he was shot or why.

And so it went. Eleven slayings in all, that Saturday the 15th, then back down to five on Sunday. Among Sunday's victims was a matricide. A neighbor found 84-year-old Marcula Carrillo lying face down at the door of her apartment, in a tenement at 216 East 119th Street, beaten and stabbed twice in the chest. The police found Daniel Martinez, her 39-year-old son, asleep in the bedroom and charged him with the murder. He had escaped from Manhattan State Hospital two days earlier. But the big murder of the day, at 12:50 a.m., was the ambush of mobster Thomas Eboli in a quiet section of Brooklyn, mowed down in his Cadillac while the chauffeur ducked to the floor. Five .32-calibre slugs were pumped into Eboli's head. The newspapers devoted many columns and pictures to Eboli, his wife, his family, his funeral. Most murders that week, as in every other, did not even rate a line.

At 1:55 a.m. on Monday, Barbara Odom killed Veronica Ashby by stabbing her once in the chest during an argument in front of 172 West 133rd Street. About this hour somebody was beating to death John Mealey, superintendent of a tenement at 316 West 47th Street. His body was found at 4:30 the same afternoon by another super. At 8 p.m. a gypsy cab pulled up to Harlem Hospital with a passenger who had jumped in at 134th Street and Eighth Avenue. He had died of a gun wound on the way. He had needle tracks on his arms but was otherwise unidentified. At 10:15 p.m. Carlos Garay was stabbed and slashed to death in the hall of his building at 1867 Bathgate Avenue in the Bronx; two weeks later nineteen-year-old Isaac Carmona was arrested and charged with homicide.

Though the temperature hung in the high 80s all day and the humidity would not quit, no more people were slain in town on Monday the 17th until almost midnight, when sixteen-year-old Timothy Neil, standing with a friend on a Sheridan Avenue corner in the Bronx, was killed by a shot in the chest which came from a band of passing youths. Two hours earlier Neil had snatched a purse. The shooting appears to be what he got in return.

U

Sually Saturday is the heaviest day of the week for homicide. And Saturday, July 15, appeared to be right in line, with a total of eleven homicides. But it would turn out to be Tuesday, July 18, that had the most killings of the week. Fourteen people died. Helped along by a triple homicide in Manhattan, this was the largest total that veteran detectives can remember for a single day. It was a day worth profiling in detail.

Tuesday wasn't even the hottest day of the week; the temperature got up to only 89 (it broke 90 on four other days). It was only 79 degrees at 2 a.m. when William Gambrell was shot dead in the hallway on the third floor at 110 West 116th Street. Nobody knows who shot him or why.

The bizarre second, third and fourth deaths were set in motion an hour after Gambrell was shot, when two junkies named Antonio DeLeon and Jose Roman, hanging out on 42nd Street, decided to buy dope from a contact on 77th Street. They took a cab uptown and met two other junkies, Barry MacMinn and "Flako," a Spanish equivalent of "Skinny." The four of them then went to a tenement at 108 West 90th Street, one of a group of buildings awaiting demolition as part of West Side renewal. Roman and DeLeon went upstairs to make a purchase from men who they thought were dealers in the top-floor apartment. MacMinn and Flako waited on the stoop.



Time: 7:10 p.m.
Victim: Manuel Puertas
Place: 544 West 145th St.
Weapon: Knife



Time: 8:00 p.m.
Victim: Edwardo Rivera
Place: Intervale Ave. &
Beck St., Bx.
Weapon: Gun



Time: 8:00 p.m.
Victim: Billy Wilson
Place: 287 Sumpter St., Bklyn.
Weapon: Knife



Time: Unknown
Victim: David Levine
Place: Unknown
Weapon: Gun



Time: Unknown
Victim: Eddie Nix
Place: Queens
Weapon: Gun



Time: 12:50 a.m.
Victim: Thomas Eboll
Place: In front of
388 Letters Ave., Bklyn.
Weapon: .32-calibre gun



Time: 2:30 a.m.
Victim: Patrick Murry
Place: 253-18 149th Rd.,
Rosedale Ave., Bx.
Weapon: Knife



Time: 6:10 a.m.
Victim: Marcula Carrillo
Place: 216 East 119th St.
Weapon: Knife



Time: 6:00 p.m.
Victim: Carmelo Velasquez
Place: 1275 Westchester Ave.,
Bx.
Weapon: Knife



Time: Unknown
Victim: James Doherty
Place: Unknown
Weapon: Gun

They waited an hour, then shouted up. A window opened; somebody shouted for them to come up. As the door opened, MacMinn and Flako saw their friends in the rear of the railroad flat's living room, nude, bound and gagged. The three residents of the apartment bound MacMinn and Flako too. They accused the four junkies of having burglarized the apartment several times. Joined soon by three more tormentors, the six men beat the bound junkies, cut them, kicked them. Strangely, they also took photos of their victims.

At about 4:30, the six men pushed the four bleeding junkies up to the roof and over to the next building, which was completely boarded up. Roman and DeLeon were taken down into one top floor railroad flat, MacMinn and Flako into another. Despite the beatings and explicit threats, MacMinn still did not believe, for some reason, that they would really be executed. He tripped slightly as he was led with Flako into the bathroom and told to kneel over the bathtub. Just as he went down, a shot slashed his head. He fell over as if dead. Another shot rang out beside him, then two more across the hall. Forty-five minutes later MacMinn looked around fearfully. Flako was dead beside him, a bullet in his head. MacMinn ran next door and found DeLeon and Roman also dead with bullets in the head. All that saved MacMinn was the boffant hairdo he affected. MacMinn's teased hair made his head seem like a larger target than it was.

Now MacMinn felt his way down the dark staircase strewn with rubbish. The front door was sealed. He struggled back upstairs and screamed from a window. Across the way a girl woke up and called the police, thinking that someone was being raped. Remarkably, as the police escorted him from the building shortly after dawn, MacMinn pointed to a man walking by on the street and said, "That's one of them." Despite extended interrogation, the accused killer has not revealed who his five friends were.

"These were political extremists," a detective on the case said. "They're used to shootings like crazy. Everybody gets assassinated. The whole apartment was full of political tracts with pictures of people with their brains blown out. I think that's why they took pictures of these poor bastards before they killed them—to put in a new brochure. They did the job with .45s, too, which really make big holes in your head. They don't bother with .22s. Of course, we wouldn't have known anything about what happened if it hadn't been for MacMinn's hairdo. There would have been no witnesses. They figured, in the end, who really cares about four dead junkies?"

At 8:15 on Tuesday morning, Frank Kopec, who lives in rural New Jersey, stopped by to visit his mother Viola Kopec at the Wagner housing project just south of 125th Street on the East Side of Manhattan. He found her lying under a living room table, beaten to death. In the folder for her case, in the file of the 6th District Homicide and Assault Squad on 119th Street, stapled onto the inside front cover, is a color snapshot of a grandmotherly woman, shy and slightly embarrassed to have a big red Santa's arms around her. One gets a sense of the endless crawl of man-hours that go into the investigation of a murder by looking through Viola Kopec's folder. Detective Thomas Regan, assigned to the case, has compiled long lists of the residents of each apartment in the housing project and employees working in them and in nearby stores. Most of the names have been marked off as they were interviewed, but to date Regan has made no arrests.

For hours that Tuesday nobody was murdered in New York. Then, at 2:30 p.m., with the temperature at 89 degrees and the humidity high, Dave Washington stabbed Fernando Santiago once in the stomach during an argument in a playground on East 104th Street. Santiago died on the asphalt. At about the same time in a small park off Howard Avenue in Brooklyn, Norman Smith got into an argument with another man during a card and dice game. Somebody said that Smith had a gun in his pocket and might use it. The other man took out a knife and stabbed Smith once in the heart. Smith ran out of the park. The man ran off in another direction. Smith fell dead at 2074 Atlantic Avenue. According to the detective assigned, James Devreux, the argument was over exactly one dollar. A suspect has been questioned.

"I've seen murders over cigarettes, Cracker Jacks, and a wrong-way look between two guys," says Detective James Ray. "That's the way it usually happens, in fact. It's much rarer to see a murder over a matter such as a woman's honor."



Time: 1:55 a.m.
Victim: Veronica Ashby
Place: 172 West 133rd St.
Weapon: Knife



Time: 4:30 p.m.
Victim: John Mealey
Place: 316 West 47th St.
Weapon: Blunt instrument



Time: 8:00 p.m.
Victim: Unidentified Negro
male
Place: 315 West 134th St.
Weapon: Gun



Time: 10:15 p.m.
Victim: Carlos Garay
Place: 1867 Bathgate Ave., Bx.
Weapon: Knife



Time: 11:15 p.m.
Victim: Timothy Nell
Place: 1081 Sheridan Ave., Bx.
Weapon: Gun



Time: Unknown
Victim: Ralph Kennedy
Place: Unknown
Weapon: Gun

TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1972



Time: 2:00 a.m.
Victim: William Gambrell
Place: 110 West 116th St.
Weapon: Gun



Time: 5:30 a.m.
Victim: Antonio DeLeon
Place: 108 West 90th St.
Weapon: .45-calibre gun



Time: 5:30 a.m.
Victim: Jose Roman
Place: 108 West 90th St.
Weapon: .45-calibre gun



Time: 5:30 a.m.
Victim: "Flasko"
Place: 108 West 90th St.
Weapon: .45-calibre gun

"... Most murders that week did not even rate a line in the papers ..."

Even by that standard, Tuesday's next killing, fifteen minutes after Smith fell dead at 3 p.m. on Atlantic Avenue, was inexplicable. It started out routinely enough, when Melvin Fredricks and his girlfriend, who were off drugs, drove two friends who were addicts from Elmhurst, Queens, to 115th Street and Lenox Avenue to help buy them drugs.

Above Morningside Heights, 115th Street is quiet. Below, it teems with high-volume drug dealers. Fredricks and his girl waited in the car while their friends got out to make a purchase. But before they got far, two other men walked up and accused them of having once beaten them out of \$8. A fistfight broke out. Fredricks dashed up to help his friends just as they were getting the best of it. They all retreated to the car being held by the girl on Lenox. "Are you gonna let these mothers take us off?" the two men yelled to the crowd which had gathered. The crowd went after the three men from Elmhurst. The men got into the car but because of a double-parked truck the girl could not squeeze out of the space. When the crowd caught up, somebody yelled, "Don't hurt the girl—just kick their asses." No one listened. The crowd pounded out the windows, stabbed the three men but left the girl alone. Fredricks's friends survived. He died of a knife wound in the stomach.

Robert Davis, the detective who caught the case, believes that Fredricks and his friends had not "taken off" the two men who accused them. They, in turn, were *not* the ones who knifed Fredricks and his friends. It was just a case of mindless mayhem on a miserable steamy afternoon in the flatlands below Morningside Heights.

One hour after Fredricks died, Detective Davis got a homicide that at least had a motive. He even got what he gratefully calls a "gorgeous" witness—a little old house painter who was arranging paint cans in his truck at 140th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. At 4:30 p.m. after a day's work, a man named Joseph Dear, bleeding, raced past the painter, chased by a woman with a gun. She chased him right around the truck. Dear fell down. She stood over him, shot him five times, then jumped into a gold Maverick driven off by another woman. On his way back from the Fredricks murder, Davis heard the alarm; the car was coming his way and he headed it off.

Like the Fredricks killing—and about half of the others in town nowadays—this one started with drugs. But it had been brewing a long time. Joseph Dear and his common-law wife Janet were both addicts. They lived with family and friends, wherever they could, often robbing their hosts to support their habits. Recently they had been staying in the Bronx with Janet's sister. One afternoon the neighbors saw the couple carrying a sewing machine and television out of the sister's house. But they didn't think much about it; weren't the Dears part of the household? "Besides," explains Davis, "Janet was very pregnant. Did you ever see a pregnant thief?"

That afternoon, Tuesday, the sister went looking for Dear. When she found him on St. Nicholas Avenue she said, "I'm going to blow you away, you mother." As Dear ran she shot him once. He fell, got up and ran until he got to the painter's truck, where he fell again. "When she caught up with him this time," says Davis, shaking his head sadly, "Dear went out; he went right out of the picture. But it happens all the time. I'll hear a woman say, 'He was messin' with me . . . every day . . . I just got tired' . . ."

At 8 p.m. on Tuesday police broke into a locked apartment at 1275 Westchester Avenue and found Carmelo Velasquez dead of multiple stab wounds. No clues, no witnesses, no suspects. Velasquez was not one of Tuesday's murderers, having been dead for a few days, but a bachelor from Queens named George Woltzen was. His nude body, stabbed many times, was found by the super in his locked apartment at 110-45 Queens Boulevard on Wednesday morning after his employer called to say he had not come to work.

In Queens at 9:20 p.m. a junkie named Fred Ward walked up to another junkie named Ronald Basket in front of Basket's mother's house and after a brief conversation shot him two inches below the



Time: 8:15 a.m.
Victim: Viola Kopac
Place: 50 Paladino Ave.
Weapon: Assault



Time: 2:30 p.m.
Victim: Fernando Santiago
Place: Playground at
 104th St. & Second Ave.
Weapon: Knife



Time: 3:00 p.m.
Victim: Norman Smith
Place: Park at Dean St. &
 Howard Ave., Bklyn.
Weapon: Knife



Time: 3:15 p.m.
Victim: Melvin Fredricks
Place: Southwest corner
 Lenox Ave. & 115th St.
Weapon: Knife



Time: 4:30 p.m.
Victim: Joseph Dear
Place: 140th St. &
 St. Nicholas Ave.
Weapon: Gun



Time: 9:20 p.m.
Victim: Ronald Basket
Place: 113-29 197th St.,
Queens
Weapon: Gun



Time: 10:45 p.m.
Victim: Gino Morales
Place: 301 West 117th St.
Weapon: Gun



Time: 11:00 p.m.
Victim: Winston Clarke
Place: Barber Shop at
2062 Seventh Ave.
Weapon: Scissors



Time: Unknown
Victim: George F. Woltzen
Place: 110-45 Queens Blvd.,
Queens
Weapon: Knife



Time: 11:40 p.m.
Victim: Ronald Anderson
Place: 785 Eighth Ave.
Weapon: Knife



Time: 3:30 a.m.
Victim: Raymond Guzman
Place: Pelham Parkway &
Wilson Ave., Bx.
Weapon: Gun



Time: 7:00 a.m.
Victim: Kiesha Provet
Place: 604 East 168th St., Bx.
Weapon: Thrown out window



Time: 9:00 p.m.
Victim: Fred Dailey
Place: 2172 Anthony Ave., Bx.
Weapon: Knife



THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1972
Time: 2:15 a.m.
Victim: Beverly Lockhart
Place: Bar & Grill at
301 Lenox Ave.
Weapon: Gun



Time: 2:15 a.m.
Victim: Jo-Anne Rowe
Place: Bar & Grill at
401 Lenox Ave.
Weapon: Gun



Time: 6:00 a.m.
Victim: Dorothy Wunsch
Place: Stairwell at
9610 57th Ave., Queens
Weapon: Knife



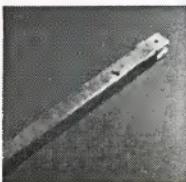
Time: 9:10 a.m.
Victim: Allan W. McDonald
Place: 150th St. and
Conduit Blvd., Bklyn.
Weapon: Knife



Time: 2:00 p.m.
Victim: John Stevens
Place: 179 East 100th St.
Weapon: Knife



Time: 8:15 p.m.
Victim: Ertha Mack
Place: 277 Rockaway Pkwy.,
Bklyn.
Weapon: Gun



Time: Unknown
Victim: Martin Stern
Place: Unknown
Weapon: Assault

"...So help me, I was ready to kill some old storekeeper myself!..."

turned out not to be a gangland victim, as first thought. The police discovered that his name was Allan McDonald and that the track protective association had once asked him not to bet at certain tracks. He was known to have wagered as much as \$30,000 on a single horse to show. It was also discovered that in his hometown of Worcester, Massachusetts, he was considered odd by his local bank because he would enter only through a side door. Nobody knows yet who killed McDonald or why.

The 58th homicide victim of the week that began on July 14th—like the first one of the previous Friday—was a man found dead on a Brooklyn street at 10:05 p.m. on Thursday. He had been shot in the neck. The police have no leads.

F

ifty-eight homicides in a single week in New York—how can anyone begin to deal with the toll?

You can count the victims in various ways to start: 48 were men and ten were women; 27 were black, seventeen Hispanic, fourteen white; 26 died by knife, 25 by gunshots, the others by beatings of various sorts, except for the defenestrated baby. The oldest victim was 84-year-old Marcia Carrillo. About half of the slayings occurred in Manhattan—twelve of those in the 6th District alone. About half the victims knew their killers or were related to them. (In the country as a whole, the murderer and victim know each other in three out of four cases; they are related by blood or marriage in one out of four cases.)

You can blame the weather. Two weeks of rain had already driven everybody a little crazy. When the heat and heavy air set in, a certain number of citizens became unsprung enough to murder somebody they might not have murdered if they had felt more comfortable. "So help me," says a young cop, "blue mold was starting to form on my fingernails from all the rain. I was ready to go out and kill some little old storekeeper myself!" Money, or the lack of it, seems to matter. "The same passions in these poor people are in everyone," says former Chief of Detectives Albert Seidman. "Take away our white-collar jobs, our bank accounts, our expense accounts, our stable families, our nice homes, our air conditioners; add in some drugs and booze for solace, and we might kill somebody on a Saturday night, too."

Of course, not all murders are premeditated. A Mississippi lawyer once told me about two drunk friends in Greenville who got into an argument. "I'm going to shoot you," one man said. "I have five kids," pleaded the other. "I'm just going to shoot you in the shoulder," he was told. The bullet hit the collarbone and deflected down into the man's heart. Similar things happen in the city. "Sometimes a girl might say to her man, 'I'm going to cut your face because you've been bad to me,'" explains Robert Davis. "It's like a blood knot. It makes them tighter. It tells everybody on the street not to mess with her and it keeps other women from finding him so attractive. A cut is just a little reminder of possession. But sometimes it goes too deep."

What you know for sure about those 58 homicides in one week in July is that the public forgets them—if they ever noticed. Only an occasional victim, like Kitty Genovese, stalked and killed while neighbors heard but would not so much as pick up the phone, cuts into the general consciousness.

On the afternoon I completed this story, I was sitting in Police Headquarters. The police radio's messages are crisp, businesslike, neutral: "... a floater recovered at Pier 52, Jack." "... We got a jumper at the northeast corner of Lexington and 69th Street; a priest is trying to talk her down. ..." "Go check out a CA at Chase Plaza downtown."

"What's a CA?" I ask.

"A guy with a cardiac arrest."

It was the first time in days that I remembered that deaths in this city also occur from natural causes.



Time: Unknown
Victim: Martha Burger
Place: Unknown
Weapon: Knife



Time: Unknown
Victim: James Evans
Place: N. Jersey Ave., Bklyn.
Weapon: Knife



Time: Unknown
Victim: Manuel Cruz
Place: Brooklyn
Weapon: Assault



Time: Unknown
Victim: Joseph Bartosh
Place: Unknown
Weapon: Knife



Time: 10:05 p.m.
Victim: Bruce Williams
Place: 577 King St., Bklyn.
Weapon: Gun

How to Redeem Next Year's Jazz Festival and, Thereby, the Whole City

By Albert Goldman

"...Let 24 jazz combos blow for fourteen nights on a thronging strip five blocks long—and you'll set the sky afire!..."

Who now says jazz is dead? Or in a "parlous state"—to quote the quaint prose of *The New Yorker*. The art that was counted out is definitely in. The music that was supposed to be the exclusive property of the booze-befling older generation has now been adopted by our dope-smoking kids. The business of installing live musicians in little bars—long viewed as a money-losing anachronism—has dramatically revived with a little old club like The Half Note pouring \$250,000 into its new uptown quarters near the Hilton. Every day some old jazz room revives, like The Five Spot on St. Marks Place, which is being restored to life by the Termini brothers (and renamed Two Saints); or some swingy singles bar in the East Sixties squeezes a jazz trio into its sidewalk greenhouse; or some little joint on the Upper West Side pastes a hand-lettered sign in its dirty window and starts pulling neighborhood people in to hear a couple of great musicians like Frank Wes and Roland Hanna—who turned up recently at Stryker's, a tiny beer-and-burger room on West 86th Street. Pretty soon this town will have as many jazz joints as the old First Ward in Kansas City.

All this would have been true whether George Wein got the brain-storm of beaching his riot-wrecked Newport Festival on the island of Manhattan or whether there was never another jazz festival this side of Monterey. Jazz people don't dig the hoopla and regimentation of festivals. They're shadowy hipsters who slip around the city like Aeneas in his invisible cloud. They live with jazz all year round, and they virtually never leave the city, where they feel safe, cozy and secure, for the country, where they feel exposed, vulnerable and uptight. They know that jazz rarely comes off on schedule and you have to have spent years on the turf to know where the sacred fire will be burning tonight.

What Newport did was to add an enormous neon exclamation point to the word JAZZ! Newport signaled to New York and America and the World that the old 4/4 was back in town. Newport was an enormously valuable promotion stunt for jazz—and that's why everybody who was hip to the scene went along with George Wein. Jazz people know all about George Wein. They know he's a better fight promoter than jazz promoter. That he's tasteless and unimaginative. They say terrible things about his way with money—and Miles Davis got so incensed at the deal he was getting at this summer's Festival that he resorted to the jazzman's ultimate act of protest. He just didn't show up for the gig! What made most of the boys play ball with Wein was the thought that this Festival would be good for jazz. And it was! It was Public Relations dynamite.

The New York press jumped on the Festival like a herd of turtles. The Mayor fawned all over Dizzy Gillespie. There were lines of kids for the Radio City jam sessions so long that they practically encircled Rockefeller Center—like the classic Radio City P.R. foto that shows the lines for *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* starting at the front doors (under the Sixth Avenue El) and stretching out to infinity. There was radio coverage, TV shots on the Cavett show, and a daily page in *The Times* written by a team of staffers that gave the same sort of all-out attention to the Festival that you'd give to a political convention. The result was not a total sellout or a Rolling Stones bonanza, but it was a great moral victory for jazz. From this time forth, New York has got itself a summer Festival.

This is a great moment for a man like me, who for years has argued for jazz with his hundreds of student sons-and-daughters, who has fought to shove jazz back into the shiny pages of *Life*

and the butcher-paper pages of the *Sunday Times* and who has insisted for the past two years that there was a jazz revival coming, even though nobody but a couple of DJs on WLIR knew what I was talking about. I want to take a bow—and I'll even plant a kiss on George Wein's bald dome. BUT!—and this is a big one, gang!—I don't want to see another Newport like the last one! I'm offering fair warning now! If I climb the Cuardiner staircase of Radio City next summer, squat on a step—because the unnumbered tickets left me without a seat—train my testy ears and eyes on the stage and see the dreary, deadly waste of taste and talent that I witnessed this year! If I see the men who are the geniuses of jazz, three tenor-men of the caliber of Zoot Sims, Stan Getz and James Moody, thrust out on a stage with a goddamned rhythm 'n' blues act like Roland Kirk—and I'm not putting the cat down, because he's great in his league!—I'm telling you, George, I'm gonna fire on your jaw. What's more, if I have to watch men who are trying to tell the story of their lives to audiences who barely understand their language hung up again by sound systems that make them sound like Rudy Vallee, with his little paper megaphone—again, I'm not jiving. George, I'll go back to Brooklyn and buy me a hit!

In July The Stones came into New York carrying 16,000 watts, which they insisted on stepping up 60 per cent for Big Town! They worked for an hour and a half at the same volume as a jet-liner's takeoff! I'm not advocating such ridiculous sonic overkill; I've always fought against it as an idiotic and ultimately self-defeating tactic. Yet in the age of Loudness, you cannot offer jazz with the sound of a 1945 P.A. system. More importantly, you can't make 1945, when you were young and first picking up on the lick, the ideal of your Fes-



"...In an age of aggressive informality, why should jazz have to stand up and face front-and-center like Lawrence Welk?..."

tival. Mainstream jazz is dead. If jazz is to come alive for more than a momentary spasm of nostalgia and sentimentality induced by the boredom of rock—then the Newport Festival has got to project an image of jazz that is either so futuristic that it's thrilling or so archaic that it's rich and ripe with Basin Street vibes.

To put it bluntly: what Newport should offer is a blow-up of the real jazz scene. Jazz, like all highly evolved natural forms, has generated its own ideal ambience. It flourished best—depending on whether you're talking about jazz-sophisticated or jazz-popular—in two, and only two, milieus. One is your 1 a.m. jazz club—dark, tight, groovy; filled with cats who dig, drinking, smoking and eating soul food. In such intimate rooms, the vital contact between the player and the audience—and between the player and himself—reaches that apogee of empathy that is the goal and get-off of any free-associative, stuff-you-in-my-head art. That's what your fast, elliptical, heterotodynamic jazz demands. Enshrining it on the stage of Carnegie Hall like the Budapest String Quartet (or the Modern Jazz Quartet) is not what the daddy ordered. This kind of packaging produces that dreadful quick-freeze of the jazz essence that Miles Davis inveighed against during the Newport Festival. I'm no friend of Miles Davis but he was dead-on right in his objections not only to George Wein and the Festival but to the whole current jazz drift. Miles said: "Jazz today is closer to classical music than it is to folklore. . . . It has no feeling. I don't want to be associated with jazz anymore. It's become too academic for me!" Right on, baby! But what made it that way? The whole philosophy of "bringing dignity to jazz," by mounting jazz in the sterile, uptight, eyes-front-and-don't-you-talk! atmosphere of the classic concert hall—where even classical music is a drag. In an age of absolute and aggressive informality, when a hundred thousand kids sprawl in a cowpatch to hear their musical heroes—why should jazz have to stand up and face front-and-center like Lawrence Welk?

I'm old enough to remember when jazz was fun. When the popular kinds of jazz, the big swing bands, came blaring up from underground on hydraulic pit elevators that exalted players to the stage of the Loew's Pleasure Dome. There they were caught in dazzling spotlights, revealed in stunning

clothes, ranged behind elaborately initialed music stands and led by men who were fashion plates and thrilling instrumental virtuosos. Jazz was once a great show. Lionel Hampton came down the center aisle of the Strand hurling his mallets in the air! One of his trumpet players got so turned on one night that he climbed the stage curtains and kept blowing even when the picture went on. They had to knock him down, like a bat, with long stage braces. Jazz at its creative peak was never too proud to acknowledge its obligation to be entertaining. Tenor men locked horns like fighting bulls, great showmen like Cab Calloway came out in smashing white tails (copied by the Beatles in *Magical Mystery Tour*), there were a lot of flash theatrics, to say nothing of the incredible dancing—dancing, dig it, not just crappy Mick Jagger prancing!

Jazz needs desperately—as Miles Davis knows—to be buried again in the rich fecund soil of the pop arts. It has gotten out of its element and begun to run dry. It's cranky and self-conscious and repetitive and predictable and frequently a pain even to old jazz lovers. It needs a two-way stretch: both a return to the best moments in its past and a great leap forward into the eclectic electronic age that yawns before us. Now here is what I propose for next year's Newport-New York Jazz Festival:

Instead of putting everyone—both players and audience—through a routine of concert-going at five o'clock, nine o'clock and midnight that deadens the spirit and kills the will to play, let's adopt a whole new game plan. Let's take the big theatrical attractions—the giant jazz orchestras, the psychedelic daddies, like Miles and Mahavishnu, and the pop-oriented shouters like Nina Simone and Ray Charles—and put them into the Radio City Music Hall. But instead of turning on the work lights and giving them a 1945 high school prom P.A. system, let's get a cat like Chip Monck (who designed the stages at Woodstock, Altamont and the recent Stones tour) and let him really mount these people in the lights, platforms and amps that will show them off. The Music Hall has the greatest stage equipment in the world: a band car that ascends from the pit and rolls upstairs, where it can be further jiggled by either a revolving or three independent elevator stages. The spectacle could be stupendous, if someone would just throw a couple of those cobwebby old switches!

For the rest: let there be no more herding and dragooning of mutually incompatible jazz talents on interminable star rosters. No more reconstituted jazz bands, with soloists who haven't seen the band in 20 years and aren't allowed by the jealous bandleader (read: Woody Herman) to get in a lick till the band has played its show. Let's acknowledge the Bill of Rights of Jazz: every mature jazzman, every man who is worth *leader price*, is entitled to play his own music in his own room at his own sweet will with whatever sideman he hires for the gig. Then, let's concentrate on recreating for a couple of weeks next summer the old 52nd Street. Let's take our leading tonk strip in the Sixties along First Avenue, and make a deal with a dozen café owners. They put in two jazz combos apiece, alternating from nine at night to 4 a.m., and they get the drinks, the food, whatever they can hustle, while the Festival takes the door charge. That way jazz will be restored to its proper place—behind bars. The jazz fan will be able to go from joint to joint, staying for as little or as long as he desires: hearing one favorite group play all night or skipping along from one double-bill to another, like cats making the rounds on the Street.

Let the city shut off the traffic as New Orleans does on Bourbon Street. Let banners fly, let vendors cry, let the street be peopled! Let 24 jazz combos blow for fourteen nights on a thronging strip five blocks long—and you'll set the sky afire!

You could, in fact, (under the inspiration of the moment) reach back to the distant past—as Wein did when he put those Dixieland bands on the Staten Island Ferry (the most imaginative and delightful feature of the recent Festival). You could revive the old-fashioned Kansas City "spook breakfast"! Yes, have the cats who've been up all night blowing their souls reach the crack of dawn to meet the early risers coming downtown to go to work! With the pots on in the kitchen to feed the hungry and the Bloody Marys lined up on the bar for those who could use an eye-opener, with the last crazy inspirations being wrung out of horns that have been steamed to superfluent eloquence—Lord knows what mad and wonderful things might transpire! And that would be New York! The New York of legend. The Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. How I'd love to see it spin one more time—how I want to be in that number—before I fall out! ■

Now from Kool, for low-tar smokers looking for taste...

KOOL MILDs.

The taste of extra coolness
with lowered tar, too.

© 1972, R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.



Now for the first time
low-tar smokers can enjoy
the extra coolness that
makes Kool Kings
and Kool Longs so popular.

New Kool Milds
tobaccos are light, mild,
and lowered in tar.

Just the right amount
of pure menthol. Pure
white filter, too.

Here is the taste of extra
coolness low-tar smokers
have waited so long
to enjoy.

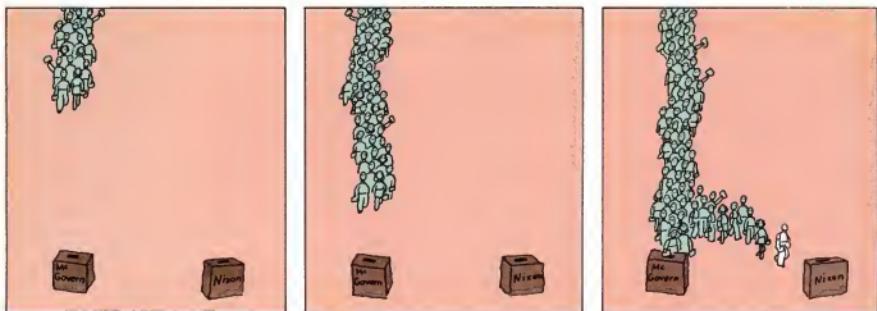
Enjoy a cooler kind of mild.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kool Milds 14 mg. "tar," 1.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.
Kool Kings 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine; Kool Longs 19 mg. "tar,"
1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 72.

McGovern's Youth Vote— The Numbers Don't Add Up

By Michael Kramer



... If George McGovern's national prospects are discouraging, his prospects state by state are downright depressing . . .

Last year at the White House, one of those ubiquitous, anonymous Nixon aides ("Call me a 'high Administration source'"') admitted unhappily: "We don't know how the kids will vote. We're afraid the Democrats will get too many and they're afraid they'll get too few. Beyond that, we're ignorant." Two weeks ago, the same Nixon aide (this time, reflecting the start of the silly season, he asked to be identified as a "top campaign official") said: "We know a little more, but not much, and neither does McGovern. Still, both sides keep trying."

Indeed they do. McGovern has always had high hopes for the youth vote. Young people populated the political cadres that won McGovern the nomination, and key campaign adviser Fred Dutton even got his job by confidently predicting McGovern's capture of 70 to 75 per cent of the youth vote—enough to make the difference, said Dutton.

Recent independent youth vote soundings, however, are hardly as flattering to McGovern. Data released by the Gallup organization last month show that while collegians prefer McGovern by 61 to 35 per cent, youths not in college (fully two-thirds of the total youth population) prefer Nixon by 48 to 44

per cent. All in all, McGovern's lead among youths already registered is only 57 to 41 per cent.

This reading of the *national* temper of young voters would be less discouraging if McGovern could somehow do well in various key states. (After all, electoral votes are counted at the state level, and it's the electoral votes that count.) But as this is written, the news for McGovern at the state level is even worse. In fact, if McGovern's national prospects are discouraging, his prospects state by state are downright depressing.

Most attempts at analyzing youth opinion at the state level are shoddy and gap-ridden, when they are made at all. It is exactly this interpretive gap that the following guide attempts to fill. It is an assumption-laden chart indicating how well George McGovern must do with young voters (18 to 24 years old) in each of 31 states carried by Nixon in 1968. Here's what it is, and how it works.

The states included: all those carried by Nixon in 1968, with the exception of South Dakota, George McGovern's home turf. These 31 states represent 297 electoral votes, 27 more than necessary for election. Excluded (since they were captured by Humphrey four

years ago) are such prime 1972 Nixon targets as Texas (always conservative), Pennsylvania (where Frank Rizzo, Philadelphia's powerful Democratic Mayor, is supporting the Republican ticket), New York (where some 30 per cent of the large Jewish vote is apparently defecting to Nixon), and Michigan (thought to be leaning to Nixon because of his vigorous anti-busing position). Also excluded, but certainly for Nixon this time (since George Wallace will not be making the race), are the six southern states with 46 electoral votes that Governor Wallace carried in 1968.

Some assumptions: Column 4 is the total of Nixon's 1968 pluralities plus the number of '68 Wallace votes now thought likely for Nixon. (All major polls indicate the Wallace vote splitting to Nixon by at least 2 to 1, and this is the ratio used here. McGovern's forces, at present, concede this division of the Wallace vote.)

Column 5 represents an assumption of registration. Seventy per cent of the eligible total electorate is registered, so 70 per cent is the registration figure assumed for youths as well.

Column 6 is the key line. It represents the per cent of the youth vote that McGovern must carry in each

state listed to offset Nixon's '68 vote, plus the Wallace factor. Inherent here is an assumption extremely favorable to McGovern. Column 6 assumes, against reason, that all of those registered will, in fact, vote—an assumption purposely conjured to illustrate the magnitude of McGovern's problem even in the most favorable circumstance. (If, however, youths conform to the national turnout rate—approximately 70 per cent—the youth percentage McGovern must garner will jump to 65 per cent, for

example, in California; to 69 per cent in New Jersey, Ohio and Wisconsin; and to 71 per cent in Illinois.)

Conclusions: Even assuming that all youths who register will actually make it to the polls, the youth vote that Senator McGovern will need to offset Nixon-Wallace is, in every state, greater than that currently awarded to McGovern in nationwide surveys, and even higher than the Gallup Poll's sampling of the more liberal college con-

stituencies. McGovern's work will be difficult, if not impossible.

Unsolicited advice: Instead of conceding the Wallace vote to Nixon, McGovern might be well advised to update his populist pitch and aim it straight at the Wallaceites. The youth percentages McGovern will need to offset Nixon are so high that the Senator might find it easier to try to cut down Wallace defections to Nixon than to increase his share of the youth vote. ■

The Implausible Dream . . . State by State

1. States Nixon Won in 1968 (Electoral Votes)	2. Nixon's 1968 Plurality	3. 1968 Wallace Vote	4. Nixon's Plurality Plus the Wallace Factor	5. Estimated Youth Registration	6. Per cent of Youth Vote McGovern Needs to Offset Nixon/Wallace
Alaska (3)	2,189	10,024	5,567	20,300	64
Arizona (5)	96,207	46,573	111,716	162,400	84
California (40)	223,346	487,270	385,607	1,806,000	61
Colorado (6)	74,171	60,813	94,422	223,300	71
Delaware (3)	7,520	28,459	16,997	47,600	68
Florida (14)	210,010	624,207	417,871	541,100	89
Idaho (4)	76,096	36,541	88,264	63,000	120
Illinois (26)	134,960	390,958	265,149	924,700	64
Indiana (13)	261,226	243,108	342,181	463,400	86
Iowa (9)	142,407	66,422	164,526	242,900	84
Kansas (7)	175,678	88,921	205,289	212,800	98
Kentucky (9)	64,870	193,098	129,172	177,800	86
Missouri (12)	20,488	206,126	89,122	398,300	61
Montana (4)	24,718	20,015	31,383	58,800	77
Nebraska (5)	150,379	44,904	165,332	133,700	112
Nevada (3)	12,590	20,432	19,394	37,800	77
New Hampshire (4)	24,314	11,173	28,035	66,500	71
New Jersey (17)	61,261	262,187	148,569	538,300	64
New Mexico (4)	39,611	25,737	48,181	90,300	77
North Carolina (12)	131,004	496,188	296,234	525,000	78
North Dakota (4)	43,900	14,244	48,643	58,100	92
Ohio (26)	90,428	467,495	246,104	919,100	63
Oklahoma (8)	148,039	191,731	211,885	227,500	97
Oregon (6)	49,567	49,683	66,111	181,300	68
South Carolina (8)	38,632	215,430	110,370	273,700	70
Tennessee (11)	47,800	424,792	189,256	357,700	77
Utah (4)	82,063	26,906	91,023	107,800	92
Vermont (3)	14,887	5,104	16,587	44,800	69
Virginia (12)	147,932	321,833	255,103	451,500	78
Wisconsin (12)	61,193	127,835	103,762	395,500	65
Wyoming (3)	25,754	11,105	29,452	28,000	103



To a man they say Cutty Sark.

And when it comes to Scotch,
Cutty Sark says it all.

Cutty Sark Scots Whisky. The only one of its kind.



THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED 86 PROOF

The Liberated New York Nuns

By Garry Wills

"... What are those nuns up to? 'Sisters of the world unite,' seems to be the message: 'You have nothing to lose but your beads.' All this from a group principally known for its dependence . . ."

What was Mary Lou Steele doing on the floor, during the rush of High Mass traffic, supine in St. Patrick's? It surprised her that I should ask. "I was praying; I had just gone to Communion." Though her protest against the war upset many pious Catholics, she is too pious herself to take Communion lightly. Sister Mary Lou, sedate and gray-haired, works just behind St. Patrick's in the Chancery office. When police arrested her for lying down in the main aisle during Mass, they wanted the name of her employer: "The Archdiocese."

That was true of all seven nuns arrested this spring in the Cathedral, but it applied with greater force to Sister Mary Lou than to the others. She works in the office that must cope with shortages in manpower—nunpower, that means—throughout New York's parochial school system. She looks like a quiet businesswoman, only moderately prosperous, wearing inconspicuous suits. She had never taken part in any demonstration until, on her way back from the Communion rail, she put herself athwart the stream of people, another middle-aged corpse in this religious "die-in," an obstacle in the path of her fellow communicants, in whom curiosity did battle with reverence. She had become, this late, and improbably at age 46, a troublemaker in the church.

What was Gloria Fitzgerald doing in the street, shouting "Get out!" at a shabby corner bar, like some whiskey widow calling her Bill Bailey home? Actually, she was exorcising the bar. In imperious rhetoric, but with a quavering voice, she was ordering Satan to leave this place—its less exalted denizens, meanwhile, peeking out in un-

derstandable bewilderment at this wiry freckled woman in her garb of the Sisters of St. Ursula. After her denunciation, priests sweating underneath their albs and stoles threw holy water, then wafted incense, up against the filthily graffitied walls of the Pavilion Bar. Here in Spanish Harlem, an earlier "exorcism" traced a cross in the sidewalk before a notorious heroin dispensary, using the blood of a teenager who had jabbed himself to death that afternoon—a Catholic doctor risked medical censure to supply priests with the blood. That was the first exorcism, last May, and they have occurred weekly since, winding through the noisy summer streets to infrequent English mockery shushed by blurred Spanish consonants of congenital supplication. Threats from some bar owners, and the offer of one bribe, have not deterred the pilgrims. A candle placed beside that bloody cross on the sidewalk burned unhindered through the night, long after the exorcists had gone.

And what was Judy Peluso doing perched on the rim of an open coffin, its contents an Army jacket spattered with human blood? It was Good Friday, and a priest had just celebrated a new "homage to the cross," pouring blood on the jacket and on draft cards brought in "offertory" to the coffin. The blood he poured was from outdated bottles "purchased" at a local hospital with donations of young blood. Those who donated it were visitors, some of them Vietnam veterans, at the Harrisburg trial of Philip Berrigan and others. The trial had reached its climax during Easter Week, and Judy Peluso was here from New York to take part in a liturgy meant to summon life from death.

But what was Karen Lydon doing at another Mass in St. Patrick's, not supine and arrestable now, but inside the sanctuary (that male province), at the pulpit, shouting? Until a moment ago, she had been performing "the service of the word" through the Cathedral sound system; but edgy officials, afraid of her, switched off the mike and drowned her shouts in a sudden thunderstorm of organ music. This was meant to be a peace Mass, and a reconciliation; but there was no peace in the Cathedral, only questions unanswered—not even heard.

What are these nuns up to? One group, the National Coalition of American Nuns, responded to that question with a "Declaration of Independence" for women in the church. This document "puts society on notice that women refuse to accept any longer the straw for bricks that we are forced to make," and the nuns called on their lay sisters to put straw into collection boxes, instead of money, until the church's male decision-makers "let God's people go." The chairman of the group called it absurd for councils and synods and chanceries to preach of justice when not one woman is allowed to vote on their pronouncements and decrees. The nuns' board reported: "Just as today we are appalled that organized religion once approved slavery, so within a few years will the present oppression of women in churches be recognized as immoral."

"Sisters of the world unite," seems to be the message; "you have nothing to lose but your beads." All this from a group that was principally known for its dependence, a dependence so absolute that it was not even enforced.

"... Nuns seem to have the jump on other women seeking liberation. They have a sense of 'sisterhood' not forced and recent..."

Nuns were never legally bound by the church in the way that priests have been. Reprisals against an individual priest are easily applied—removal of his "faculties" (to preach and administer the sacraments), dismissal from a parish, separation from his power base. Nuns never had a power base. They were treated in the aggregate, a flock of look-alike pawns constantly shifted, interchangeable. They were not taken into account as individuals, and so are not held accountable for actions they take now.

To understand why this is so, we must remember that nuns, though they staffed the labyrinthine school network, did it almost as an underground, as nun-moles in their tunnels. They were never considered "teachers of the church." That role was reserved to priests, who alone had taken a full course in theology, who had license to preach, having sworn to uphold orthodoxy in an anti-Modernist oath. The priest's sermons were closely monitored, by parishioners and superiors, in terms of that orthodoxy; his actions in the confessional were subject to severe legislation. He conducted church services by the prescribed rubrics, or was quickly corrected. (Daniel Berrigan was not exiled to Mexico by Cardinal Spellman because of his peace work, but for eccentric private liturgies.) For each priest the chain of command was single, clear, short, and much tugged on—he lived on a short tether.

Nuns were never in this chain of command. They did not speak for orthodoxy, so their orthodoxy was not always being tested—any nun, it was thought, could teach a kid his catechism and Latin declensions. The sisters did not administer the sacraments, and so escaped the elaborate policing of church services. They could go to ecumenical meetings without anyone's caring very much, while a priest's presence was that of a "celebrant," compromising the official rites he had been ordained to celebrate. A nun, of course, belonged to an order, had female superiors whom she had vowed to obey; but these religious orders were in large measure boot camps, mere recruiting and dispensing centers. Once through her novitiate, a nun was typically assigned to a parish or hospital, where she had to please her immediate boss. If parents did not like the way their children were being taught in the parish, they did not call "the

Mother Superior" at "the Mother House," but went straight to the pastor. The line of authority ran down from bishop to pastor to curates to parishioners, bypassing nuns altogether. They were assistants to the assistants, a little lower than the laity in any claim they made on the church. As one told me, with the new religious frankness, "We did all the crap."

Things are changing. Nuns have been leaving, like priests, only less visibly—scandal involved only when

they married ("seduced") a priest on their way out. But those who stay in stay *around*—hospital studies show that nuns live four or five years longer than other women. They never smoked in the past, so their lungs stayed as clear as their skin. When they did contract an illness—especially breast cancer—it was (on the average) ten years later than their secular counterparts. Thus caring for old nuns was always a large task—the meager "pay" of three active nuns was needed to support each elderly



*Nuns protest, April 30:
Kneeling outside St. Patrick's before symbolic "dying" inside.*

or dying one. Now, with young nuns leaving, and so few replacements coming in, the median age has soared—it is approaching 60. So many old sisters, bunched on one end of the demographic seesaw, anchoring it, threaten to make the other end too high for most girls to leap at. The threat arises that young nuns might serve out their young and middle years in a geriatric institute—until they become, themselves, a burden on the community, the cared-for after years of “caring,” inmates of the hospital they staffed.

Given this grim prospect, nuns have become daring if for no other reason than that they are desperate. If the orders are not to die out, they must become very lively indeed. They need

to attract the young—the restless, independent young women of today, who will enter only on terms; or, if dissatisfied, will think nothing of leaving. This has meant offering new options, the chance to experiment with different kinds of community, worship, and work. In the past, a woman “took the veil” with an understanding that her chances for teaching third grade all the rest of her life were very good. Now many girls will not enter unless it is agreed that they can finish graduate school and lead full professional lives. What beckons in the nun’s life can no longer be its placidity, but its freedom. Girls do not enter to be sheltered from the world, but to exercise new leverage upon it. Two of the nuns

who lay down in the St. Patrick’s protest had earlier demanded clergy visitation rights to get into the Women’s House of Detention and minister to poor blacks and Puerto Ricans. These nuns will be “clerics” when that means preaching from a pulpit, getting into prisons, or exorcising drug centers in a pious Latin neighborhood. They will be citizens, without their religious habits, when they engage in politics, running as delegates to the Democratic Convention, campaigning, picketing, or going to jail.

In some ways, nuns even seem to have the jump on other women seeking liberation. They have a sense of “sisterhood” not forced and recent but rooted. Sister Mary Lou Steele, the Chancery secretary, told me: “Even the old nuns, who most opposed change, went along with us as sisters, once it came. I know one old nun who just could not understand the abandoning of habits. But when some of us started wearing street clothes, she was the first one at the sewing machine to fit the dresses and make them look better.” Charity to each other was always the highest virtue of the sisters’ religious life. Priests, by contrast, had to be “loners”; assigned singly, most often keeping to themselves even in the rectory, mobile curates chafing under rigid pastors, sealed on both sides in protective loneliness. This isolation, useful in many ways, was also vulnerable. Men succumbed to the normal assuagements of loneliness—apathy, trivial hobbies, booze, or puppy love. Nuns were communiaitarians, as opposed to priestly individualists.

Admittedly, the nuns’ lifestyle poses problems, too. It is increasingly difficult for them to justify celibacy, once they give up a mystique of cloister. The attempt to trade the church’s anti-sex animus for fashionable anti-sexist slogans rings a bit hollow. Freedom from men sounds like the old ideal of “freedom from the world.” It is hard to mix freely with the young, as many activist nuns do, and freeze at the easy touching, sensual chumminess, and unembarrassed affection of fellow radicals. But this is perhaps no worse a problem than that of women’s-lib types trying to move out from assumed past relationships with men. Secular feminists have as many problems finding a lifestyle with men as nuns have finding a way to live without them.

The sense of options leads nuns to experiment with new communal modes—in small apartments, for instance—that look radical by convent standards but are old stuff to any stewardess. The point is that this “old stuff” makes for new self-understanding when both religious and sexual standards are being tested and changed. Sister Gloria Fitzgerald, the rhetorical “exorcist” of the



Sister Mary Lou Steele:
A job at St. Patrick's; a "die-in" in the main aisle.

“...The nuns’ lifestyle poses problems. It is increasingly hard to justify celibacy once they give up a mystique of cloister . . .”

East Harlem drug center, lives at Emmaus House, the only woman resident in a motley domestic scene of priests, laymen, noisy pets, and semi-transient families. Some nuns now live part-time with their parents, especially when their work is nearby or the family needs help of some kind. Community exists across barriers, not behind them.

I went to the courthouse to meet the seven nuns arrested in St. Patrick's—it was their arraignment day, and friends had come to treat it as a celebration. Most of them had the broad shallow faces of the Irish, dappled with light faded-looking freckles—born Catholics' philoprogenitive tribute paid to their church. Eileen Shanahan, a stunning redhead, teaches high-school girls, who must envy their teacher's good looks—this “Sister Eileen” was mailed a marriage proposal by one man who read of her arrest in the papers. On the day of arrest, Sister Mary Alice Scully, dark-eyed and pugnacious, wore a sheet sewn around her like a shroud under her

coat. After Communion, she took off her coat and lay down wrapped in the sheet, which had ONE MORE DEAD IN VIETNAM lettered on the front. The first thing police did, before the arrests began, was swoop by picking off the signs on each “corpse,” until one reached Sister Mary Alice, tugged, tugged, dragged her a bit, look puzzled, and finally gave up on *this* “sign.”

Sister Pat Walsh, a large placid woman, is a high-school principal, as used to dealing with refractory teenagers as most policemen. She could easily, by a slight turn of the genes and the gods, have been an Irish cop herself. Her younger sister, not a nun, went with her to Communion on the Sunday of the demonstration, not intending to lie down in the aisle—but a plainclothes cop, rushing around trying to avert religious disaster, took her for one of the company, said “You’re under arrest, Sister,” and led her to the van despite her claims she was not part of the protest. I asked Sister Pat Walsh when she had last been inside a courtroom: “In

eighth grade,” she answered—“twenty years ago. Our civics class visited one, to see how it works.” A new kind of civics instruction takes many of the young into courtrooms these days; and even their high-school principal may appear, alongside them, as a defendant.

Five nuns lying in the aisle were not arrested—they stayed down until the end of Mass, when departing worshippers helped them up. One of those not arrested, but present at the arraignment of her sisters, is Judy Peluso, her olive skin and fine Italian nose standing out in all this broth of paler Irishness. I asked what she thought of, while lying on the Cathedral floor. “I got fascinated by the Gothic roof. That’s the only way to get a good look at it.” Sister Judy entered the Cathedral with Gloria Fitzgerald, and they found to their dismay that the center aisle was roped off: by accident this turned out to be Catholic Charities collection day, when center pews are reserved for fatcats with tickets. That destroyed the



Sister Eileen Shanahan: High school teacher and one of “The St. Patrick’s Seven.”

idea of a metronomed "daily death toll" as originally planned—twelve nuns rising at five-minute intervals and "dying" individually on the floor to suggest Vietnam's murder rate. Sisters Judy and Gloria slipped past the usher into one of the center pews, but the others had to sit along the sides, waiting for a chance to move toward the middle; they would not get the opportunity until the main aisle opened up to Communion lines.

Though Sister Judy evaded the usher, another man had been trailing her, and he knelt one pew in front of the two nuns, marking their presence. "Gloria," Judy said, "that's my Fed!" Gloria accused her of being paranoid but was finally convinced as Judy whispered reminders of the surveillance she and Sister Karen Lydon had been under the summer before. As friends of Elizabeth McAlister and other draft-board raiders, they were closely watched and followed; three of their sisters were summoned by a grand jury and questioned about them (they refused to answer, and successfully fought a contempt citation). One night Sisters Judy and Karen, who live in the same convent, walked home and found a familiar car out front. It was their friendly agents' car, returned after an

absence, and it looked empty. The two went into the convent for a flashlight, came back out, and aimed the beam down into the car—whose depth rendered up two flustered men crouching on the floor to keep their observation from being observed. They drove angrily off, and it was the last time Judy had seen any of her stalkers for almost a year—until one slid into the pew in front of her at Mass.

The sisters would find out how well they were watched when arrest time came. Monsignor James Rigney, the administrator of the Cathedral, came flying down the aisle, plainclothesmen jumping up on all sides to obey his clerical-civilian orders. Although the nuns had tried for weeks to get to Cardinal Cooke through the man charged with their concerns, Father John J. Meskill, the archdiocesan Vicar of Religious, the only real communication with their "fathers in Christ" was by way of tapped phones and police spies. The night before their demonstration, a priest in East Harlem who knew some of the nuns was called from the Cathedral. Superiors wanted to know what was planned. "I know they want to chant or make noise," the caller said. Sister Judy claims, "There was only one way he could know that. We had

discussed it only once at that point, and that was over the phone. The next day, just before the action, we dismissed the idea as too disruptive of other people's prayer."

Even after their arrest, the nuns could not reach "their" Vicar, Father Meskill. Gloria Fitzgerald called repeatedly and could not get through to him; left her name, and got no return call. The Chancery, which had the nuns arrested for "disturbing a religious service," had sent a layman, Joseph Connolly, head usher of the Cathedral, down to lodge the complaint at their booking. The morning of the arraignment, he was there to identify the offenders, though the Chancery had quickly, after the public arrest, said it would not press charges. When the nuns' lawyer made this announcement, the prosecutor said the matter was in the hands of the state now, and he meant to go ahead with it—besides: "The Archdiocese has assured me it will cooperate if subpoenaed." Legally, that meant nothing; anyone is obliged to respond to a subpoena. The man was signaling that the Chancery, though able to use its weight with the prosecuting attorney (who was once the Cardinal's own lawyer), wanted this case brought without taking any blame



High school principal Sister Pat Walsh: "A civics lesson in a real courtroom."

“... It is typical that editorialists should chide Dan Berrigan when the action was brought to a head by an inconspicuous woman ...”

for it—wanted out itself, but wanted the state to stay in. The prosecutor offered an arrangement known as A.C.D. (Action Contemplating Dismissal) to the nuns. This involves a suspension of trial for 90 days, during which time the defendants are on probation. Any further offense would cause their case to be brought to the bench, but good behavior would lead to dismissal of charges after three months. The nuns realized what this means—that the Chancery was asking the state to put them out of action for a while—so all seven refused the concession.

Trial was nonetheless delayed until the state could respond to a defense brief calling the “disruption of religious service” statute unconstitutional. Meanwhile, some other nuns—two Dominicans, especially—tried to make peace between the defendants and the Diocese. They went to Monsignor Rigney and asked him to let opponents of the war hold a peace Mass in St. Patrick’s, at some time when it would not interfere with regular services. Nervously, Monsignor Rigney agreed; but they would have to submit the proposed liturgy and a list of celebrants ahead of time. The nuns asked for a woman homilist (preacher) and a liturgical dance. He stalled on both items, promising a later answer. Then began a series of negotiations over a gap as great as that between Mao and Nixon, with no Kissinger to fail-safe the meeting ahead of time. In the midst of this jockeying, the sisters learned that Father Dan Berrigan had returned from Cannes, where he was plugging his (and Gregory Peck’s) movie *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*. They went to Rigney’s office with a request that Berrigan be scheduled to give the homily. Rigney was not in, but he called the nuns Thursday, four days before M (for Mass) Day, and said the Chancery was considering eight or ten homilists—he had never before claimed this choice was his to make, only that he would find out if their choice of a woman was acceptable. Later the Chancery would claim that a homilist had been lined up “five or six” days before M Day—though the man who was chosen only heard of it Friday, two days ahead of time (and one day after Monsignor Rigney’s “eight or ten homilists being considered” phone call). Now Rigney informed the nuns that he would be a celebrant at the Mass, and he soon came up with another anti-war Jesuit meant to blank out Berrigan. The homilist would be

Father David Bowman, S.J.; fine, came the reply; but could Dan Berrigan give a second homily? Rigney thought this would not be fitting—though a second priest is often invited into the pulpit to make special appeals for the missions or church funds. Father Bowman was caught in the middle. Despite opposition to the war, he had kept in good standing with the Chancery as part of his work with the National Council of Churches. He offered Berrigan half his time, but would not withdraw. (He fudged exquisitely on the day by reading passages from Berrigan in Berrigan’s place.)

All right, the indefatigable nuns suggested, could Dan speak at some other point in the Mass, as part of the penitential rite or Communion meditation? At no point could Berrigan speak, Rigney finally had to say without evasiveness. A war felon, apparently, must not be allowed to defile a Cathedral that has become, by virtue of Cardinal Cooke’s ministry to the armed forces, one of the country’s leading war memorials. Equivocation on Rigney’s part had kept things in the air right up till the day for the Mass. Some priests who were already vested for the service disrobed when they heard Father Berrigan could not speak during the Mass. Berrigan himself arrived late from a speech delivered elsewhere, was told he could not speak but might appear at the altar with other “concelebrating” priests. With his well-known prickliness, he left the sacristy to kneel, unnoticed, in the scatter of people under St. Patrick’s finger-interlaces of vast rib and vault. He had let it be known, before he left the sacristy, that he wished the other priests would take this Mass out onto the street, a new “exorcism” held before a war center. But Fathers Rigney and Bowman held enough of the celebrants together to begin the Mass, with a decimated crew at the altar, and—as was noticed quickly in a weave of whispers—“No Dan.”

Several of the priests had been asked to announce what had been done to the sisters’ Mass—i.e., that the Chancery had moved in and taken all decisions away from its original sponsors—but none of them would seize the initiative. So Sister Karen Lydon, who was set to read the Epistle, said that she would do it—a nun, once more, proving herself more liberated than the priests. After reading her passage from Isaiah, she announced into the microphone that Dan Berri-

gan would not be allowed to speak in this place, so she was leaving by *that door*. Sister Karen looks like someone’s kid sister; she is 23 years old, with a shy, puffy-lidded face like a female Poppin’ Fresh from the biscuit ads; she looked tiny near the imposing altar with its crown of golden *baldacchino*—but when she gestured toward the door, her mike went instantly dead and the organ blasted her message down. With a shrug, she moved away, and about half the congregation followed her.

Dan Berrigan was last to come out onto the side porch, where he listened to requests that he preach, read from a Bible handed up to him (“Must be a Baptist in the crowd”); and then asked why Cardinal Cooke visits armed troops with regularity, though he has never gone to see resisting pacifists in jail (including Dan and his brother Phil); asked why those who favor the war can pray inside any Catholic church, but those who denounce it are driven outside or underground, their mere presence considered a scandal.

It is typical that editorialists disproving of this division before the altar—and they ranged from the “conservative” *National Review* to the “liberal” *National Catholic Reporter*—should chide Daniel Berrigan for the outcome, the man on the scene, the “responsible” one; yet the action was brought to a head, the move out to the street precipitated, by an inconspicuous woman named Karen Lydon.

Meanwhile, the trial of “the St. Patrick’s Seven” was still pending—Pat Walsh’s sister, who made the group eight, was severed from the others as a case of mistaken arrest. The nuns had, for feminist reasons, gone to a woman lawyer, and a good one, Doris Peterson of the Center for Constitutional Rights. Her legal brief argued that a judge cannot decide what is improper at a religious service if the religious authorities will not come forward to define the nature of the offense. She had the Chancery trapped. If it refused to speak, it was asking the state to set norms for Catholic worship. If it spoke, it could no longer play the in-again-out-again game of non-responsibility for these nuns’ arrest. The Chancery held its silence; so the judge dismissed the case. One imagines the horror of it all, as this fact was received back of all the tangled lines of godly spying and wire-tapped clerics: If the cops won’t keep these nuns in line, who will?

Nobody, I suspect—and hope. ■

LIFE

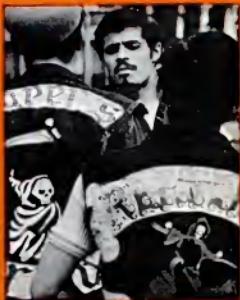
VOL. 73 NO. 8

CONTENTS

AUGUST 25, 1972

Beet of Life	2
The Great Wallenda, still flying. Soldiering in Northern Ireland. A look at Olympic Park. Struggle with a snake	
Editorials	12
Bombarding Vietnam. Love of office. Year of the ethnics. WASPS and Pure Bloods	
Pet Nixon on Her Own Home Ground	28
She is mistress of the White House, and of herself. Photographed by Harry Benson	
New Selvos on the Wer's Long Road	39
Amid a flurry of events and arguments, a controversial visit to North Vietnam	
A Ride Into the Future	44
San Francisco's new Bay Area Rapid Transit system is a commuter's dream	
Fragile Genius of a Virtuoso	49
After 65 years at the piano, Claudio Arrau finds every concert a tormenting encounter. By Roger Kahn	
The 'Prez' of the Reapers	58
Eddie Cuevas runs a new-style city street gang. Text by Reginald Bragmon. Photographed by John Shearer	
Parting Shots	69
Jesse Owens: still cashing in on those four gold medals, by Bill Bruna. Jumping at a chance to feel young. A handsome man is like a parody, the Mr. Adonis contest discovers	
DEPARTMENTS	
REVIEWS	18-22
Cyclops on NBC's Cassie Mackin, a new floorman to watch	
Richard Schickel on two films starring Stacy Keach, <i>Fat City</i> and <i>The New Centurions</i>	
Richard Freedman reviews Louis Auchincloss's new novel, <i>I Come as a Thief</i>	
29 YEARS AGO IN 'LIFE'	24
Wartime teenagers were jumping to the Lindy Hop	
LETTERS TO THE EDITORS	27

Though they war against
drugs and pushers,
a gang is a gang...
in our own backyard.



BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places and phenomena of particular interest this week

Edited by Ellen Stock

Best Beds

Out in McGovern country, there's a non-profit co-op called Dakota Handcrafts which claims to be the largest employer in the state of South Dakota and is, at the moment, utilizing the skills and fingers of 588 Sioux and white women. Supervised by Vista volunteers, the women are turning out a vibrant new collection of hand- or machine-quilted bedspreads, tablecloths and pillows designed by New Yorkers Molly Siple and Park Smith. The patterns—with names like Rain Song (below), Shining Sun and Winding River—are based on tribal symbols; the color combinations are, without reservation, magnificent.

Meanwhile, in Finland, Marimekko has gone domestic, and Fieldcrest has just come out with a line of sheets, bedspreads, blankets, towels, bathmats and shower curtains in three smashing new patterns designed especially for the occasion.

DAKOTA HANDCRAFTS/Bloomingdale's/Fourth floor
MARIMEKKO/B. Altman/Fourth Floor



Conventional Behavior

If you weren't in Miami Beach last month, the best way to get a feel for the Democratic National Convention is to catch a 60-minute television documentary called "The World's Largest TV Studio," which will have a very limited showing in New York August 30 at 9 p.m. on TelePrompTer Channel 10, the cable-television channel servicing upper Manhattan, and on August 31 at 8 p.m. on Sterling Channel 10, the lower Manhattan cable channel. The documentary, put together by 26 young people calling themselves "Top Value TeleVision" (TVTV) on a \$12,000 budget, does exactly what CBS and NBC with all their millions didn't do enough of: TVTV reports more than it interviews; it shows the California delegation getting instructions on how to vote on important questions; it shows the confusion on the floor as delegates look for telephone and hand signals from George McGovern's manipulators; it shows what the networks only tried to talk about. The film, edited from 80 hours shot by a bunch of scrambling kids with hand-held cameras, is an uneven and flawed little masterpiece—the major flaw is repetitious and self-indulgent footage showing the kids themselves at work and play. But, foot-to-foot, TVTV—a group loosely built around Michael Shamberg, a drop-out *Time* correspondent, Allen Rucker and Megan Williams—has produced the best electronic coverage of the Democratic Convention that I've seen. And I've seen too much.

—Richard Reeves

THE WORLD'S LARGEST TV STUDIO/August 30 at 9 p.m. on TelePrompTer Channel 10, and August 31 at 8 p.m. on Sterling Channel 10



Edifice Treks

There was a time, around the turn of the century, when few New Yorkers could play backgammon, say their prayers, mail a letter, borrow a book, or see a horse show in a building that hadn't been designed by the architectural firm of McKim, Mead and White. And this week being founder Charles McKim's 125th birthday, the Classical America Society will lead a celebratory walking tour to see some of his buildings. The tour will start in front of the Morgan Library, at 29 East 36th Street, which McKim and his colleagues finished in 1906.

MCKIM WALKING TOUR/August 27 at 2:30 p.m. (rain date: September 2)
For info: 581-3963

The Clown Who Came in from the Cold

It was Claire Bloom's first and Charlie Chaplin's last...in America. It was *Limelight*, the exquisite story of an aging clown and a young ballerina, made just before Chaplin exiled himself to Switzerland. The movie was boycotted. But that was twenty years ago. And since we all know that Hollywood and the press have seen fit to accept him again, we can rest assured that Charlie and his movie will get what they deserve this time around.

LIMELIGHT/Opens August 27
Lincoln Art Theater



Kloss Stitches

John Kloss designs for women whose lives are so busy that their clothes don't have to be.

Kloss clothes rest lightly on a woman's body because of their cut, the best on Seventh Avenue, and lightly on her life because they're never pushing any fashion "message" or fashion category. Some of the sexiest evening dresses around are sold as nighties, priced from \$13, in Kloss's award-winning and commercially successful lingerie collection for Cira.

Alas, Kloss clothes not only lack what is known in the trade as hanger appeal (which means they don't reach out at you from a studded rack) but, according to the ways of big-store merchandising systems, his coats tend to be spewed out in one place, his raincoats in another, his lingerie on another floor, and dresses, pants and shirts somewhere else. If a woman doesn't love to shop, tracking them down can be a drag.

—Priscilla Tucker

Model Pat Cleveland is shown here clowning in a Plaza elevator. Not only does this black wool "lounge" dress make a smashing dinner outfit at a bargain \$25, but it's also machine-washable.
By Kloss for Cira, at Bendel's and Bloomingdale's Kloss Lingerie Boutique.



Kloss model Jenny Chilcott, an English girl who models in many other Seventh Avenue shows, wears Kloss clothes on her own time because "you always feel like you have something special on, but you never feel specially dressed."
Here she wears a shirtdress of polyester and acrylic. Kloss-Pruzan, \$75, Saks Fifth Avenue's Young Dimensions.



Pat leaves the Plaza in nylon. Criss-cross straps punctuate the bosom, which is already underlined by the swinging Kloss cut (\$18).
By Kloss for Cira, at Bendel's and Bloomingdale's Kloss Lingerie Boutique.



At left, a pastel plaid shirtdress of polyester and wool. By Kloss-Pruzan, \$75 at Saks Fifth Avenue's Young Dimensions.



TRULY GRITTY

“...In *Brother Carl*, Susan Sontag has developed a lean spare style that goes deliberately against the grain of sentiment...”

Brother Carl is Susan Sontag's second film. The first, which I missed, was *Duet for Cannibals*, shown at the New York Film Festival and very briefly released in the city. *Brother Carl* is a strange work. Although it deals with the dialogue of emotions between men and women, and with so irrational an occurrence as a miracle, it is a stern and cerebral film. Its characters are seen at an unyielding distance, often harshly lit, either by direct interior lights, or in flat Swedish sunlight. The soundtrack jangles your brain, with the amplified ticking of an alarm clock, with a child banging monotonously on a window, or with the jagged background music of scraping violins. When the characters attempt to talk to each other there are frequently irritating noises or occurrences which come between us and their words, just as they come between them and their attempts at communication.

These interruptions, the sterile lighting, and the dissonance and irritations of the soundtrack are only too appropriate to the lives of the six characters the film concerns. Each of them is cut off, either by choice or by circumstance. They make forays, attempts at trust and communication, but always their timing is wrong, they choose the wrong person or the wrong words. They are in a *huit clos* situation, and indeed only a miracle could pry them out of it.

There are two sets of couples: Karen (Genevieve Page) and Peter (Torsten Wahlund), whose marriage has degenerated into cold rudeness and a wish to be apart; and Lena (Gunnel Lindblom) and Martin (Kewe Hjelml). Lena is a famous actress, Martin the director of a ballet company. They were divorced five years before. Karen and Peter have a daughter, Anna, a child of perhaps six or seven, who is mute. Martin also has a “child”—Carl (Laurent Terziell), a dancer who had a breakdown thirteen years before, perhaps caused by Martin. Carl lives in a tiny hut close to Martin's island home, and appears to have regressed to infancy. He has never had a woman. Like a child he has an idealized view of the universe and a desire that things should be perfect.

Karen and Lena go to the island for a holiday—Lena hoping to make contact with her husband once more. What happens in the rest of the film is the result of the interaction of these four main personalities—the two women, Martin, and “brother Carl.” The forces which flow among the four are like opposing magnetic forces. Karen and Martin are essentially negative, inward and cold. There is a steely attraction between them, the attraction of the alike, but even that is not sufficient to propel them into any real intimacy. Carl and Lena are positive, seeking, constantly attempting overtures to the others which are usually rebuffed. From the first shot—of him fishing—Carl is often seen in softer surroundings than the others, in the shadows of trees, in the darkness of his hut. Laurent Terziell plays him with an awkward angular beauty, peering out from under a thick thatch of hair. As Lena, Gunnell Lindblom is superb: slightly plump, effortlessly warm, very moving in her naive hopes that something can be rekindled between her husband and herself. “I think he's going to ask me to stay,” she says hopefully to Karen. Karen is cold. “You annihilate each other,” she says flatly.

It is a film with few passages of extended dialogue, a film about *responses*, in which Anna's muteness mirrors the emotional muteness of the other characters. Lena desperately tries throughout the film to draw a response from Karen and Martin, but ultimately she fails. Sontag shows the persistent effort Lena makes to overcome distance by physical means, constantly touching, stroking or embracing her husband. When this fails she tries to anger him and to make him jealous. When he shows neither anger nor jealousy, she knows she is beaten. She asks him why she should go on living if he doesn't want her. “Come on,” she says calmly, “you could give me a reason. You could remind me of what talents I have.” “I want you to live,” he says finally, the only grudging admission of any kind that she gets out of him. Yet in the next shot we see her face-down, dead, in the water: even in suicide her motive has perhaps been to

thwart him, and therefore to affect him.

In her introduction to the screenplay of *Brother Carl*, Sontag remarks that “the only interesting action in life is a miracle or the failure to perform a miracle; and miracles are the only subject of profound interest left for art.” This is a provoking statement, if a sweeping one, and open to misinterpretation. There is a miracle in *Brother Carl*, however. At the end of the film Carl makes Anna talk. That is an overt miracle, but perhaps not the kind that concerns Sontag most. It makes a gentle and moving resolution, and a good metaphor for the kind of miracle which the film is *really* about, the miracle of gift and response between people.

It is not an easy theme for a film, but Sontag explores it triumphantly. She has developed a lean spare style that goes deliberately against the grain of sentiment. The clipped editing—there is nothing so soft as a dissolve—and the austere camerawork: the plainness but perception of the screenplay, all these give to the film a painful lucidity which scrupulously avoids all easy lyricism.

Brother Carl has its faults. It is slow to get under way, only picking up power about a third of the way through. The opening sequences strive too hard for effect and end up being pretentious. The handling of Carl—a difficult character who could easily have tipped the film into banality—is initially unsure and unnecessarily portentous. There are whole scenes which don't work, like that at Lena's graveside which is melodramatic. And there are ideas—like that of Lena's “resurrection”—which are toyed with and are in any case redundant. But the faults do not detract ultimately from the film's worth. It is made with a compassion and uncompromising intelligence all too rare among directors.

What devil can have whispered in the ears of all those responsible for *Pope Joan*, and told them that such a film was remotely possible to make? Did no one balk at the thought of making a religious/historical chronicle of the deepest seriousness out of the vague and risible legend that, in the

ninth century, a woman disguised as a man became Pope? A woman, moreover, who was suddenly seized with labor pains in the middle of a papal procession, and torn to pieces by the crowd on the discovery of her imposture?

There are signs in the film that some one did have doubts. For we are not given Pope Joan entirely unadulterated. To make the pill more palatable the legend has become fantasy, the imagin-

erior is none other than Olivia de Havilland, breathing sanctitude and wearing a becoming wimple. At the nunnery, where the nuns are, needless to say, a venal crew, she meets her future monarch, Louis (Franco Nero), grandson to Charlemagne, and is seized with an undying passion. Louis has serious masculine concerns on his mind, such as the most easily available girl and war, and he rides off leaving Joan to the ministrations of Brother

Joan is Norwegian and her father English; where Charlemagne is also English, and his grandson Italian; where there is not a medieval town which does not look like plasterboard, not an interior which does not look like a studio, not a costume which does not look tacky. The extras are the most motley collection of incompetents ever gathered together on film. They cheer with all the hollow drill of a quiz-show audience. They appear to have wandered onto the set unsupervised, complete with modern hair styles and makeup (there is one fetching ninth-century peasant woman with streaked hair). They are dressed either in what appear to be freshly-laundered and well-ironed sacks, or vaguely period uniform. One of the Emperor's guards is to be seen conspicuously chewing gum.

The question is, of course, how any actor of the intelligence of Liv Ullmann or Maximilian Schell could have consented to touch this film with a twenty-foot bargepole after reading the screenplay for which John Briley was responsible. Not only does he write lines which have people constantly craving audiences, reaching inside themselves, keeping a rendezvous with death, and being eaten up with unknown desires, he is not even capable of pacing his interminable narrative. Why go on? The saddest part of all this is to see Liv Ullmann, who has, like Dreyer's Falconetti, the face of a saint, and who, in her films with Bergman, has shown us what a magnificent actress she is, soldiering through this trash as if it were another *Persona*.

ings of a Southern evangelist (played by the Norwegian-accented Liv Ullmann) who only identifies with Pope Joan. Thus the film can be uncommitted to the elaborate bunkum which makes up its central passages, because in a prologue and epilogue it is made perfectly clear that these could just be the imaginings of a woman who is being treated for a mental breakdown.

From the opening shot—Liv Ullmann haranguing a long-haired crowd of Jesus freaks, arrayed in numbers which make Woodstock look limited—it is clear that the film's hideous attempt to fuse papal legend with the modern world is going to be in every way disastrous. Pope Joan, we must believe, is the daughter of a womanizing English preacher, born in Mainz in the reign of Charlemagne. Since her father has been astute enough to teach her to read, her progress in this world is a rapid one. "It is said," says a peasant woman early in the film, with glycerin wonderment in her eyes, "that in the Emperor's court there are women who can read. But a girlchild! It is the mark of God." Apart from such dubious indications of divine favor, Joan is also given all the marks of saintliness beloved by directors of Biblical junk, i.e., she is much seen alone staring into fires and pondering, her fair hair suitably backlit. Joan, however, discovers the flesh. She is raped after her father's death by a member of his shabby retinue, and appears rather to like it. Off to a nunery she goes, where the Mother Su-

Adrian (Maximilian Schell), a handsome young monk. The nunnery is subsequently sacked in much lurid detail, and Adrian and Joan flee. She cuts her hair, becomes Brother John and goes to Rome where she becomes a popular preacher. There she is overheard one day by Pope Leo (Trevor Howard), becomes his private secretary, and also a cardinal. Before you can say dénouement, Leo is dead, Joan is Pope, and Franco Nero, now heir to the Empire, is walking up the aisle of St. John Lateran to kiss the papal gold lamé Capezio slipper. Newly crowned Emperor and Pope have an intimate audience together, and then the tiresome fellow rides off to the wars again. In one of the more deadly lines of the film, as the papal envoy invites the Emperor to return some nine months later, he is told that "His Eminence has not quite been himself since Your Majesty left Rome."

Indeed His Eminence has not, and next thing we know we are having a hand-held camera sequence in the middle of the papal procession, which indicates—what else?—the onset of papal labor. Joan/John is torn to pieces by the crowd, and we are treated to one last lovely touch—a huge superimposed pink close-up of Liv Ullmann before the final fade out.

Where does all this nonsense take place? Not, you may be sure, in modern America nor the Holy Roman Empire of the ninth century, but in Cloud Cuckoo Land, where plastic people converse in polyglot accents; where

And Now for Something Completely Different is a British film, based on the BBC television series, *Monty Python and His Flying Circus*, which became something of a cult in England. It is a mad mix of revue, whimsy, and satire—its chief device being to take a situation which is already out of hand and take it further. Its world is one where Hungarian phrase books translate "Do you have any matches?" as "Will you come up to my room, I am no longer infected?" A world where babies in prams gobble up old ladies, and an army drill sergeant teaches his men how to defend themselves from homicidal maniacs armed with various species of fruit. There are a few weak sequences, but everything moves at such a smart pace that it hardly matters and some of the others, anyway, are pure joy. It's extremely funny and should be seen, if for nothing else, for the monstrously macabre animated graphics of Terry Gilliam, which are classics of black comedy.

Judith Crist is on vacation.



The Lively Arts/Alan Rich

ALL IS WELL IN MARLBORO COUNTRY

"... People don't come here for specific programs; they come for a style and spirit that don't exist anywhere else in the U.S...."

I'm starting this report sitting out in the sun in front of the dining hall at the Marlboro Music Festival, on the grounds of Marlboro College in Vermont. I've just come from a rehearsal of Beethoven's *Choral Fantasy*, with Rudolf Serkin at the piano. Pablo Casals was supposed to conduct, but he's down with a slight cold today and Felix Galimir conducted from the concertmaster's chair. After lunch I can choose to visit rehearsals of a Mozart wind serenade, Schubert's *Trout Quintet*, a Fauré piano quartet, a Bartók quartet and several other pieces I forget which. All of them are being worked up for performance during this very crowded last weekend of the festival. All Marlboro concert tickets were sold out last April, long before the programs were even known. People don't come here for specific programs; they come to experience a style and an atmosphere that don't exist anywhere else in this country—and in few places anywhere in the world.

Marlboro's concerts are its public manifestation, the tip of the iceberg. If you miss them in Vermont, you can sample their quality in the "Music from Marlboro" concerts in New York during the season, or in the many other events that revolve around the personality of people prominent here like Sascha Schneider's New School concerts, or the programs he puts together at Christmas in Carnegie Hall.

Marlboro is difficult to define. It is a "style" only in the broadest sense; it is more a kind of spirit that gets into people who come here every summer. Some of the finest musicians in the country—orchestral members who can get away, free-lance performers, soloists—decided long ago that it's a lot more important for their artistic values to spend a free summer here making music with each other than making good money from concert or studio dates in the cities.

These values are not the result of any direct learning experience; Marlboro is not a school. It is, rather, a place for easy exchange of ideas and outlooks through music-making. People do nothing here but make music with each other: chamber music, vocal



music, music for orchestra, very new music (a few composers spend summers here in residence) and very old. Older musicians like Casals, Serkin, Schneider and Galimir join in ensembles with very young professionals. Naturally, a great deal of the Central-European outlook—emotion above all, technique only where it is applicable—of the older Marlboro generation rubs off on the younger people, but there is nobody here who stipulates how a piece of music should be played. The atmosphere, the freedom, and the abiding sense of equality and mutual respect—these are the fundamental elements of the Marlboro spirit.

Coming back to Marlboro for the first extended visit I've had time for in more than ten years, I found that many of the concerns I've had lately relate directly to the sense of this place. When I spoke to a number of Juilliard students some time ago about their unhappiness with the school, many said that their principal complaint was that all their lessons were conducted in cubicles, that there was little or no chance to meet, make music in ensemble, discuss musical ideas. It seems to me that the Marlboro ideal, or some version of it, should somehow be made an important part of every musician's year-round training. It is the best way I know of to counteract the production of musical machines, to put a brain to work on technique. The sort of musician that current tastes seem to de-

mand, as I wrote last week, has the best chance of being formed in this kind of atmosphere. A couple of weeks ago I heard the bright young pianist Mischa Dichter at Mostly Mozart. Dichter, a Juilliard product and a prize-winner, has a phenomenal set of fingers and a nice stage presence. He did not, however, play the music in Mozart, but merely the notes, and the thing that was most lacking in his work was the sense of relationship to the orchestra that is the glory of Mozart's concerto style. I suspect, therefore, that he has come out of his schooling with no real ensemble sense, which means that for today he is an inadequate musician. A summer at Marlboro might have corrected that.

I heard an enormous amount of music here, ranging from the hopeless (a piano quintet by Serkin's father-in-law, Adolf Busch, an empty exercise in slithery late-romantic chromaticism) to the superb (dazzling readings of such out-of-the-way pieces as Mendelssohn's Piano Sextet and Beethoven's String Quintet). I also heard, via tape from a previous week's concert, a quartet by a young man who may be the next major American composer we're all waiting for. His name is Tison Street, and this piece—the first he has produced on his own after leaving composition seminars with Leon Kirchner and others—has about it a sureness of technique and expression that one rarely encounters among young composers these days. It is a fiercely difficult piece; the string writing is tense and intricate, and the clashing, atonal counterpoint projects a frightening amount of energy. Wisps of diatonic melody float across its surface like points of grotesque color. Mr. Street seems to have found a unique vantage point from which to survey the broad range of stylistic possibilities open to a composer these days, and has made his choices with uncommon skill. Remember his name.

I arrived at Tanglewood on Saturday morning to find the place in a state of emotional shock after the debut the night before of a young black dramatic soprano named Jessye Norman. "Where

were you?" everybody screamed. A kindly recording engineer bridged the gap by playing me the tapes. Miss Norman, who is 26, comes from Georgia, has been singing opera in Europe and is the Countess on the recent Philips recording of *Figaro*. She is, indeed, a cause for emotional shock. Her voice, over a remarkable range from well below the staff up to at least an A, is seamless, pure and dazzlingly rich. She has been beautifully trained, with the sense of placement that most singers mature into only gradually. She sang Wagner's Wesendonk songs and the *Liebestod* with passion and great musicality, creating a strong line even when Colin Davis's rather placid conducting put her on her own.

I don't get to Tanglewood nearly often enough, but I have been there for a number of important debuts over the years: the day Koussevitzky introduced the haunting young Carol Brice, the night a kid named Bernstein led the American premiere of *Peter Grimes*, the nights when other bright kids named Seymour Lipkin, Julius Katchen and Eleazar de Carvalho brought screaming audiences to their feet. The electricity Jessye Norman generated brought back memories of those other nights. She is a tremendous discovery, an artist of genuine value.

Back in the office on Monday, I got her on the phone, a lady of obvious great vivacity and charm. She's perfectly happy living in Germany, where she has been singing big roles at the Munich and Berlin Operas; she makes her Covent Garden debut in October, as Cassandra in *Les Troyens*. Extrapolating her work in Wagner into the demands of that wonderful role, I can predict nothing but glory. She has two new Philips recordings on the way: a Schubert-Mahler recital and a leading role in Mozart's *La Finta Giardiniera*. She sings at Dunbarton Oaks in Washington in November. "New York is not yet in the picture," she says. "I want to sing there, but not in just anything. I'd love to give a Lieder recital, but I'm afraid nobody would come. It's not inevitable that I sing at the Met; it would have to be in the right role, probably Mozart rather than Wagner. I'm learning both Elvira and Anna, in case anybody feels like producing a *Don Giovanni* for me."

This is all good, straight singer's talk, and it's clear that she hasn't been thrown off by her Tanglewood ovation, at which she admits to being "overwhelmed." One seldom gains any great musical insights from chatting with even great singers, but the insight Miss Norman affords is that she is a wise, shrewd lady whose greatest concern these days is being around for

a while. Believe me, she's entitled.

At the evening concert, after sadly hearing Gina Bachauer suffer two memory lapses in short order in the Beethoven Fourth Concerto, I played hokeyoo from Brahms (always pleasure) to drive over to the Lenox Arts Center for a musical entertainment by Richard Foreman and Stanley Silverman called *Doctor Selavy's Magic Theater*. The Arts Center, a place where a lot of talented youngsters do some interesting work in far-out theatrical



Jessye Norman, "cause for shock."

ideas, gives you the feeling on arrival of a summer camp on counselor's night off, but by performance time everything came together splendidly. Silverman, who did the marvelous *Elephant Steps* a few years ago, has turned out for this absurdist play an ingenious set of parody-pieces, mostly of old movie tunes and a little elementary rock. If the music doesn't reveal as much of his own outlook as *Elephant Steps* did, it at least shows him as a marvelous observer. If I ever find out what Foreman's plot is about (I haven't, yet), you all will be the next to know, but the show is a greatly charming experience. "Selavy," for what the information is worth, means "c'est la vie."

The other big news at Tanglewood this weekend was a production of Monteverdi's *Coronation of Poppea* by Jan Strasfogel's Music Theater Project. Any summer affording two *Poppeas* (here and Caramoor) can't be all bad. This one, done in a tiny theater, used a reconstruction of the score by Alan Curtis that is fluent, imaginative, and rather closer to the original than the Leppard edition at Caramoor, and an English translation by Geoffrey Dunn that is one of the best jobs of vivifying an archaic text I've ever encountered. Strasfogel's staging was "modern" mostly in that the costumes were a kind of all-era Fascist and that the love scenes were, shall we say, rather explicit. Much debate raged here about that, spilling over into the *Sunday Times*. This, it

seems to me, is useless, around-the-edges stuff; what is important is that Monteverdi's awesome masterpiece be given headway. This happened here, as the result of superb singing, a vivid conducting job by Bruno Maderna, and an over-all approach to the work as a timeless, alive masterpiece.

Mostly Marvelous. Some weeks ago I expressed my reservations about Mostly Mozart, having nothing to do with the programs but only with the forlorn wish that some way could be found for making the concerts cheaper and, therefore, more accessible to young people. Nevertheless, the crowds on the many nights I attended were gratifyingly large. I have already written about Peter Serkin's marvelous performance of the *Goldberg Variations*, which I find I am still running over in my mind weeks after the event. I also liked very much the conducting of a newcomer, Peter Erös, a young Hungarian now active in California and obviously an excellent stylist in music for small ensembles. After hearing Martin Berinbaum tell Robert Sherman in program after program of WQXR's Listening Room what a superb baroque trumpeter he is, I wasn't prepared to find him falling completely apart in the Bach Second *Brandenburg*, but there you are. The concert in which Paul Badura-Skoda and Joerg Demus took turns conducting each other in solo concertos and then joined in two-piano concertos was strangely bland and uncommunicative except in the two-piano concertos (one by Bach and one by Mozart), which did catch fire. David Zinman conducted a beautiful performance of the Mozart *Haffner Symphony* (but why no repeats?), but his work in a Bach Suite was so fussed with, so over-ornamented in the name of "authenticity," that it had no shape at all. It is possible, obviously, to go whole hog into this "authentic" business and come out empty-handed at the end. Mieczyslaw Horszowski, whom I have loved and admired over the years, showed to my and his embarrassment in a Mozart concerto that those years have been too numerous. A questionnaire distributed with the programs suggested several things: that there is the possibility that next year's series be expanded in length (good) and that tickets will cost more (bad). It also asked for suggestions for future composers to be represented. For my money the best combination was last year's Mozart-Haydn-Schubert programs. For reasons I can't quite put my finger on, Bach comes out second-best when played beside Mozart. Well, any composer does for that matter, but some more than others.

Art/Barbara Rose

MORE ABOUT THE CARE AND FEEDING OF ARTISTS

"...The imaginative Workspace project hopes to get room for art exhibitions and studios in little-used areas of the city..."

On my desk there is a mammoth file marked PATRONAGE. It contains the reams of mimeographed material I receive reporting on the various agencies, bureaus and foundations (public and private) that fund the arts. A few years ago when I started accumulating material on the subject, state and Federal subsidies were negligible, and Guggenheim Foundation grants to artists affected so few that they hardly counted in terms of the total picture. The first big shot in the arm was the National Endowment's direct grants to individual artists. Those I know who received these grants desperately needed money for materials. Sculptor Mark di Suvero, for example, was able to buy a crane with his grant, enabling him to change the scale of his works and increase his production significantly.

Now, however, there has been a general shift in emphasis. Most public money for the arts is going to the "new" arts of video and film, to underwriting museum shows, and to community art projects, rather than to ambitious individual artists struggling to make painting and sculpture in New York. Those artists who were surviving by teaching are in a double squeeze because schools have less money and are letting staff go without hiring replacements. The competition for grants looks like an exercise in social Darwinism, with natural selection favoring those who keep up with the "evolutionary" trends that try to outstrip ordinary means of making art with the latest technological gadgetry. An organization like CAPS (Creative Artists Public Service), which continues to serve ordinary painters and sculptors, is besieged with requests it can't fill. Last year CAPS received applications from 2000 artists and was able to give financial support to 89.

Until we're willing to turn some of our swords into plowshares, there is not going to be much money for the individual fine artist. Assuming they can manage to eat and buy materials we are still left with the problems: Where do they live? Where do they work? Where do they exhibit? These are pretty basic questions, and neither government nor private agencies have come



Jene Highstein's "Chute for Looking Up and Down" in Brooklyn Bridge show, 1971.

up with startlingly innovative solutions.

By far the most imaginative solution is the brainchild of a hard-driving, diminutive, blond fireball named Alanna Heiss. As program director of the Municipal Art Society, Ms. Heiss initiated a program of exhibitions beginning with a series of outdoor events under the Brooklyn Bridge. Because she wanted to use public spaces, she learned the ins and outs of city politics, and now has that rare knowledge of whom to go to for what in New York City. The simplicity of her plan, which is called Workspace, is breathtaking. Ms. Heiss noted, on the one hand, that artists needed cheap space to work and show, and on the other, that there were many unused spaces in the city—unused lofts, empty dilapidated public buildings, abandoned slum buildings, and the huge empty piers that sit slowly decaying on the West Side. As executive director of the Institute for Art and Urban Resources, which is under the aegis of the Municipal Art Society, she has attempted to convince landlords, city commissioners and realtors to allow some of this space to be used for temporary exhibitions and to lease it on a permanent basis to artists for studio use.

The first building Workspace has taken over is a ramshackle loft building at 10 Bleeker Street, owned by Mrs. Oliver W. Bivins, who cooperated in this initial project in the hope that other landlords might follow her ex-

ample. The two top floors are now huge studios, renting at \$150 a month, and the ground floor was recently used for three exhibitions of contemporary sculpture. "After all," says Ms. Heiss, "not everyone leaves the city in the summer, and it's nice to have something to see."

Ms. Heiss's latest plan is to persuade realtors to let artists exhibit in office buildings that have unoccupied space. She is also hoping to co-sponsor, with the International Longshoremen's Association, an art event on a downtown pier. I am particularly concerned about the use of these piers since I was involved with the city's ill-fated pier project in 1970. That project, which attempted to get art exhibitions and cultural events out on the piers, was blocked by the I.L.A. Since then I have found out some interesting facts regarding the piers and their use. For example, did you know the piers were used as artists' studios during the WPA? They are ideal studios—huge, light-filled, free of interior partitions. The more I read about the WPA art project, the more I realize how much ground artists have lost since then.

Ms. Heiss is attempting to regain some of that lost ground. To do what already exists, to bring costs down to a level where artists can actually participate in the life of the city, to mix functions, to reclaim dead neighborhoods—these would seem to be exemplary goals. Yet she is having trouble funding her pilot projects. I find her proposals the most practical and refreshing I have come across for extending art into the environment and giving experimental artists the chance to work in unconventional situations which are more compatible with their *arte povera* esthetic and downtown audience than the official institutional context of uptown museums.

I wish those who hold the purse-strings would listen to Ms. Heiss. One great incentive would be the partial remission or adjustment of real estate taxes for those properties given or rented at low cost to artists. Workspace is a practical, feasible solution to the genuine, if uncomfortable, relationship between art and real estate.

HOW TO LIVE BETTER AND CHEAPER IN NEW YORK FOR \$10.00 A YEAR. AND 50 WAYS WE HELPED YOU DO IT LAST YEAR.

You live better and cheaper by ordering a subscription to *New York Magazine*. Because that, as you'll soon read, is what our magazine is devoted to.

In fact, helping you live better and cheaper starts with this offer: You can have *New York Magazine* for a year at a price you can't help but like. Just \$10.00. And you can have it for 3 years at a price you'll like even better. Just \$25.00.

1. No More Tokeskin. A scheme to eliminate transit strike threats and fare hikes by eliminating fares entirely (Aug. 9, 1971, Robert Abrams)

2. How to Pick a Doctor. Choosing the "right" doctor is no harder than choosing the right car or stockbroker—*that's*, it's next to impossible. But if you know your family's needs, there are a number of niches, which, combined with a modicum of care, can lead you straight to the doctor of your dreams (June 14, 1971, Michael Halberstam)

3. Getting the Most for the Least. It's not always easy to make sense of the housing laws and codes. Your apartment means living under law, but, with a little help from the least legally-minded apartment dweller can understand and protect his rights (Mar. 29, 1971, Peter Hellman)

4. A Primer for New York Pet Owners. An owner's protective, pet-savvy primer for owners who know about adopting, buying, altering and vetting his cat or dog (June 26, 1971, Marlene James)

5. Buying Times: Where to Find a Baby-Sitter. A guide to schools, agencies and houses with reliable babysitters ready and eager to relieve you of your motherly responsibility for a few hours (Jan. 25, 1971, Suzanne Ramo)

6. Brooklyn's C.I.A.—An Antigay-Brewery Paradise. Far from Manhattan's quirky emporium, Coney Island Avenue offers the intense antique bargains, quality and atmosphere of junk (Nov. 1, 1971, Claire Berenson)

7. It May Be Art, But It Won't Cut Cheeses. A wary look at the gift-gadget jungle (Dec. 6, 1971, Peter Blake)

8. Thoughts on Dog Pollution. Dogs are invisible, useful, fuzzy, cuddly, disease-free—and they're making the city and its parks unbearable. Ms. Newhouse makes some suggestions for alleviating this scourge, ranging from common sense to a touch of chlorophyll in the diet, to public dog toilets, to a dog tax or other governmental intervention (June 26, 1971, Nancy Newhouse)

9. Cleaning Up Your Fun Tax Returns. No need to leave sofa sales on the sidewalk, or pay the paper to haul away your cartons of outgrown clothes. In New York, whatever is salvagable should be sold (Aug. 1, 1971, Prudence Brown)

10. How to Find a Psychiatrist. Finding a psychiatrist who suits you (Feb. 8, 1971, Carol Ringer)

11. Scorn Not the Local Grapes. New York State wines rank in quality from excellent to execrable, but with

a little help from an expert, you can avoid unfortunate purchases, save money and end up with a fine bottle on the table (June 27, 1971, William Clifford)

12. Children's Camps: Across the River and Into the Woods. Day camp of every description, but your child might be just as happy in a \$500 Boy's Club day camp as in a \$500 Kid's Club (Aug. 17, 1971, Madeline Lee Collins)

13. Many Happy Returns. The best of the preposition income tax time, worry and, often, expensive mishaps (Mar. 15, 1971, Owen Edwards)

14. Another Wrecking Ball Heads To-West East Side. We expand Citadel Management Corp., and Urban Relocation for what they are and now that they've put a big toe in the water ("No Clean Sweep Agency") on their signs. And they'll have a tougher time trying to force you off the streets (Aug. 10, 1971, Daniel Doherty)

15. The Psychology of Day Care. The benefits of day-care center can benefit parents as well as children, yet since shifts of the burden—not the responsibility—for childcare onto the community (April 3, 1971, Susan Estrich)

16. How to Write Your Own Marriage Contract. (Dec. 20, 1971, Susan Estrich)

17. The Only Safe Strategy for the Savvy Investor. There are lots of options, but the best plan is to go out and find products that will give you a steady return (Aug. 24, 1971, Charles and Susan Ellis)

18. The Perfect Perception. Mr. Fischer rates 48 nearby ski resorts on travel time, size, price, ambient, accessibility, and convenience for a perfect night life (Jan. 24, 1972, Stanley Fischer)

19. How to Borrow Money: A Primer for the Perplexed. People don't shop for credit as carefully as for the goods they want the money for. Their ignorance is costly, but it's also as expensive as it is unnecessary (Jan. 24, 1972, Elizabeth Fowler)

20. Get Me to the Plane on Time. The cost of getting to an airport from the city is high, but you can get from \$120 for a helicopter to 35 cents for a subway/handibus bus ride, and it's a good idea to know about the choices (Jan. 1, 1971, Annette Greenway)

21. Where the Joke Aces: A Student's Guide (April 12, 1971, Phyllis Harris)

22. Buying Cheap: Despite street noise, thin walls and your neighbor's stereo, there are at least thirteen different ways you can de-expensive your apartment (June 21, 1971, Catherine Houck)

23. Car Rentals: An Updated Map. An up-to-the-minute rundown to guide you through the plans, paperwork, options and costs of renting a vehicle in the city (Aug. 16, 1971, Bernstein & Hart)

24. Out to Pasture: Farm yourself (and your children) out for a weekend at one of the many inexpensive guest farm situations within two hours of the city (Aug. 9, 1971, Claire Bernier)

25. Free Health Care: Why Any Want to Crowd Out Those Who Need It. Why worry, and why afford to pay for it? But there are also a number of free services ranging from vaccination or alcoholism counseling to cancer detection, all provided by people who consider themselves in good conscience (Jan. 27, 1971, Carol Kahn)

26. Now's the Time to Buy a Co-op. The seller's market in real estate has come to an end, so you can expect a host of various tips for dealing with over-agers and agents, this time to buy (Jan. 17, 1971, Peter Hellman)

27. Beds That Aren't. Since nobody in New York has enough space, Ms. Houck suggests self-designed, inexpensively priced, space-saving non-beds for people who don't have bedrooms (Oct. 11, 1971, Catherine Houck)

28. Can You Outsmart the New York City Tax Collector? If you're a mindless professional thief from making off with his Mercedes. But there are techniques, gadgets and devices which will keep the tax collector even the most amateurish amateur (April 19, 1971, Mel Mondell)

29. Salad Days: Where to pick up the freshest produce at the lowest prices (July 21, 1971, Julie Mazyk)

30. Restaurants That Children Like. (Jan. 21, 1971, Gail Greene with L. Orlitz)

31. Restaurants That Like Children. Howard Johnson's loves kids, and vice versa. But why not experiment a little? Here's how to get your children in and under may share a grown-up's dinner at no additional charge; the Red Coach Grill offers special menus for children; and such places as steaks; and Hyde Park supplies the very young with crayons and placemats to keep them satisfied until dinner is served (Jan. 21, 1971, Gail Greene with L. Orlitz)

32. What to Do When 61 Doesn't Answer. Deep within the N.Y. Tel system are the real professionals—the really reliable men and women and others like them—who can straighten out your phone troubles when one line can. But you can't call them unless you know their numbers (April 19, 1971, Franklin Peterson)

33. An Undercover Guide to Mid-Manhattan. Where to find uncharted areas for the cold, the curious or the ones in the city here to have fun without using the streets (Feb. 21, 1972, John Tauranac)

34. A Kennel Michelin: From Luxe to Pension. The best and best-known boarding kennels around town, rated

That \$10.00 price represents a saving of more than 30¢ an issue on the newsstand price of 50¢ an issue.

Now we'd like you to read 50 of the ways we helped our readers live better and cheaper during the last year. Because we're convinced that when you've finished you'll be convinced that at \$10.00 a year *New York* has to be one of the biggest bargains in history.

with a view toward cleanliness, the owners' concern for their charges, as well as such important matters as security—against surveillance, exercise facilities, and grooming services (June 28, 1971, Trevor Ripley)

35. Divorce—Dominican Style. For better or for worse, Haiti and the Dominican Republic have cornered the market on divorce. According to Ms. Wolfe, explaining the logistics, legalities and pros and cons of winging down to the Caribbean for a one-week divorce (June 7, 1971, Linda Wolfe)

36. As the Twig Is Bent, So Goes the Glory: The Dominican Republic's Private Nursing Schools. An updated, enlarged compilation of the city's diverse, often mysterious nursing schools, including schools here, in Latin America, and short descriptions of each school's situation and milieu (Feb. 22, 1971, Kim Richman)

37. Late-Minute Private School Openings. The city's private schools—which, while as of last Labor Day had definite openings for the fall semester (Sept. 6, 1971, Carol Ringer)

38. Butcher's Prime and Choice. New York is indeed a meaty specimen, especially when the butcher who cuts with the floor, steaks swinging from the ceiling, and experts behind the counter, who still consider the selection, care, and breed of cattle as important as the meat of a first art (April 26, 1971, Ellen Schorr)

39. Don't Cook Tonight: A Catering Guide. So you want to give a party or something? Bar Mitzvah, but where's the room? Well, there are dozens of catering establishments that will provide everything from the food to the chairs and silverware. Here's how to get the best deal (Aug. 21, 1971, Barry Tarshis)

40. The Whole Cloth. If you want to clothe your body or cover your couch, or drapes your windows with velvet, and you want to do it yourself, New York City has the answer (Aug. 21, 1971, Barry Tarshis)

41. How to Get Control of Your Time (and Your Life). Tactics to find even more time (Jan. 17, 1972, Jane Spencer)

42. Consumer Handbooks. Volume 1, No. I. Some (there have been eight since) contained: "Cracking the Supermarket Code," in which the writer compares the prices of supermarket breads that have been sitting on the shelf for 48 hours; "How to Complain," a listing of phone numbers and addresses of companies who accept anything and everything from a store's discriminatory practices to the cracked sidewalk in your block; "What to Hear at a Hearing"; and "Written Chorus," a guide to reliable purveyors of moderately-priced clothing, plus consumer complaints and caveats, recommendations and condemnations.

43. The Underground Gourmet. Milton Glaser and Jerome Snyder on where to get a good, cheap, often exotic meal in the city.

You live better and cheaper by ordering a subscription to

NEW YORK

Books/David Broder

THE PRESIDENT'S ANALYSTS

"...Both these psychological studies suggest that Mr. Nixon need not have been such an enigma to us as we have made him..."

In Search of Nixon: A Psychohistorical Inquiry/By Bruce Mazlish/Basic Books/\$6.95

The Presidential Character: Predicting Performance in the White House/By James David Barber/Prentice-Hall/\$10

The disclosure of Senator Tom Eagleton's psychiatric treatment put the mental condition of one of our national candidates on the front page—not for the first time and surely not for the last. Charges of mental imbalance are as old as the politics of the Republic; indeed, it's hard to recall a Presidential campaign in which the character, the personality, the mental and moral standards of the participants have not been a major focus—if not the main topic—of the debate.

But the authors of these two recently published books—Massachusetts Institute of Technology historian Bruce Mazlish and Duke University political scientist James David Barber—argue that we have not dug deeply enough into the mental and psychological makeup of our would-be Presidents.

As Barber writes in the opening passage of his book, "When a citizen votes for a Presidential candidate, he makes, in effect, a prediction. He chooses from among the contenders the one he thinks . . . would be the best President. . . . He listens to the commentators, the politicians and his friends, then adds it up in some rough way to produce his prediction. . . . But he must choose in the midst of a cloud of confusion, a rain of phony advertising, a storm of sermons, a hail of accusation and defense."

A better way, both men suggest, is to strive "to see the man whole," i.e., to discern the basic traits of character and personality that have appeared in his prior life, and then to calculate how such a person might perform under the demands of the Presidency in contemporary life.

It should be noted, at the outset, that one does an injustice to both au-

thors to treat them as intellectual twins. They are not. Their academic baggage is different, and so is the route they take on their journey into the psyche of the President. Barber brings to his book a greater understanding of the psychological demands of political life and a greater awareness of the ways different Presidents have attempted to meet them. He focuses on the early political experiences of his subjects (while not ignoring the formative childhood events), and his methodology is comparative, based on a relatively simple four-way classification of Presidential "types" exemplified, conveniently, by the first four Presidents. His purpose is avowedly predictive—to develop a theory that makes it possible to gauge Presidential performance in advance.

Mazlish, on the other hand, is psychoanalytically oriented, more sophisticated in (or at least more prone to employ) the jargon of the couch than is Barber. His understanding of the stresses of political life seems limited, to me, and he focuses primarily on the childhood and early familial events a psychoanalyst would probe if he were seeking to unravel a personality puzzle. Mazlish is a good deal more cautious than Barber about the predictive potential of his technique, but he is intrigued enough by the possibilities to have proposed a team effort in 1968 to formulate psychological predictions of the behavior of Humphrey and Nixon in the Presidency—project that was rejected, for understandable reasons, by the foundations to which he applied for support.

Finally, and most important, the two books are quite dissimilar in scope—Mazlish's being a case study of the current President and Barber's being a comparative study of the last ten Presidents, with a few side comments on their predecessors. But most readers turning to either book, it's safe to guess, will be drawn by their insights into the Nixon puzzle—the oldest established permanent floating conversational topic in American politics.

What both authors suggest—and, in my judgment, persuasively argue—is that Mr. Nixon need not have been

such an enigma to us as we have made him. If my fellow journalists and I had not been so intrigued over the years by inventing one "new Nixon" after another, we might have discovered some clues to the abiding Nixon character that could have been of some use to our readers.

Mr. Nixon's consistency is not one of ideology or even of policy. Richard Nixon is as devoid of the former as most American politicians, and in policy terms—as the last four years have demonstrated—he is fully capable of "rising above principle" to do what the situation demands, whether it be slapping on price controls, clinking glasses with the Communist leaders or delivering eulogies to J. Edgar Hoover and Everett McKinley Dirksen.

All successful politicians learn to "play their part"; they acquire the technique of projecting their private personality upon a public stage, in a wide variety of settings. Professor Mazlish exaggerates, I think, the special significance of Mr. Nixon's early career in amateur theatricals and the recurrence of theatrical language in his political speeches. George McGovern was not (as far as his biography notes) a boyhood actor, but he, too, has learned the technique.

What is significant is what the President conceives his part to be, how he sees himself, and how he construes the demands that are made upon him. It is in this area that these two books have most to say to us about Richard Nixon.

Both Barber and Mazlish start, as anyone must, with Nixon's political autobiography, *Six Crises*. The very title suggests one aspect of the Nixon view—that life is marked by an alternating rhythm of events, of calm and storm, and that the crucial determination is performance in the moment of crisis.

What quickly emerges, however, is that crisis management has a double meaning for Mr. Nixon: management of the external challenge and management of himself. And both authors present compelling evidence, from the early stages of his life through his Presidential years, that it is the in-

David Broder is national political correspondent for "The Washington Post" and author of "The Party's Over: The Failure of Politics in America."

ternal struggle that is central to Mr. Nixon. As Barber puts it, "Nixon's work is the management of Nixon. When he checks with conscience and finds the work hard, he feels, for the moment at least, righteous."

What is it that needs managing inside Mr. Nixon? Both authors find the source of the inner tension in the President's early years and particularly in his relationship with his parents: the pious, extremely hard-working Quaker mother, who, as the dominant force in

From these diverse forces comes the characteristic experience around which Mr. Nixon organizes his life: crisis management.

The crisis, characteristically, is seen by Mr. Nixon as the creation of his opponents or enemies (though both authors argue that his need of crises is so great that he contributes to, if he does not wholly create, them himself). He vindicates his courage by accepting the challenge, tenses himself for the event by a period of lonely, inten-

Cambodian invasion—fit perfectly into their psychological analysis of Mr. Nixon's makeup and his characteristic style of resolving conflict.

Mazlish ends his book on a relatively hopeful note, particularly considering the evidences, in the text, of his personal antipathy to Mr. Nixon's politics.

"Nixon has always been himself," he says, "and that self has been steady and consistent throughout his life. Introspective and almost analytic at times, he has, I believe, tried to understand himself, in the sense of recognizing his basic traits and seeking to guard against their hurting him politically. . . . Persistence and hard work . . . have allowed Nixon to change, in the sense of mastering his weaknesses and exercising greater and greater control of himself . . ."

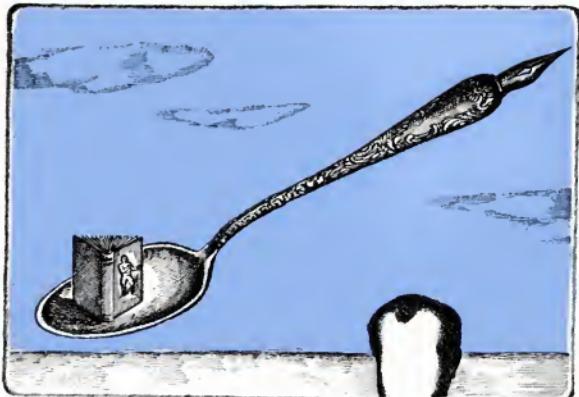
It is even possible to argue, I would think, that the fourth year of his Presidency has seen Mr. Nixon choosing his "crises" with much more openness and self-determination. His trips to Peking and Moscow were voluntary, though the pattern of preparation and execution were in the classic "crisis" model. If they represent not just chance events but a sense of greater self-mastery on the part of the President, they may augur well for a second Nixon term.

Barber, on the other hand, argues that an "active-negative" personality type like Mr. Nixon is prone to make more serious mistakes the longer he is in office. The "active-negative" President is one who finds himself, always, "working more now and enjoying it less."

"For Nixon" Barber says, "the prime form of the active-negative command, 'I must,' is this: I must make my own way. . . . The key variable here is time. Time running out," the President wrote on his pad before Cambodia. . . . Nixon victorious in 1972 . . . would know exactly when his time would run out."

Freed of electoral restraint in a second term, Barber suggests, Nixon might try to reshape the world to his own design—as three of his "active-negative" predecessors, Wilson, Hoover and Lyndon Johnson, did. By pursuing rigid policies, as they did, he could leave the country in worse shape than he found it.

The alternative scenarios posed by two authors operating from similar psychological insights are the grist for interesting debate. They suggest, however, that while this line of inquiry is worth pursuing, it is not definitive. Like voters in other years, we finally have to rely on our own judgments and instincts in guessing what any candidate, even an incumbent, will do as President.



young Richard's life, inculcated the virtues of self-denial, charity, love and pacifism; the Methodist father, aggressive, often angry, frequently venting his frustration against the external world while struggling, usually with limited success, to provide for his family's needs. The childhood years' tensions were heightened by the insecurities produced by the death of two of Richard's brothers and by the economic privations of the Depression.

From his shy, day-dreaming "mother's boy" youth, Richard Nixon—in these portraits—emerges into adulthood with a psychological mechanism for balancing his conflicting drives. Equating manliness with his father's combative spirit, he finds "acceptable" outlets for his competitive drive: sports (at which he persists, despite his lack of skill), debate, the practice of law and, of course, politics. He rationalizes his ambition by identifying his own success as compensation for his father's frustrations. More importantly, he finds moral justification for the aggressiveness his mother's philosophy condemned by projecting that set of emotions and motives onto his opponents, and by adopting, as his basic technique, the self-discipline that was the hallmark of his mother's life.

sive, exhausting preparation; goes through the catharsis of action; and emerges enhanced, not only in self-esteem, but in the eyes of the world audience which he has always imagined and which, in fact, he now enjoys.

Knowing his pattern, Barber says, and Mazlish implies, we should have been able to guess that whatever the rhetoric of his campaign about the devolution of power and de-escalation of tension, a Nixon Presidency would be highly personalized, with critical decisions emerging from Mr. Nixon after a period of intense, private communion; episodic, with little apparent continuity or momentum, but rather a series of crisis-atmosphere surprise decisions, alternating with lengthy periods of preparation and recovery, determined, not by the congressional calendar or the fiscal year, but by Mr. Nixon's internal clock; secretive, internalized, introspective and, in substantive terms, unpredictable, as the protagonist of the drama waited for the other actors to take their places and the stage to be set.

All this the Nixon first term has been. Mazlish and Barber delight in showing how the "crises" of the early White House years—the Hayworth-Carswell battle, for example, or the

The Urban Strategist/Elin Szegda

TRAVEL CLUBS: AVOIDING THE PHANTOM JETS

"...For those who want to get anywhere in the world without being taken—a guide to the pitfalls and pleasures of travel clubs..."

It's happening again this year—the countless hundreds answering the call of sweet-singing fly-by-nighters who promise Europe cheap. Even as I write this, at Kennedy's North Passenger Terminal, chartering's home base, about 300 people are sitting it out, bloating up on anemic coffee into the night, sick of hearing that The Flight's been postponed. Again. Until, finally, it's canceled. The magic carpet is gone and, with it, that great escape made all the greater by the fact that it cost so unbelievably little. London for \$75. Unbelievable indeed.

The reason I mention all this in what is supposed to be a slightly glimpse at the bargains you can dip into by joining a travel club is that many people think the only way they can afford to travel is by putting money and plans in the hands of consolidators (also known as body brokers) who collect cash, count heads, and then charter a plane (or part of one), often leaving people stranded without even hope of a refund because they're breaking every rule the Civil Aeronautics Board ever made, and they often get caught, inconveniently enough, five minutes before flight time.

There are alternatives—bona fide clubs that offer bargain travel. But just because a club was recommended by a friend and has a permanent address doesn't necessarily mean it's reliable. And so, for the benefit of all those valid clubs whose images are tarnished by the existence of racketeers—and for the benefit of anyone who wants to get anywhere in this world without being taken—here is a little guide to charterland, according to the C.A.B.

1. There is one way to tell which of the advertised charters are illegal. They all are, because making any charter flight known to the general public—in print, on the air or over the phone—is illegal. Exception: I.T.C. (Inclusive Tour Charters), which are organized by travel agents and involve the packaging of at least three destinations and land arrangements.

2. No club that charters planes can exist for the purpose of travel—hence, the existence of affinity groups—"social," "leisure time," "sports" and

"cultural exchange" clubs with names that hint at the allegedly secondary reason for their being (namely, travel). The affinity regulation has also spawned transient clubs, the ones you "join" for the duration of an underground flight to make it all look legitimate.

3. A club must be at least six months old before it can charter a plane. A person must be a member for at least six months before traveling on said plane. Therefore, when you "join" an ad hoc group for an illegal flight, you'll get a membership card dated at least six months back, and at the airport you may have to sign an affidavit attesting to your long-standing membership. By the same token, if a seemingly legitimate club offers to back-date the membership card "in your case" so that you can join them on next week's jaunt, you'll know that there is a chance, albeit a slight one, that next week's trip will never get off the ground.

You may be wondering, at this point, why the C.A.B. doesn't blot out the whole air underground in a deluge of injunctions, since all it would have to do would be to read the ads, take the numbers and close in. One of its lawyers put it this way: "You are now talking to 20 per cent of the legal staff and we have eight investigators to police the entire country. It's like trying to control my lawn . . . I pull up one dandelion and three more spring up in its place."

Rumors are abriff of imminent changes in C.A.B. policy. Affinity status, it is said, will no longer be necessary. Instead, there will be a six-month advance notice (to the C.A.B.) required for each charter flight. This would be liberating for airlines and legitimate clubs, a little inconvenient for people who don't like to plan that far in advance, and deliberately crippling to the street-corner flight bookers who do their wheeling and dealing pretty much on a last-minute basis.

There are those who feel that the underground is doing a great public service and therefore shouldn't be prosecuted—or persecuted. To them, flight brokers are jet-age Robin Hoods, embodiments of the speakeasy spirit, coming to the rescue of people who

otherwise couldn't afford to travel. Which is all interesting to think about, but try telling it to anyone who has ever watched his vacation evaporate at the North Passenger Terminal.

This possibility—the 50-50 chance that an airline will pull out of a charter deal at zero hour upon discovering shady goings-on—is the only risk you run when you join a club that back-dates memberships, gives charter information to non-members over the phone or in person, advertises flights, etc. For some people it's too much of a risk. For others, apparently, the money they think they're saving—or might, in fact, be saving—is worth any amount of delays, cancellations and general hassle.

One way of checking out a club (besides the obvious inquiry "If I join, can I fly tomorrow?") is via the airlines they use. American supplementals and scheduled carriers are pretty scrupulous about playing by the rules, since they, not the chartering groups or individuals, are ultimately responsible (and liable) for charter shenanigans. Most airlines' legal departments will be only too happy to enlighten you on clubs they've had trouble with. If a club uses only foreign carriers (to my knowledge, none in this article do), chances are they'll be more lackadaisical about legalities.

The clubs listed below are not all of the affinity ilk. Some move their members around with air/land packages which they buy intact from travel wholesalers. Another has vacation villages to which members fly on regularly scheduled planes. Yet another goes places by yacht. All these exceptions are not, of course, subject to C.A.B. rules.

Not all the clubs are bargain-havens. They were selected for this listing because of unique and/or economical approaches to travel. But the thing they all have in common—the reason to join a club that offers travel of any kind—is a variety of get aways, quick and otherwise, made available on a regular basis. You won't have to look beyond your club's newsletter. And they all have newsletters.

In a lot of cases, too, you'll be offered buys that have nothing to do

with going anywhere. Because of the affinity factor, and because charter flights must be non-profit-making (except, of course, for the airlines), some clubs subsist on membership charges plus all sorts of interesting side-effects. A few have so many sidelines and so little travel that they've been left out of this article.

Most clubs do not deal in tours. They give you transportation, accommodations, and that's it. Nor are you obliged to fraternize much. Parties, sports instruction and classes are there if you want them, but you can also join just for the prospect of future travel—which is, after all, what this is all about.

United European American Club is dedicated to cultivating cultural exchange and, to that end, provides some of the most economical charter flights in existence (they even undersell most of the underground). There are no land arrangements attached—just good, year-round transportation opportunities, which cost \$100 to \$300 less than their commercial counterparts.

One of the reasons U.E.A.C. is able to come up with their incredible prices is that they deal exclusively with American supplemental airlines, and supplementals rarely fly empty. (The charge for ferrying—flying the plane back empty after passenger delivery—adds greatly to the cost of chartering.) U.E.A.C.'s European flights usually head for Frankfurt so that the airline can bring back military personnel. And, in the case of New York-to-California runs, the plane zig-zags for about 23 hours (N.Y.-L.A.-N.Y.-San Francisco-N.Y.), picking up passengers each

time it stops. All of this keeps the plane and everyone's budget in shape (a cross-country flight costs \$119 round trip in the winter and \$158 in the summer).

Round-trip fares to Europe between now and October range from two to ten weeks and \$158 to \$189. Winter schedules are not yet available, but the projection for a two-week flight to Zurich (round trip) is \$158—which makes the Alps as accessible, financially speaking, as most American peaks. U.E.A.C. also has several flights between the West Coast and the Orient (an L.A.-Tokyo round trip connection is \$345).

In the New York area (there are thirteen other club outposts here and abroad), U.E.A.C. holds all manner of classes and seminars (yoga, stained-glass making, languages), plus cross-cultural experiments in cuisine at various ethnic restaurants. They also have a camera subclub.

Those things should keep you more than busy while putting in the required six months before flight time—U.E.A.C. never strays from C.A.B. morality.

United European American Club—500 Fifth Avenue, Suite 1821-22 (594-4806). Registration fee: \$10 for singles; \$15 for families (husband, wife, and all children under eighteen). Membership: 100,000.

Matterhorn Sports Club was apparently founded on the premise that people who would hesitate to show poor form on the tennis court of a posh resort don't mind doing so on the sixth floor of Grand Central Terminal. In other words, they specialize in teaching

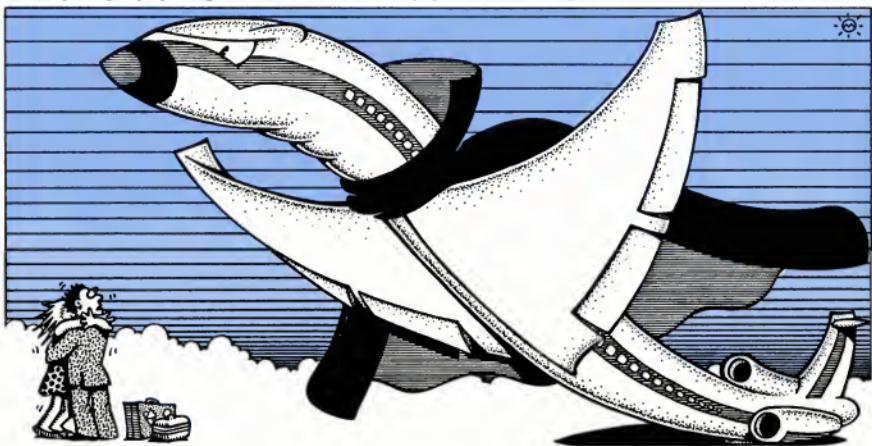
sports (sailing, scuba diving, water-skiing, tennis) locally and then whisking you to far-off spots where you can play in style.

You can, for instance, progress in scuba diving from the Sutton Pool to Long Island Sound to Freeport, the Bahamas. There are also raft cruises down the Colorado River and, if all these things seem too tame, an African safari (at \$1,850, including air fare, if you happen to have a pretty adventurous budget).

Matterhorn runs fifteen ski trips to Europe each winter (\$179 round trip), \$200 four-day Caribbean packages (air fare, hotel, etc.), and nine-day European land-air packages for \$350. One week in Copenhagen, in October, will cost \$199 and that includes air fare, hotels, breakfast and transfers; and Thanksgiving week shuttling between Casablanca, Rabat and Tangier will cost \$229 (everything but meals). Then there's the two-week Moscow-Leningrad-Kiev trek (\$814). And, for a mere \$20 per person, Matterhorn members recently had a non-stop cocktail party on a 747, 30,000 feet over Cape Cod, Long Island Sound, Block Island and Montauk.

Matterhorn Sports Club—500 Fifth Avenue (244-7171). Initiation fee: \$10. Annual dues: \$10 for singles, \$15 for couples, \$20 for families (of any size). Membership: 12,000 (mostly N.Y. area married couples).

In 1954, Buddy Bombard decided that selling insurance was no way for a man of action to make a living. So, for \$1, he bought The Chalet Club and transformed a mere excuse for ski-



"...There is one very easy way to find out which of the charters you see advertised in the papers are illegal. They *all* are..."

tripping into a veritable empire of on-the-go athleticism. But not just any old sports. Chalet Clubbers go to sea on schooners. They also fly a lot—by glider and in balloons, and even by plain old charter flight (year-round, mostly to Switzerland).

The idea is to get people really involved—with the outdoors, with New York, with one another. So every undertaking is an education as well as an adventure. When you raft down the Colorado River, for example, you not only learn how to maneuver rapids but also about the geological intricacies of the area. Nine days of rafting costs \$398 (including food and gear).

Some other club pursuits are horseback pack trips in Wyoming (very popular these days), canoe trips (on Maine's Allagash River, for instance), African safaris (\$2,000 covers round-trip N.Y.-Nairobi air fare, Land Rovers with drivers, food, guides and an on-going photography workshop). A South Pole trek, scheduled for last winter, was called off because of bad weather—but there's another in the offing.

Among homier projects are night-skiing excursions to Great Gorge, cross-country skiing in Westchester, skeet-shooting in New Jersey and lots of lessons (sailing, tennis, wine appreciation, photography, piloting a plane). Every Wednesday night there's a party on the Club's tented terrace. A recent theme was zip codes—one week the 10028s were invited, and so forth—so people could get to know their neighbors.

At last report, the Chalet Club's rubber raft had just arrived from Colorado, and Hudson River expeditions were imminent—which just might prove the most daring adventure of all.

The Chalet Club—135 East 55th Street (758-8669). Initiation fee: \$10. Annual dues: \$15 for singles, \$25 for families. Membership: 7,000 (half singles, half married).

Horizons Sports Club was the invention of a group of stewardesses, and stewardesses still make up a good part of the club's population. Airline personnel, in fact, get a lifetime membership for \$5.

In addition to much home-front partying (two or three cocktail get-togethers a month), bargain weekends at New York area dude ranches, and sailing classes (with the New York Sailing School), Horizons members can periodically avail themselves of neatly packaged travel: seven days in Hawaii (\$299), four days in Nassau

(\$109), eight days in Las Vegas (\$219). Prices include the cost of both getting and staying places, with all sorts of extras.

Another Horizons venture is in the consumer field. Upon joining, you acquire "Purchase Power," a "consumer benefit plan" which enables you to buy things like cars, jewels, furs, and pianos for little more than dealer's price.

But the best option by far is for skiers. Horizons operates two ski lodges in Vermont (near several of the loftier areas, including Mt. Snow). The Novice Inn, in West Dover, has a built-in discothèque and other amenities, accommodates 90 and is open to the public. For a more informal atmosphere, there's the Jacksonville Lodge, which is less expensive, open only to members and guests and partly staffed by member-volunteers who earn their keep by playing waiter-for-a-weekend.

The rate for a double room with private bath at the Novice Inn is \$53 per person, which covers two nights and chartered bus transportation to and from New York. For the room alone, you pay \$36. The same deal at Jacksonville is \$42 with bus, and \$27 without. There are also cheaper ways to stay, including dormitory style, and season shares are offered at both inns.

Horizons Sports Club—300 Park Avenue South (347-4545). Initiation fee: \$5. Annual dues: \$10 for singles, \$15 for couples. Membership: 3,000 (mostly singles).

Club Méditerranée started when a Belgian diamond cutter named Gerard Blitz was commissioned by his government after World War II to set up R & R oases for returning prisoners of war. The project was so successful that M. Blitz decided to go commercial, leasing property in Mallorca and advertising in the Paris métro. Two thousand eager urban escapees showed up, slept in tents and did their own dishwashing. When, at one point, rebellious voices started questioning the accommodations (they were prepared for maybe 500 people), M. Blitz got on the P.A. system and placated the "gentils membres" and "gentils organisateurs"—by which titles Club members and staff have been known ever since.

Now, of course, cramped quarters are unheard of at the Club's 60 ski and seaside villages from Chamonix to Tahiti. But the atmosphere is casual as ever (leave your jewels at home and rest assured that bikini bulge does

not an outcast make). There are no phones, newspapers, room service or rules. There is no circulation of money (you trade cash for a poppit necklace at the outset and, thereafter, trade beads for drinks). The essence, in short, is food, sunshine, sports—an abundance of basics and lack of frills. The Club's little grass hut image is, however, hyperbolic. Solid masonry prevails everywhere but Tahiti where the native-style *faires* have private baths.

As for the price of getting back to basics—there are package rates for many of the destinations, covering air fare (specific Group Inclusive Tour departures), room, three daily meals, endless wine, use of all sports facilities and equipment, sports instruction, and animation (evening entertainment, often redolent of French music halls). Summer packages include: two weeks split among the Agadir, Marrakech and Ouarzazate clubs (\$634 to \$667), one week in Guadeloupe (\$322 to \$454), ten days in Tahiti (\$706 to \$731), from Los Angeles). Among winter offerings are week-long sojourns at the St. Moritz and Chamonix ski villages (approximately \$425 to \$575).

Club Med members I've talked to wax rapturous about the total experience—the soul-saving ambience. Saving money, in this case, is very much beside the point.

Club Méditerranée—516 Fifth Avenue (986-1222). Annual dues: \$10 for singles and \$14 for families the first year; \$6 for singles, \$10 for families thereafter.

Club Internationale (not to be confused with Club International in Seattle) is part of Diners Club and operates, with the help of computers, on a Christmas Club-type basis. Vacation fodder is accumulated with monthly payments, over three years, totalling \$1,550. There are other payment arrangements also, including all at once. This in-put covers three trips taken according to how much monetary muscle you've built up at any given time.

One advantage of this setup is that it beats inflation. The going rate when you join covers those three trips no matter how high the cost of travel has risen by the time you actually decide to go somewhere. Another boon is the huge selection of trips, many of which occur repeatedly year-round, so that you can generally go where you want, when you want.

All trips are "deluxe"—that is, noth-

ing but first-class hotels, at least two meals daily, and organized sightseeing. For each group there is a young, "aware" trip director who handles all the little bothers (tipping, keeping tabs on luggage) and is a walking lexicon of local scenes (where to buy linens, take a sauna).

Vacations average fifteen days, and itineraries include: Portugal-Madeira, Caracas-Cumana-Margarita, London-Dublin-Edinburgh, and in-depth Morocco. There are also more exotic blends requiring additional investment.

This may sound like the prototype of *If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium*—but all trips offer plenty of free time and minimal shuttling from city to city. And members love it. A retired dentist from New Jersey was on the club's first official trip (to Jamaica) and recently showed up on the thousandth, a Caribbean cruise, during which he and his wife celebrated their fortieth anniversary. Quite a few people have two or three memberships—one man has four. And, all things considered, \$1,550 for three rich, glossy holidays is not a bad deal.

Club Internationale—1707 L Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. (202 296-6300). Annual dues: \$30 per person. Membership: 20,000 (mostly married, and in their forties or fifties).

Club d'Azur is for seafarers only. At the moment, they lease seven yachts (new Morgan Out Island 41s); by the end of the summer, they'll have ten. The summer base is Stamford, Connecticut, and weekend outings (\$125) work like this: You get on the non-stop 5:30 p.m. Stamford train at Grand Central and the Club d'Azur bus is waiting upon your arrival at 6:18. By seven, your yacht and all the others are heading down the Sound (they always travel en fleet).

There are also mid-week cruises (Sunday to Friday) for \$175, and full-week cruises (Friday to Friday) for \$295. All prices cover berth or stateroom (the yachts sleep eight), meals on board, "raft ups" (for barbecues), moonlight beach parties, liquid refreshment (but bring your own hard liquor), and the comfort of having a crew of experts aboard. Anchors are dropped frequently—within weekend range are Guilford, Stratford, Block Island, and Huntington Harbor.

When Indian summer sets in, the fleet heads south for weekend and week-long Chesapeake Bay cruises, with Annapolis as home anchorage. And on November 3, a whole new migration begins with a three-day cruise from Annapolis to Bermuda (\$175), thence to Grenada by way of Antigua, Guadeloupe, Dominica and other ports. You

can go the whole route or any part thereof. The total Annapolis-Grenada run (almost a month afloat) is \$825.

Club d'Azur—200 Park Avenue (972-1075). Annual dues: \$25 for singles, \$40 for families (wife, husband, children eighteen and under). Membership: 200 (mostly families).

Maximus specializes in jet-setty programs for debt-setters—but although \$199 for a weekend in Paris (including everything) is undeniably cut-rate, you can't be all that impoverished if you're willing to drop \$199 on a weekend's worth of anything.

Be that as it may, the club's endeavors are imaginative (attending soccer games and partying afterwards with the teams—in the locker room), daring (they booked the entire orchestra for an opening-week performance of *Jesus Christ Superstar* seven months before it opened), public spirited (this summer there will be *Maximus* sangria booths at eight block association parties with proceeds going to the respective neighborhoods).

The travel program is similarly heterogeneous (the six-month wait, incidentally, is never waived). Destinations include London, Haiti, Rome, Torremolinos, St. Croix, Puerto Rico and Geneva. Accommodations are always plush, and prices, which include air fare, hotel (with breakfast), tips, taxes and extras (horsebacking riding, sightseeing, parties) are very good. You save 30 to 40 per cent on most trips, and there is also the availability factor to be considered. For instance, *Maximus* can invariably get you into Acapulco at prime time (most travel agents can't).

Maximus never does things halfway. And parties always have cachet—a recent one, which focused on an Yves St. Laurent showing, took place at Kennedy on a 747. According to *Maximus'* co-founder, Joel Nadel, "that plane had more security than the President's because of a rash of bomb scares. Every time a champagne bottle opened, somebody had cardiac arrest, and this guy kept going around saying, 'Bombed? I get bombed every Friday night.' It was that kind of party."

It's that kind of club. One of the members called up the day after *Superstar* and suggested a motto: "Join *Maximus*—See God." And it so happens that one of these days *Maximus* is going to throw a "Mystery Weekend" for which you pay \$70 without knowing where, or how, you're going. It gives one pause.

Maximus—207 East 45th Street (986-8484). Annual dues: \$30 for singles, \$35 for couples. Membership: 5,400 (70 per cent single).

Now..... right opposite Lincoln Center,
too!

Cuisine

1 LINCOLN PLAZA,

B'way at 63St. • 595-3240

Superb French Cuisine at

surprisingly moderate prices.

Lunch, Dinner, After Theatre

Our East Side Location:

45 E. 58 bet. Park & Madison 688-7630

Create a new magazine with Clay Felker, Editor, New York Magazine; Milton Glaser, Designer, New York Magazine; Henry Wolf, Designer, Photographer. Evening Session, School of Visual Arts, 209 East 23 Street, New York, N.Y.C. 679-7350.



227 E. 50 St
PL 5-6566



Mr. LINCOLN CENTER: 1974 B'WAY
MIDTOWN: 57 WEST 56th ST.
TIMES SQ.: 158 WEST 44th ST.
EAST SIDE: 3rd AVE, bet. 58-59 Sts.
VILLAGE: 15 GREENWICH AVE.
WALL ST.: 59 NASSAU ST.



78th & 2nd Ave. 641-5925 734-9144
PANCHO VILLA'S
MEXICAN FOOD & DRINK

Lunch 11:30 to 3 pm; Dinner 5:30-1 am

145 Larchmont Ave., (914) 834-6378

Where to buy what you see in
New York Magazine

New York Magazine now provides another valuable and helpful service for our readers. It's called our Advertising Information Service.

Specifically, for radios or televisions, we'll tell you what models are in which stores; for a restaurant, we'll read menu and price and tell you what credit cards are accepted; for a hotel, we'll describe accommodations and rates.

For Advertising Information Service, call 684-5544 or 684-5545, Monday-Friday, 10 AM to 6 PM.

The Passionate Shopper/Anthony Wolff

HIGHER FASHION

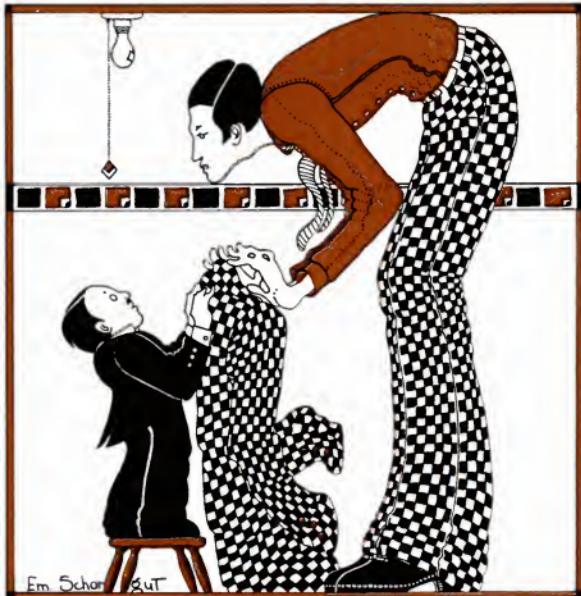
"... If you are truly one of the Tall Men, take hope. The city has clothiers to suit, shoe, and even cravat you in style . . ."

In an East Side luxury apartment building, do you have the feeling that the ceilings are pushing down on you? If you raise your hand, can you push back? Do strange ladies beard you in public to demand, "How tall are you?" as though they were foreign correspondents for the *Guinness Book of World Records*, and you were first cousin to the Colossus of Rhodes?

If such bizarre disasters are your everyday lot, you are truly one of the Tall Men. But along with the problems come certain advantages. According to a study of recent University of Pittsburgh graduates, for example, those six-two or taller commanded average starting salaries 12.4 per cent higher than under-six-footers, all other qualifications presumably being equal.

In politics, your ego may take encouragement from the fact that, even by today's hyper-healthy standards, 29 of our 36 Presidents have been taller than average. At a mere six feet even, you stand eye-to-eye with JFK or Nixon. Above that, you begin to resemble Washington, FDR and Jefferson, all of them six-two or so. And if you attain six-four, you may accurately describe yourself as Lincoln-esque.

All that doesn't help much, though, as you contemplate the acreage of your jacket hanging on the office door and wonder at the very vastness of you. The sad economic fact of the matter is that the average adult American male tops out at a shade over five-eight, and that's where the action is for the clothier. All the men in the country over six-two make up just one per cent of the market, and for them a retailer who wants to sell all things to all men may stock a few "extra longs" just to prove the point. But if you're really tall—over six-four—most retailers would just as soon you stayed away. And in general, if you need anything longer than a 34-inch inseam on a pair of jeans, or a 35-inch shirt sleeve, or a so-called "extra-long" suit or sports jacket, you'll find shopping most of the regular retail stores more frustrating than it's worth. Helpful salesmen will tell you the bad news in front; greedy ones will try to convince you that the jacket is supposed to have an Empire waist.



There are, however, some worthwhile cases in the retail desert. For instance, just as shirt fashions went berserk, a number of manufacturers moved into large-neck and -sleeve sizes with appropriate body proportions for tall men. **Abraham & Straus** (420 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, TR 5-7200) and **Gimbels East** (86th Street and Lexington Avenue, 348-2300) both carry Van Heusens in 36 and 37 sleeves for \$10 (\$1 over the standard-size price). **Yorktown Men's Shop** (135 West 50th Street, 765-4480), **Rogers Feet** (600 Fifth Avenue near 49th Street, and other branches, 682-5100) and **Bancroft** (363 Madison Avenue near 46th Street and other branches, MU 9-4278) feature Arrow in the same sizes, also at a \$1 premium, for \$12. Bancroft also offers a wide and colorful assortment of shirts under its own label for \$6.85,

three for \$18.50. **Macy's Herald Square** and **Bamberger's** (in Newark and Paramus) both carry Van Heusen up to 36 and 37, respectively.

Barney's (Seventh Avenue and 17th Street, 929-9000) can probably show you more suits in more different styles, colors and fabrics than any other store in town, if you are no taller than a standard extra-long. But Barney's strong suit for tall men is in shirts: a generous selection of Dior, Cassini, Eagle and Gant up to 17/36; John Weitz, Enro and Aetna in sizes all the way up to 18/37. There are more shirts to choose from early in the season, of course, but when the inventory is flush the fringe sizes get forced out of display space into the stockroom. If you bother the salesman a bit, he may drag out the whole collection for you. Barney's even has 60-inch neckties, starting at \$8.50.

If you don't need anything larger or longer than a 17/36, and you're willing to forgo some of the fancier fashion ideas that come and go these days, **Brooks Brothers** (Madison Avenue at 44th Street, 682-8800) still makes the best shirt in town. They come in a relatively narrow and restrained range of styles (although less so of late) and cost from \$9.50 to \$15. They threaten to wear forever, and the older they get the better they feel. The cut is generous, long and full, and if you fancy a Brooks body shirt you'll have to pay a custom price or have a standard model cut down.

Saks Fifth Avenue at 49th Street (PL 3-4000) also has its own shirts in sizes up to 17 1/2/36, starting at \$11.50.

In suits, the best news is that both Brooks and Saks offer salvation for men longer than extra-long. At Brooks, you can special order one of their own-make suits and get a choice of over 400 fabrics, custom detailing—such as lining, pockets, stitching and deviations from the standard pattern, plus one fitting of the unfinished garment—all for \$30 over the off-the-rack price. It's practically a custom-made suit for \$125 less than the custom price.

In Brooks's lower-priced "346" line, essentially the same service is offered without the choice of detailing, for the same premium. Saks offers the same service for a 15 per cent surcharge, but every spring and mid-September they hold made-to-measure sales, when you can have ordinary suits made to fit your extraordinary body for just the ticket price.

Levi Strauss makes a gratifying variety of jeans and dress pants with inseams as long as 36 inches. But they can't make and ship fast enough to meet demand these days, so it's impossible to predict whether even their major outlets—Macy's, Gimbels, A & S—have long sizes. Even when you do find the 34 or 36 leg you're looking for, try them on first. Levi Strauss admits their measurements can be off by half an inch; sometimes it seems like more.

So eager are most regular retailers to get you out of the store that they will often recommend one of the "tall-and-big" shops, as they are known in the trade, which promise one-stop shopping. For suits you will do best with Brooks's or Saks' special-order. But for almost everything else, from sportswear to support hose to extra-length neckties, **Imperial Wear** (48 West 48th Street, 541-8220) is as close as any store to a giant's Macy's. (At least until Macy's opens its own tall-and-big department in the near future.)

According to one specialist in the business, there are at least 40 tall-and-

big stores in the New York metropolitan area, with more on the way. Among the most likely: **Tall Men's Shop-Stoutfitters**, (603 Sixth Avenue near 17th Street, CH 3-9023); **Joseph M. Klein Tall Men's Stores** (118 Stanton Street, and branches, GR 7-8787); **He Man Shop** (318 Livingston Street, TR 5-0848; with branches in Paramus, Millburn, Sheepshead Bay and Huntington) and **Tall Town** (Roosevelt Field, 516 294-0450).

One way to avoid completely the hassles and disappointments of store-hopping, especially if you like sending and receiving mail, is to shop from a catalogue. There are two big-and-tall specialists in the mail order field. **King Size** (Brockton, Massachusetts 02402, 617 588-8600) has years of experience, and offers a 150-page free catalogue featuring Arrow, Manhattan, Jantzen, McGregor and other popular brands in super sizes. **Lewis Bryant** (2300 Southeastern Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana 46201, 317 ME 9-4251) has been in business for only four years, so its catalogue is thinner. But among its virtues is a selection of Hathaway shirts up to 18 1/2/37, cut a full 36 inches longer in the body—several blessed inches longer than Hathaway cuts the same shirt for the retail trade. They will even include two pages of Levi jeans and sportswear in this fall's catalogue. Both King Size and Lewis Bryant offer an explicit, unconditional guarantee: if you don't like what you've ordered, even after you've tried it, send it back and they'll return your money plus the postage.

If there's six and a half feet or so of you sticking straight up, it may well take a size-14 foot to keep you from falling down. Most shoe stores stop at 12 or 13; a few carry larger sizes in at least some styles, sometimes at a premium price. Among them: **Tree Mark** (27 West 35th Street, 279-1999; 6 Delancey Street; 2264 Grand Concourse); **Fellman's** (12 East 46th Street, 687-6788; 49 West 43rd Street, MU 7-1760; Newark; East Orange).

For years, **Tom Austin** (339 Madison Avenue at 44th Street, 687-1635) has specialized in shoeing big feet (up to size 16 in some cases) in top-quality traditional styles. **McCreedy & Schreiber** (37 and 55 West 46th Street, 582-1552; 213 East 59th Street, 759-9241) is at the opposite extreme, stocking a special section of 14s and some 15s in fanciful Italian imports, cowboy boots, two-tones, patent leathers and other far-out footwear. If you look as if you're on stilts in your stocking feet and you're still willing to add two-inch heels for the sake of fashion, you're really, as they say, together. Take a giant step.

Eat to beat the heat.



While the rest of the city is sweltering you'll be enjoying Schrafft's cold, delicious summertime lunch specialties. Everything from a European cheese, fruit and wine board, chilling summer salads and cold meat platters to refreshing island drinks and rich ice cream dishes. Eat to beat the heat this summer at one of New York's twenty-two exciting Schrafft's.

SCHRAFFT'S

New York's kind of place.



Some women would just as soon wear nothing

When nobody's looking.

Try exercise classes run by professional dancers and yoga experts. Use our chrome gadgets to firm, tone, stretch, bend, relax, even pick up your bosom.

\$48. pays for 36 classes. Call today and we'll invite you to watch us at work. If you're convinced, enroll in our program before Sept. 5 and we'll give you two months free of unlimited use of our facilities.

Clothes really don't make the woman.

pretty body

The Figure Salon at 18 West 56 St. • CO 5-4378
Classes: Mon.-Fri. 9:00-8:00, Sat. 10:00-4:30

Restaurants/Linda Wolfe

FARING WELL ON THE ISLAND

"...Two new restaurants have emerged in the Hamptons, and the area, too long a culinary desert, is lucky to have them..."

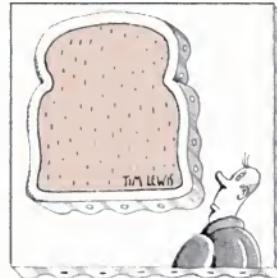
"Food has replaced art in the Hamptons," says a courtly Hamptonian friend of mine. "Once this part of the world was famous for Jackson Pollock, for de Kooning, Marca-Relli and Larry Rivers. Now it's only chefs that count. The really *in* places to eat are at the homes of chefs who don't cook for a living, the great amateurs like Jason Epstein and Craig Claiborne. But failing a command to their tables, you have to be seen in an establishment run by a chef who is a runaway, a Gauguin of the range, someone who fled to cooking when he saw how empty and trivial the rest of life was."

There are several such establishments in the Hamptons. Two new ones, Tom Cowman's, born this summer, and Roger's, a babbling one-year-old, are this year's high fashion. Their proprietors, Tom Cowman and Roger Martin, are properly romantic, each having shed a New York City tight white collar to don a toque blanche amidst the alien potato fields. But the immediate success of the two restaurants has more to do with both chefs' emphasis on the local culinary bounties, on Long Island bluefish, sleek and morning-fresh, on local oysters and clams, on lobsters trapped off Montauk and ducklings that only yesterday were squawking on farms next door.

Tom Cowman is an adman turned chef who left the city over ten years ago to cook first at a friend's restaurant in Amagansett, then at East Hampton's posh Maidstone Arms; when he quit the Maidstone it stopped serving meals, the management unable to find his equal in all of Hampton cheddom.

His restaurant, a renovated roadside steak house, has a glittering look. Most of the decorations shine, from the vinyl wallpaper to the brass candleholders to the silver-covered piano. Even the menu itself seems to glitter with eye-catching baubles: shrimp cocktail is offered not just with a regular red sauce, but with rémoulade, dill, curry, caper or chili mayonnaise sauces as well; roast duckling will come not just à l'orange, but with a lemony bigarade sauce, with apples, with port-drenched figs or gingered peaches.

These gems adorn all corners of the



menu despite the restaurant's continuing emphasis on its predecessor's roadside regulars, on steaks and chops and broiled fish and poultry. There are filet mignon (\$8.75), sirloin (\$8.25), French pepper steak (\$7.50) and rare lamb chops (\$7.75), all remarkable for their succulence. But Cowman pooh-poohs this aspect of his cuisine, calling it "elegant short-order cooking." More astonishing are his Long Island fish chowder (\$1), ocean-thick with clams, whitefish and tomatoes; the littleneck clams steamed in wine (\$2.75), so tender in their parsleyed bath it seems infanticide to bite; an exquisite pecan pie (\$1.25) that totally bypasses conventional sticky sweetness; and the daily fresh-baked rolls. The wine list, though limited, is certainly adequate.

Sadly, perhaps because it is new, or perhaps because it is large—seating 150—there are unfortunate nights at the restaurant, times when the duck is fatty, when the opulent clam sauce is watery, when the crowds singing "Give My Regards to Broadway" at nearby tables seem a far shriek from city sophistication. But with time these kinks may well be worked out.

Tom Cowman's (Montauk Highway, just past the village of Water Mill; 516 726-4555) is open from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. seven days a week. They accept American Express, Diners Club and Master Charge.

Roger's, the elder and smaller of the two new restaurants, has the look of a children's-camp messhall: thick beams,

a sagging wooden floor, stuffed deer heads on the walls. Even the waiters and waitresses seem camp-style—young, joyous and energetic as counselors as they pamper their charges. Bucolic informality is all. The wine list consists of labels pasted on a wooden paddle. The tables are set with loaves of unsliced bread on cutting boards and wooden bowls of freshly fried potato chips. Through the small inn-like windows, views of potato fields and country barns complete the ambience.

Roger is a former P.R. man with Restaurant Associates who decided to go whole hog and open his own place last year. At first he did all the cooking, but this season he has trained a renegade psychology student to translate the main dishes: crisply fried or sautéed bluefish or flounder from nearby Peconic or Gardiners Bays ("Today's Catch"—\$6.50), tender puffy local oysters (\$7.50), the popular veal piccata on saffron rice (\$7.25), and various steaks and chops. Roger himself, however, still directly supervises the restaurant's most remarkable dishes, the frothy coriander-spiced pâté, a pristine cold cucumber soup flavored with sorrel, ebullient New England clam chowder, angelic creamy cheesecake, and Satanically dark chocolate walnut cake.

Unfortunately, here too there are kinks: no air-conditioning, lots of noise, thick puddles of grease in the bottom of the potato-chip bowls, wilted lettuce in the salads, inferior over-soft beef. But whatever the faults at Roger's or Tom Cowman's, the Hamptons are lucky to have them. The far reaches of Long Island have long been a culinary desert, plagued by thin, ketchup-ridden hamburgers, ravaged by lobster rolls gluey with mayonnaise. Cowman's and Roger's are breezy watering holes if not yet true oases.

Roger's (Montauk Highway, two miles east of Bridgehampton; 516 537-0414) is open for dining from 6:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. on Friday, Saturday and Sunday; to 10:30 p.m. other nights. No credit cards.

Both restaurants plan to stay open through late September, then on weekends only through Thanksgiving. Roger's will weather the winter as well. ■

NEW YORK CLASSIFIED

New York Classified is a weekly feature. All classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are \$1.50 per word with an \$18.00 minimum. Post Office Box numbers, New York Box numbers, and telephone numbers count as two words each; abbreviations and zip codes one word. Check or money order must accompany copy and be received prior to closing date (on Thursday, 18 days in advance of issue date . . . i.e., Sept. 18 closes Thursday, Aug. 31). Classified Display is also available at \$120 per inch. Minimum one inch. Send to: Classified Department, New York Magazine, 207 East 32nd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Reply to NYM Box Numbers at above address.

ART

Sacrifice large, beautifully framed Chagall lithograph. Signed by Chagall. Comparable Chagall lithographs selling for more than \$2,000. Price, \$1,000 firm. (212) 862-1348.

Collect fine original etchings and lithographs by the world's greatest artists including Rembrandt, Picasso, Roussel, Soyer, Lansau and Florsheim. Free illustrated catalog and Master Print Supplement. (Mail all 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 6B, 666 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10022.

Editorial Art. Home furnishings, fashion, accessories, culinary, technical and spot illustration. Major magazines portfolio. Gosta Vierzel, (212) 533-2739.

McGovern and artist have signed-and-numbered 60 copies of attractive and decorative campaign posters. Printed on special stock. Some still available. 100% proceeds to campaign. (212) 787-4000.

CRAFTS

Craft items desired on consignment for new gallery. Details in writing please to A. Fife, 49 Annapolis Drive, Hazlet, NJ. 07730.

Crafts Gallery representing America's finest craftsmen. Love & Let Love, 1278 First Avenue (between 68-69). Noon til 8 p.m. Vacation 8/21-8/28.

ENTERTAINMENT

Mystery Bus Rides. Unusual-erie-intriguing—fun. Groups/Organizations. BIZARRE, (516) 746-2274.

Elliott Ames asks Reverend Al Carmines "What's Right About New York," evenings, TelePrompTer Cable TV.

Parties galore! Cast parties! Cocktail parties! Parties with the stars! Call for time and place. MAXIMUS, 986-8484.

OPEN HOUSE AT A UNIQUE ADVENTURE SPORTS CLUB

Live it up! The Chalet Club's Happy Hour—Film Festival every Monday through Thursday at 5:30 p.m. No Charge—Refreshments Served. Discover our exciting World of Outdoor Adventure. Hurry over! Bring your friend.

THE CHALET CLUB, 135 East 55th, N.Y.C. (212) 758-8669

ENTERTAINMENT/CHILDREN

Children's Entertainment & Parties. Hilarious games, singing, guitar. Delightful, far superior. 549-5588.

RESTAURANTS

Zapata's Mexican Restaurant. Lunch, dinner and cocktails. 7 days. 330 East 53rd Street, 752-9738.

Soft lights, delicious seafood and steaks, picture windows overlooking luxurious yacht. Entertainment nightly. The Barge at Capri, Port Washington, N.Y. (516) 883-4222.

Cleopatra, the finest Middle Eastern cuisine served in America. All meat is Kosher style. Broadway at 94th Street. 865-3000; 749-9980.

Stash Pub. 88th at First. Cozy dining nicely. Delicious food, entertainment. 722-6161.

Free wine when you buy a pizza at Goldberg's Pizzeria, 52nd & 2nd. Bring this ad after 6 P.M.

Michael's Pub. If you had your way, you'd create a restaurant that was warm and cozy with dim lighting and great food and extra big drinks, wouldn't you? Well, we had our way and Lyn Richards, too. 211 East 55th Street, New York City between 2nd & 3rd Avenues. PL 8-2272.

GOURMET SERVICES

Gourmet steak lovers! Store 48 for Steak. 49 Ninth Ave. at 14th St. 924-3043. TWTF, 12-6.

Authentic Chinese Catering joyfully prepared in your home. JOHN YIP, (212) DE 2-1622.

New York's most talked about wine shop. Forest Hill Liquor, 108-09 Queen Boulevard, Forest Hills. BO 8-0800. Call/write FREEW Wineletter subscription.

PUBLICATIONS

Backpacker. New magazine for backpackers by backpackers. Write for brochure. 28 West 44th, NYC.

"**Facts You Should Know About Choosing A Psychotherapist.**" A public service pamphlet offered by the New York Psychological Consultation & Referral Service. For free copy, write or call: 100-102 W. 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019. 246-5756.

RECORDS

Bobby Short Loves Irving Berlin . . . Richard Chamberlain loves him, too. See how Ben Bagley resolves this menace a trolley \$5 on Painted Signs Records, 1860 Broadway, NYC 10023; 246-1590.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Skyroamers—Looking for a viable alternative and much more call MAXIMUS—986-8484.

Transcendental Meditation—Free film and discussion, Tuesdays 8 PM. 277 West End Avenue. 362-1070.

LEISURE ACTIVITIES

Sugar Loaf Craftsmen's Village. Featuring 20 crafts and antique shops. Located off N.Y. 17 on Kings Highway between Chester and Warwick. Open 11:00 AM Closed Monday. P.O. Box 293, Sugar Loaf, N.Y.

Be your own skipper! Rent a boat—day, weekend, week. Cabin cruiser 21 and 25 ft., sleeps four. Manhattan Marina, Boat Rentals of N.Y.—(212) 675-2010.

Aching back? Don't just agonize. Join our corrective and relax-er-cise program. Kraus-Weber physical fitness tests available. For class or private appointment, come in or call Central Branch YWCA, 53rd & Lexington. 755-4500.

Tennis—Doubles for singles. SPORT-RITES—The Total Recreational Scene. (914) 946-5693.

VACATIONS

Getaway Island. Beautiful, unspoiled, Vieques, P.R. Four bedroom villa, \$250 weekly. 595-6368.

Vermont Bicycle Touring—Scenic routes; country inns. Weekends July-October, \$43. J.S. Freidin, R.D. 2, Bristol, Vermont 05443. (802) 388-4263.

Jamaica—Treasure Beach: Beautiful commodious new villa on bluff overlooking sea, elegantly furnished, 50 foot covered patio. Three bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, large swimming pool, excellent beach, 60 miles from Montego Bay on serene South Shore. Minimum \$300.00 weekly, \$400.00 above 4 weeks. Rental includes housekeeper, cook. Felice Manzelli, 552 Riverside Drive, N.Y., N.Y. 10027.

Tennis — Riding — Gilding. Lessons (all). Alpine Inn, Sugarbush, Waitsfield, Vt. (802) 496-3401.

Southampton Tennis Club Hotel . . . it's new. Monday-Thursday night \$95 for two. Includes tennis clinic, pool, unstaffed sauna and daily London limousine to beach and village. Appetizing light dining, talented, dedicated bartenders, music to sit by or dance by, make it easy to enjoy a Twenties mood in the speakeasy. (516) 726-5900.

Rent my San Juan beachfront apartment. Spacious, comfortable. Reasonable. Lindner, P.O. Box 126, Tuckahoe, N.Y. 10707. (914) 799-3119.

Tennis at a castle? Join the LOVE SET's Labor Day Berkshire weekend, only \$119. Call 369-0529. Special couples tournament.

TRAVEL

Paddle your own canoe—backpack the wilderness. Weekend trips. Everything furnished. Veteran leadership. Gordon ADVENTOURERS, 342 East 55th. (N.Y.C.) 335-8472.

Bistro-hopping your bag? Then head for Le Shack. French and Alsatian a la carte menu. Lively crowd. LE SHACK, Cos Cob, Conn.; White Plains; Mamaroneck. (914) 428-1264.

Weekend canoe trips. Unique Adventure Sports Club runs wilderness canoe trips providing all equipment, transportation, instruction. Excellent food and guides. Available individual/groups. Chalet Club, 135 East 55th, N.Y.C. (212) 758-8669.

Auto babysitters—indoor parking. Rates lower than long term outdoor airport/pier parking. Pickup/delivery. Branches throughout N.Y. SAVOY GARAGES, 827 Sterrett Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 12116. (212) 493-9800.

REAL ESTATE

Dutchess County—Beautiful brick Federal style. Circa 1740—2 stories—exterior 4 bedrooms, living room, kitchen, study. 2 WBFP, 3 baths, brook on 8 acres. \$75,000. (212) 753-8990—M-F/10-6.

Beautiful 5 to 10 acre country acres. Northeastern Penna. Fantastic views. (201) 228-2238.

Ideal 5-acre ranch. Lake Concho, New Mexico. \$2,975. No down. No interest. \$25/month. Vacant land paradise. Money-maker. For brochure. Ranchos: Box 203Y, Alameda, California 94501.

NEAR DORSET, VERMONT

Early 1800 completely restored salt-box on 1 acre. Pleasant views. Pleasant village setting. \$26,500.00.

JOHN S. MACH, Broker, Pawlet, Vermont. (802) 325-9021

Brownstones, East/West. To buy or sell wisely you need good mortgage financing, we should know, we provided bank financing for 750 Manhattan houses. Call H. A. ADAMS ASSOCIATES, 532-8955.

Government lands . . . low 40 acr/acre. Vacations . . . homesteading . . . investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U.S. Send \$1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-SX, Washington, D.C. 20036.

NEW YORK CLASSIFIED

HOUSES AVAILABLE FOR SALE/RENT

Stamford, Connecticut—Three bedroom Colonial, fireplace living room, all appliances. Easy commute. Quiet deadend street. Taxes \$1000. \$40,000 firm. Owner, (203) 239-5953.

Sugarbush, Vermont Ski Chalet. Season rental only \$2,000. Sleeps 8 with fireplace and sundecks. Call Sandy, (201) 729-2104 or (201) 992-4943.

Heated, Airconditioned Point Lookout Beach home. One hour from Manhattan. Modern interior. Beautiful! \$41,000. (212) UN 5-4306.

Mallorca, Mountain village near Palma-Mediterranean. Two classic modernized villas. Fully equipped. Pool. Garden. Monthly-season rental. Brochure, 160 East 70th Street, New York 10021.

For rent, Bucks County Estate. Charming old stone house with sweeping vistas, 3 fireplaces, large swimming pool, stable, etc. Fine antique furnishings. (212) 362-3346 evenings.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE FOR SALE/RENT

70's, newly renovated elegant brownstone, 7 room duplex, private entrance, 3-4 bedrooms, panelled living room, formal dining room. \$38,933.00.

Over 500 apartments, sublets, shares and furnished rooms. All areas, rents \$35 fec. 868-3780. Two For the Money, Inc., 347 East 53rd. Open 7 days.

CPW—860 Street. Stunning, bright, 6 rooms—2 masters, 1 maid's, 3 full baths. Many decorator details, excellent kitchen equipment. Fine secure building. Two apartments per floor. Rare offering. Maintenance \$390. 787-2140.

If you are pressured, creative, hard-to-please . . . consult Nonie Carol Murphy for that special smashing highly unusual, mildly exorbitant (but just what you wanted!) apartment. She's a mind-reader. 838-2000, Sulzberger-Rofte Inc., 654 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021.

60's East; panoramic 2 bedroom, 2 bath, \$141 maintenance, 5 1/4% mortgage, principals: (212) 753-0808.

BUSINESS SPACE AVAILABLE

Execuspace® will rent furnished and staffed offices at 645 Madison Avenue (60th St.). (212) 753-7050.

EDUCATION

Here is a unique educational opportunity. Join small groups of retirees working at the New Resources Program of the College of New Rochelle for a B.A. in Liberal Arts or for your own enrichments. Only 25 students will be accepted. Besides credits for life-experience (30 maximum), offerings include interdisciplinary seminars, student-initiated projects, life-experience workshops, and courses related to the specific needs of retired persons. (914) 235-3066.

SCHOOLS

Early childhood learning center. Established nursery school—kindergarten, East 75th Street, NYC. Fully accredited. Non-denominational. Highly qualified staff. Open classroom. Registrations open for September. 249-5000.

The Hallen Center for Maximum Education. A day school for children with learning disabilities. Ages 6-16—Located at 255 Willett Avenue, Port Chester, N.Y. for information contact Dr. Leonard Kingsley, Director. (914) 946-0333.

Fordham University—School of General Studies. Bronx Campus offers evening courses leading to degrees in Liberal Arts, Business Administration and education. Classes begin September 11th. Registration begins August 14th. Call 933-2233, Extension 567.

Learn to type in 4 weeks. Shorthand in 6 weeks. Start now! Betty Weston Secretarial Systems, 630 Third Avenue at 41st Street. Call 867-7667.

Does your child belong at The Churchill School? No other school in the Eastern US employs techniques for improving learning disabilities in children with normal or superior intelligence. We work on the causes as well as the symptoms of dyslexia, incoordination, hyperactivity and other behavioral and learning problems. Full academic program, ages 6-12. Call or write Harry S. Valentine, Director, The Churchill School, 28 East 35th Street, NYC. (212) 686-3630.

INSTRUCTION

Professional acting coach gives personalized, private instruction; special commercial course. Beginners/professionals. (212) 249-5091.

Private Pilot Ground School. Begins Thursday evening, September 14. Cal Quisenberry Community College for information call (212) 631-6341.

Violin lessons. Lincoln Center location. 595-7556. Beginners welcome!

Work With Wood in a Fully Equipped Workshop CABINETRY—FURNITURE

Instruction for the NOVICE Facilities for the EXPERT

Monday-Friday, 6-10 p.m. Saturdays, 11-3
Classes Start September 5th

JOHN HARRA STUDIO, 6 West 20th St., NYC
(212) 741-0290

Attention Gamblers! Learn the methods and secrets of the Professional Gambler. Lectures and demonstrations by worldwide Gambling authority Frank Garcia. For details phone (212) AL 4-4428 (9 a.m. to 3 p.m.).

Alpha Brainwave Control through Biofeedback. For free literature: NEW YORK CYBORG, 260-2138.

After School Learning Center, N.Y. Certified School Psychologist; Licensed Teachers; individualized programs, specialists in learning difficulties. For interview call 284-0568 or 252-9563.

78th Street Pottery. Fall classes—workshops. 169 West 78th Street (212) 787-9696.

French is love language. Learn it, improve it at INNER HOUSE, 400 Third Avenue, between 28-29. 685-7843.

FOR SALE

Two great looking Banquette love seats, and one Banquette sofa. NA 8-7682.

FURNITURE

Brass beds. Authentic reproductions, all sizes direct from manufacturer. Brass Design, (201) 569-1110.

Great Scandinavian Furniture for young people at THE CHILDREN'S ROOM, 679-3585.

Beds—Round, unusual shapes, convertibles, hilsters, trundles, bunks. SIESTA SLEEP, 295-8000.

PETS

Weimaraners. Great watch dogs, gentle family pets. House-broken at 2 months, not paper trained. Superb show quality animals. Only sold to people who are loving but firm. Connecticut. (203) 938-3740.

Kennel with a heart. Dogs, small animals boarded. No cage. Low rates. Pickup, delivery. 966-6628.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Overseas employment . . . Australia, Europe, South America, Asia. All occupations \$700-\$3,500 monthly! Employment International, Box 29217-SX, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

Eileen Revell Temporaries has immediate openings for top skilled Secretaries and Typists. No fee. 41 East 42nd Street, Suite 300. 682-3438.

National Television Game Show—needs bright, attractive contestants. Win money, have fun. Call PL 1-6033 weekdays except Thursday.

SALES

HIGH FASHION & HIGHER EARNINGS

... If you're ready for both, you're ready for the fabulous boutiques
at

Bloomingdale's

The boutique concept hits the heights at Bloomingdale's . . . and your earnings can follow. Our fabulously new import departments will draw the fashion-minded from miles around. Isn't this just the place for you to put your fashion selling experience to work—for greater income?

Bloomingdale's

Bloomingdale's is seeking real pros to sell in our new boutiques: The Place Elegante, St. Laurent, Missoni and Polo Shops. REMEMBER, the Bloomingdale's customer knows fashion, knows quality. So you'll sell in an exciting, rewarding environment.

Bloomingdale's

Excellent salary plus commission . . . plus a chance to learn merchandising from the folks who set the pace in the whirl of fashion. Start now, or after Labor Day . . . in a full-time, part-time (5-day varied hrs.), or evenings/Saturday position.

Bloomingdale's

Apply Monday through Friday

9:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.

Personnel Office

Main Floor,

OR

Call PL 2-1212, Ext. 432

for an appointment.

Bloomingdale's

Lexington Avenue at 59th Street
New York City

An Equal Opportunity Employer M/F

Wall Street jobs for very special secretaries. Unique and exciting immediate openings—temporary and permanent. Call Lillian Neil at 571-1000, ANTHONY KANE (agency), 120 Broadway.

Experienced Floor Supervisor—Women RTW. Excellent opportunity for a retail career in one of New York's leading specialty stores. Conveniently located in the heart of the city area. 5 days, no nights. Pd. Hospital, Vac. Lib. discl. Apply Abercrombie & Fitch Company, 360 Madison Avenue, Personnel Department—11th Floor, Monday-Friday, 10:00 AM-4 PM.

Secretaries—unique opportunity with prominent Wall Street brokerage firm. Immediate openings for Executive and Senior Secretaries; good steno and typing. (212) 437-6464.

Artists, Writers, Photographers: Freelance work on four new major publishing projects. Heavy illustrations. Stonehouse Press, Ms. West, 486-4140.

Executives, Professionals, Managers: help with personal goals, career advancement, job or career change. Career Management, (201) 783-7878.

Exciting overseas jobs. Directory \$1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-NE, Belmont, Calif. 94002.

Temporary work available throughout city. Secretaries, Typists, Statistical Typists, other office positions. Top rates. ProTemps, 1501 Broadway (43rd), 868-2755.

NEW YORK CLASSIFIED

SITUATION WANTED

Bright, ambitious, capable young woman seeks position as Administrative Assistant. Can assume responsibilities. Varied experiences include: public relations field, educational and business. Good skills. Resume supplied on request . . . Write Box 229 NYM.

SERVICES

All aspects of interior renovation—Lofts, apartments, offices. Carpentry, electrical, plumbing, painting, etc. Free estimates—reasonable prices. Artists & Craftsman Co-op., 249-8885.

Hossebys. Our professionals love纤巧的 parts. Need a "helping hand" at home? Barber-tender? LEND-A-HAND. 362-9775. Free brochure.

Rembrandt's Mother, Inc., 160 Varick Street, NYC 10014. Tel. 238-5669. Layouts and mechanicals for folders, brochures and packaging/Form work/Photo retouching/Hot and cold composition/Photostats.

Handwritten business/personal announcements, wedding invitations, Christmas cards. After 7 p.m. PL 1-2666.

Supergraphic walls custom painted for sensuous adults, aesthetic children. (201) 748-6720 evenings.

Fred Cook. Clever carpentry. 874-7322; JU 6-6300.

A Chauffeured limousine for five dollars? CALL-A-RIDE? 786-8000 Yes!

Encounter-group marathons at Fire Island. Choose any Friday night in September: 9:00 p.m., till Saturday noon. Fifteen non-stop hours. Oceanfront beach house, no electricity. We use candlelight, kerosene lamps, and a spectacular sunrise. Leadership team (males and females) highly qualified. All participants well known and experienced in the field. Full autobiographical data available in free brochure. Each group limited to 14 participants. Minimum age: 20. Couples welcome, married or unmarried. Singles too. Wake-up swim optional before breakfast. No liquor, no drugs, no hanky-panky. Smoking limited. Reservations possible by mail only. Send me a postcard telling something about yourself. A fee of \$5 will be collected and directions will be supplied after your reservation is accepted and confirmed by us, by phone. Our office: Encounter, 119 East 26th Street, NYC.

Air Conditioners steam cleaned—\$39.95. Recessed \$35.00. Expert service. New Chrysler Airtemp units below retail prices. AIRTECH, ST 4-7908.

Guaranteed superior watch & clock repairs. Including Omega, Patek, Mido, Patek, Pinstripe, antique pocket & French clocks. Rush work available. CLIVE JEWELERS, 323 Madison Avenue (between 42/43), NYC. 642-0383.

Kill roaches—DYNCO Exterminators, the reliable expert, safe service. No fads or quackery. Experienced in apartments and stores. Licensed #81. Days, evenings, Saturday, 675-1545/868-6330.

Stage One: a building crafts cooperative . . . most professional painting and carpentry is either too expensive or very disappointing. We're different. 866-4853.

Carpet cleaning, home or office—New customer special—9¢ per square foot. ABCleaning, INC. 11-3050. We have no taste but we have the professionals to seek out and express your taste. INSTANT INTERIORS, INC., The Unique One-Day Consultation Service, New York, 355-2726.

New York Psychological Consultation & Referral Service—non-profit organization offering help in finding qualified psychotherapists and/or moderate fees. All paraprofessionals. N.Y. State Board-Certified psychologists and psychiatrists in private practice. Inquiries may be made at 130 West 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019. Phone (212) 246-5756.

Tripping? Experienced, responsible apartment sitter for pets, plants. Available immediately. 595-7457.

Your personal fashion consultant will guide with fall wardrobe and shop with or for you. 832-2579.

Low 2 inches overall . . . 90 minutes! No pills, no diet! Proven saloon technique! Relax while you receive a complete facial and method works magic to trim excess inches where you want. DOWNTOWN: Leon Coffeers, 54 East 8th Street, (GR 7-4710); UPTOWN: Eric Bernard, 134 East 70th Street, (353-2030).

Carpentry—Interior lighting. Work guaranteed. LEECH ASSOCIATES, INC., 541-7600.

10 Foot Ceilings? You can double your living space with a balcony-loft. 595-4848.

MOVERS

Freedman Moving & Storage. Reasonable, reliable, responsible. Call for free estimate. 982-8957.

Mother Truckers. One of New York's most recommended movers. For moving, packing, storage. GR 5-2421; JAI 3380, 81.

A moving experience. Charlie's Vans . . . Reasonable, professional, reliable. Free estimates. SA 2-997.

Van Gogh Movers. All our movers have concave backs and a highly developed sense of aesthetics. 929-4751.

Laketon Vans. Moving, packing, storage. Reliable, efficient, professional. 572-5092.

Your best move is to call PRO MOVERS for moving—packing—storage. 924-6188.

West-Side Movers. Reliable, careful service by young professionals at low flat rates. 222-2691.

Van Gogh Movers. Careful, responsible, courteous. Call for free estimate. 929-4751.

Crockett's Moving & Storage. Professional service, reasonable rates, local, long distance. OR 5-6839.

Bur Mar Vans—"Movingologists." Personal supervision in moving. Reasonable rates. (212) WA 9-2196.

Hud Movers. Licensed and insured. 3 men and van. \$21.75 per hour. 461-0429/461-0428.

Ron Moving & Trucking Inc. (on West 85th). Professional, insured, 20' trucks. \$12.50 per hour. 873-9696.

Irishmen Who Care. Days-nights-weekends. Sunrise Express, 369-4572.

We move you without tears. Or tears. Guaranteed estimates. Weekend services. Padded Wagon, Inc. Moving, storage. 255-8343.

MERCHANDISE OFFERINGS

Jewelry—Imported 18 kt. high fashion chains, urns, horse and lion hoop earrings. Unusual rings—10% less than retail. NORMAN BLUM, 99 Canal Street, NYC, CA 6-0207.

Join New York's fastest growing family discount club. Save up to 50% on name brands. FREE literature: Family Club, 17 Barstow Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11021.

"Getting Started in Stained Glass," 30¢, plus catalog. Whittemore, Box 2065 BS, Hanover, Mass. 02339.

Dart Players. Professional darts, boards and accessories. Unimaginable selection! DARTS Unlimited, 24 East 21st Street, NYC, 533-8684. "The only darts only store."

I can get it for you wholesale (almost). It's easy 'cause I sell wholesale (almost). All famous brands stereo components. Ask for Moe or Lenny at: Sound & Sight Audio, 845 6th Avenue, New York, CA 365-3140.

Velvet Bowties—Batterfly style. Lush colors. Red, black, white, navy, maroon, green, brown, gold. Order directly from manufacturer. Attractively packaged, \$3.50 each, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. (Also available—Black satin bowties—\$2.00 each.) JOSEF, 24 Revere Road, Port Washington, N.Y. 11050.

Decorative cork. A complete line for the home or office. Expert installation, phone estimates, prompt delivery. AAA CREATIVE CORK, 236-0764.

JEANS . . . Bright blue sky . . . baby pink . . . Easter chick yellow . . . walnut brown . . . sun kiss orange . . . ocean green . . . golden wheat tan . . . midnight blue . . . etc . . . etc.

JEANS . . . Giant bells, medium bells, flares, straight, cuffed, super low rise, hip bingers, high waisted, super high waisted, six pocket bell jeans, four patch pocket, front zippered pockets, front pockets only, two rear pockets only, one rear pocket only, no pockets at all, no pockets.

JEANS . . . Baby cord, mama cord & big daddy cord . . . light weight denim, brushed denim, extra heavy denim, polyester & denim combination.

JEANS . . . Toggles, Plaid . . . Zipper, button, snap fly, belt loops, farmer's overall.

JEANS . . . Very, very small . . . Very, very big sizes.

JEANS . . . New York City's Largest assortment and we now carry children's!

JEANS . . . Catalog sent free upon request . . . Mailed all over the World!

JEANS . . . Smoky blue . . .

JEANS . . . Daily til 10 . . .

JEANS . . . Holidays til ??? . . .

Mastercharge, BankAmeriCard, Cash, SAY YES*

"SAY YES", 1628 Second Avenue, (bet. 84th & 85th Sts.), N.Y.C., U.S.A. 10028

(212) 879-6483

Telephone and appliances . . . \$15.00 above wholesale, name brands, new, warranted. HOME SERVICES ENTERPRISES . . . (212) 241-3272.

All-weather coats—name brands, women's samples, 8, 10, 12. (Regularly \$130-110, now \$70.) Norman J. Lawrence, 417 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 889-3119.

KREEGER & SON CAMPING GEAR



The complete camping store. All campers expertly served. We service all products from Coleman to Kelly.

Doug Kreeger, Prop.
30 W. 46th St./NYC/541-9704

1,873 unusual wedding bands. Bill Schirfin, 4 West 47th Street, Booth 86. 245-4269.

Polyester Levi slacks—\$11.95. Square Deal Clothing Company, 51 West 14th, NYC.

Wallcoverings discounted. First quality at discount prices. Irregulars at huge reductions. WALLPAPER MART, 187 Lexington (31-32), NYC. MU 4-3719.

Air conditioners, appliances, televisions—Brand names, new, guaranteed—Dealer cost prices. CONSUMER POWER, (212) 740-0101.

Imported ladies leather-seated coats. Nappa leather in black or mahogany, natural racoon collar and hem quilted lining, knee length, sizes 6-16. \$365.00 value—for \$230.00. Norman J. Lawrence, 417 Fifth Avenue, NYC. 879-3119.

McGovern—Eagleton Bations. 75¢ each; enclose self-addressed envelope: C. J. Buttons Co., Box 230 NYM.

PERSONALS

Sweetboy—Happy tody-to-day Bolthday. I love you madly. Harriet Schreiber.

Happy Anniversary El. You're the most wonderful person in the world. I Love You Hank.

Denny: Fun . . . Fun-filled . . . Ful-filled; yes, that's the word. Love, Betty Jean.

Maybe your problem needs freshthink? We freshthink. For free brochure, dial (914) 359-8860 anytime. Or write CONFIDE—Your Confidant on Tape, Inc., Box 56-Y, Tappan, N.Y. 10593.

Happy Birthday Susan. You enrich everyone you know—Me most. Love, Howard.

For everything you always wanted to know about MAXIMUS but were afraid to ask. call 986-8484.

Bonny Barb—Thanks for the best 13 years of my life, 3 fine sons, and a warm loving home. All my love, Hilly.

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 125

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

Well-dressed Indian suffering from hives—Natty Bumppo Press Agent for a 1930s Musical—Roberta Flack

Above, excerpts from a Dictionary of Fractured Names. Competitors are invited to submit definitions for two actual names.

Results of Competition 122, in which you were asked to submit samples of Flat Verse, essentially uncontroversial and devoid of emotion.

Report: Flat Verse. Yes. Well. Neither Henry Gibson nor Henrik Ibsen; kind of Miniver Cheevy poem prevailed. Almost all were "flat" enough—but many poems managed enough tone for respectability. And some proved humorous—Ogden Nash manqué—which hardly qualifies as "devoid of emotion." Others, political poems, let us say, seemed to violate the "uncontroversial" rule. (We wanted uncontro-verse). And what else? Poems of Beckett-y blackness. Poems old, poems new. Poems borrowed, even blue. Greeting card rhymes. Poems about writing poems, or winning this Competition. Nonsense poems. Childish poems. Poems not merely bad-bad, but silly-bad. And, as we said, poems entirely too good. Still, the flat majority seemed marvelously mediocre and provided the following snacks for thought:

First Prize of "An Encyclopedia of World History" (Houghton Mifflin) to: Who could have left the laundry in the drier next to mine?
Of who they are, or where they've gone, there isn't any sign.
The drier's stopped revolving and the drum is now inert;
The clothes are lying in a heap without a trace of dirt.

Fred Berg, Boston, Mass.

Bees are always busy flitting,
Sipping buds and sucking blossoms.
Never do we see them sitting
Placidly like cats or possums.

Albert G. Miller, N.Y.C.

I run the computer for a large corporation (One of the biggest companies in the nation).

The computer does payroll and accounts receivable—
It calculates so fast it's unbelievable.
I just punch the cards, the computer reads them in,
And it automatically knows where to begin.
The computer room is quiet and air-conditioned too.
Don't you think computing is the job for you?

J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:
My mail's addressed to "resident,"
Which happens to no President,
Perhaps because their pictures go
On postage stamps with paste below.
Not that I do seek their fame,
Just letters that will bear my name,
Which, better still, my child should do;
Would not call it "resident," would you?

Michael Schreiber, Bklyn.

My husband likes to say *banal*
While I pronounce it *banal*.
I say it rhymes, not with *canal*,
But properly with *anal*.

Rollie Hochstein, Tenafly, N.J.

I was changing the litter in the cat's dirt box
The night you called to ask

If you could borrow my brother's socks
And I said yes and resumed my task.
The following day the cat's fur fell
All off when you returned the socks
And some other things you borrowed as well.

Fur's not heir to such natural shocks.
Nick Knebel, Phila., Pa.

And Honorable Mention to all:
No longer will large spectacles disgrace/
What otherwise would be a pretty face./
No longer is there any need to cry/Putting
hard lenses in the eye./Surely he must be
judged as one of men's/Great benefactors
who discovered the soft lens.

Leo Taubes, Teaneck, N.J.

"I know why you're confused," said she.
"My uncle married twice./You're thinking
of his second wife, the former Helen Brice./
The one that I was speaking of I know
you'll recollect—/We met her at that dinner
for her son, the architect./Her elder
son, that is, of course; the younger one's in law./
That evening he was sitting with a girl
from Omaha. . . ."

Kate Schreibman, Corona, N.Y.

A few weeks ago, I forget just when,/My
favorite summer reruns, like *Gentle Ben*,/
Were cancelled for some party in Miami./
TV Guide now warns us that coming soon/
Some other folks'll howl at that Miami
moon/And I'll never know what happened
to Tabatha's Grammy . . .

Ann Park, San Francisco, Cal.

Not seeing each other for ages, they lunch-
ed but a month ago./They walked a few
blocks to a restaurant, then went to a
fashion show./Returning by way of a taxi,
whose driver had slightly gray hair,/They
sat by opposite windows, each eating a
chocolate eclair.

Pama Hoopes, Greenville, Del.

One night as I lay drowsing in bed,/A
noisy scuffle disturbed the quiet;/A horrid
scream, enough to wake the dead,/Some-
one thinking of murder had decided to try it./
I thought of moving, yawned and rolled
over instead,/I'll read it in the *News* to-
morrow—if I buy it."

Blossom Nicinski, N.Y.C.

That day you won the sulky race, and slept
for several hours./Miss Wright was in her
garden here, attending to her flowers—/
Installing stakes for hollyhocks, trans-
planting bits of rue./And picking twenty
daffodils she later gave to you./Eleven
years have passed since then, and you are
thirty-three—/Four times a dad, a college
grad—in fact a Ph.D./You own three cars,
a twelve-room house beside Manhasset
Bay./According to the *Weekly News*, Miss
Wright has moved away.

James Fecheimer, Glen Head, N.Y.

He checked in with a blue suit in his case.
Unpacking it, his large hands were adept.
He lay down after having washed his face,
And woke up early, realizing he'd slept.

Lesley Bradley, Floral Pk., N.Y.

She began to undress like a stripper at
work./As he watched with cool fascina-
tion./As she started her dance,/He gave
one more glance,/And got off at the 14th
Street Station.

Sidney Abrams, Bklyn.

Out of West End Avenue, he came./Out of
East End Avenue, she came./By Fate, on
Fifth they neared a meeting./Paused then
passed without a greeting./He, Gabe Press-
man's dentist, and/she, a girl whose moth-
er used to know Alice Faye./once.

Jack Ryan, N.Y.C.

"My uncle's farm was near a creek;/We
went there ev'ry other week./My constant
pal was the bulldog, Ladd;/
(One August a heat-wave drove him mad.)/Last night I
had a fuzzy dream:/I saw the house beside
the stream;/A flock of ducks perched on a
gray log./And then my view was obscured
by fog."

Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

sp. mention: Burton Lehrenbaum,
Rosedale N.Y.

I spent most of the day having my daughter/
And was thirsty when it was done./
Finally they brought me some water./For-
tunately he hadn't wanted a son./She was
kind of small although all right./But soon

they had to take her away./My Mom got a chance to tell me that night/What happened on *General Hospital* that day.

Maxine Troop, Decatur, Georgia

Lord Nelson asked his analyst: /"Why must this chilling dream persist?/I'm standing in Trafalgar Square/In nothing but my underwear."

Annie Aronson, N.Y.C.

He always said he would/Join the Foreign Legion/if ever I would leave him./I did./First came Ingrid, then Endi/Juanita, Carmen and Anna Marie./We reconciled for a while/Me and this man of mystery.

Mrs. A. Cook, Astoria, N.Y.

Perched along the windy edges/Of their narrow cliffside ledges,/Bonaventure Island's birds/Squawk out raucous avian words/At the motor-driven launches/From which tourists—on their haunches,/With binoculars to eyes—/Stare at them bird-watcherwise.

S. Brainin, N.Y.C.

"What are the most beautiful and flowing words you know?" /He asked me in a most serious manner./Thinking words of love, I asked him back./He said, "Monongahela, Susquehanna."

Laurie Lidz, N.Y.C.

A-waiting for an omnibus/I tarry at the stop,/A-fing'ring of the silv'ry coins/Which soon I hope to drop/Into the dank receptacle./Coin-hopper at its top.

E. M. Schneider, Woodhaven, N.Y.

That summer we made marzipan/And braided each other's hair/The horizon was our gate/And our ceiling was rarefied air/Then you went back to the plumber's trade/With plungers, snakes and lye/And I—but that was yesterday.

Arthur Weller, Interlaken, N.J.

Today, it is raining./Last Tuesday, it wasn't./On some days it rains, and/On some days it doesn't.

Dodi Schultz, N.Y.C.

Got into Rock. Tried Esalen./Did Women's Lib. Thought about Mattachine./Found the answer. No longer a lost 'un'—/I came to Oxford and I'm rereading Jane Austen.

Dorothea H. Scher, N.Y.C.

Here is the dish with scalloped edge,/Adorned by nut-brown pears and grapes./Small berries lightly circle o'er the rim./Across it lies the long bread knife/And the gas station's gift fork./The tomato's crater-like top is abandoned/With a silent tea bag and cigarette butt;/All lie among the dried flakes of tuna.

Alice Barron, S.I., N.Y.

The sun came up to start the day./And everything was bright./The sun went down and all was gray,/I figured it was night.

Sharon Cumberland, Winter Pk., Fla.

In the U.S.A. The President is head of the whole government/And that is why we must respect/The man the voters all elect/

And if you did not vote for him/That is no reason to be grim./For, after all, he's all we got/And one should be a patriot.

Phyllis Taub, Bklyn.

We met one rainy morning and the evening was the same/I never got his number and I never knew his name./I saw him Sunday breakfast for poached eggs and day-old bread/He kissed my cheek with coffee, I went home and went to bed./I saw him Tuesday evening for two hours of TV/He ate potato chips and dip which was all right with me./On Friday of the second week he kissed me on the head/Since Johnny Carson had the flu I guess we went to bed.

Toby Devens Schwartz, Baltimore, Md.

Bernard is our puppy all fluffy and cute At four in the morning we wish he was mute.

R. and J. Eisner, N.Y.C.

In moonlit skies, stars were glowing./Throughout the camp, bugles blowing./Tid-dad-did-da-da, tid-dad-did-da-da./ Tid-dad-did-da, tid-dad-DAH-da./If Murphy's ears had heard it right,/There was a sound of reveille by night.

Arthur Ash, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

The flag that flies, unfailing, over each/United States Post Office, comes to teach/That every single letter which we mail/Will reach its destination without fail.

Cal and Fran Ackerman, Teaneck, N.J.

The sea was calm; the day was fair./The lifeguard, squinting in the glare,/Observed me from his stilted chair/I wondered what had brought me there.

E. C. Pier, Whitingham, Vt.

My husband died in September, the same day I lost my job./I was quite upset, I remember, he was kind though something of a slob./I was a good wife, I did my best./I got the job through a civil service test.

Teresa Gerbers, Glenmont, N.Y.

Hamlet was a prince of yore;/His tale well-known near 'n' far./He found Ophelia quite a bore./And argued with his ma 'n' pa.

Dr. Myron Leiman, Mineola, N.Y.

Winter starts to splinter and soon departs./Spring is a buck and wing and love throws darts./Summer is a bummer when insects bite./Fall is a clarion call both day and night./There are many reasons/Why we have four seasons.

B. C. Spellman, N.Y.C.

"That's my last duchess painted on the wall./Looking as if she were alive./She's not."

Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 125, *New York Magazine*, 207 East 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016, and must be received by September 1. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-place winners will receive *American Popular Songs* by Alec Wilder, edited by James T. Margerison (Oxford University Press). Runners-up will receive a one-year subscription to *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in issue of September 25.



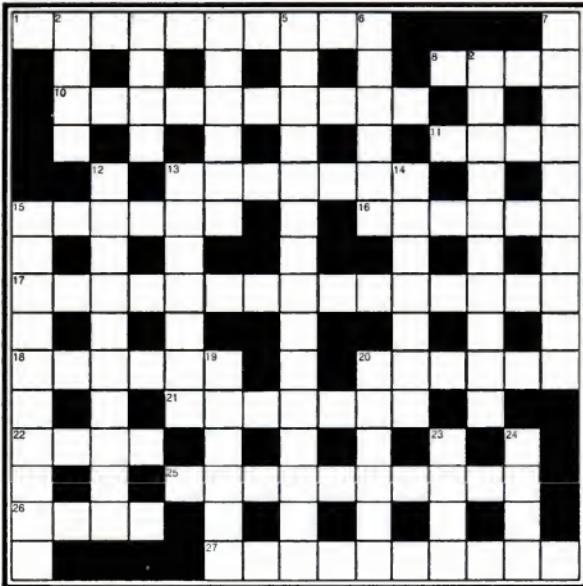
DANSKINS ARE NOT JUST FOR DANCING

This cap-sleeve, layered-look bodysuit jazzes up any wardrobe. Knit full-fashioned in nylon/Dacron® polyester. Black with Red/Banana; Navy with Green/Turquoise; Brown with Black/Olive/White; Grape with Red/Pink. S-M-L. Tights in matching colors, A-B-C sizes. At Franklin Simon, Hutzler's, John Wanamaker and Bronches, Hecht Co., or write for brochure No. 6, 437 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

DANSKIN®

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution to Last Issue's Puzzle



Clues

ACROSS

- 1 Scoundrel from London's East End? Noisy hound! (7, 3)
- 8 Fish with a tail, musically speaking? (4)
- 10 A strange case of murder has some point, but requires more difficult calculations. (6, 4)
- 11 Employer caught in grievous error. (4)
- 13 Inspired by the devil in

- 15 "Heart and soul do sing in me, Just — all music makes" (Sir Philip Sidney). (6)
- 16 Bull in a rut collapsed right by us! (6)
- 17 Everywhere very characteristically attached to the French square. (3, 4, 3, 5)
- 18 Sam and Roy get weaving in local affairs! (6)
- 20 Groups of

- charge. (7)
- 15 Fiercely attacks cruel people. (7)
- 21 Incline to be thin. (4)
- 25 Criminal acquaintances unlikely to make a profit. (3, 7)
- 26 Actors in shed. (4)
- 27 Get all torn up and finish crying? (3, 2, 5)

DOWN

- bombs and spears. (6)
- 21 Fiercely attacks cruel people. (7)
- 22 Incline to be thin. (4)
- 25 Criminal acquaintances unlikely to make a profit. (3, 7)
- 26 Actors in shed. (4)
- 27 Get all torn up and finish crying? (3, 2, 5)

- he is at last brought to account. (4)
- 3 Asiatic using some of the stock Urdu language. (4)
- 4 Wanted to be massaged, one hears? (6)
- 5 Deduction can need change—it's enough to make one discouraged! (15)
- 6 With all due gravity, taking scope for an opening. (6)
- 7 Obstacles

- placed about the street will bring lawyers into play. (10)
- 9 Cover beans after stirring according to the custom. (10)
- 12 It needs little science to join up with wits and good-for-nothings. (10)
- 13 Doctors outside finished with cattlemen. (7)
- 14 New pattern of precast flooring. (7)

- 15 It usually rings in the new day. (5, 5)
- 19 Dear, dear—upset me the sausage did! (6)
- 20 Harangue the marine carrying broken nose around. (6)
- 23 Good (or bad!) head on your shoulders? (4)
- 24 Somehow ready to drop a chap who puts some colour into things. (4)

New York never was a city for introverts.



1972 Ford Pinto Runabout with Sprint Decor Option.

Was Fiorello shy? Could you imagine Jimmy Walker withdrawing into himself?

Shyness is not a part of the New York heritage.

So can you blame us for giving a car three colors, putting not one but two racing mirrors on it, making the inside almost vibrate in blue, white and red, then placing it for sale in the New York area?

This is the new Sprint Option.

It's available on Pinto, Maverick, and Mustang, which are available at your Ford dealers.

They'd love to sell a Sprint to its own kind.

FORD PINTO

FORD DIVISION



**"We take our
jolly good time."**



It's how Gordon's keeps its gin up!

To make a great-tasting gin, you can't rush things. So we take a little longer. To make our gin a lot better.

We let our juniper berries take their time to ripen and mature. We age our coriander seeds. And spend time collecting the best botanicals from around the world. We take extra time to distill our spirit in our special pot still. (It's all part of our 203-year-old English formula.) And in due time, we bottle a distinctively dry gin.

So if you want a gin with an impressive name, but you also want a smooth, crisp, super-dry taste, you should be drinking Gordon's.

BIGGEST SELLER IN ENGLAND...AMERICA...THE WORLD. SUPER-DRY IS WHY!

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.